THALABA THE DESTROYER.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Ποιηματων ακρατης η ελευθερια, και νομος εις,
το δοξαν τω ποιητη.

LUCIAN, QUOMODO HIST. SCRIBENDA.

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PREFACE.

In the continuation of the Arabian Tales, the Domdaniel is mentioned; a seminary for evil Magicians, under the roots of the sea. From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse, the noblest measure, in my judgment, of which our admirable language is capable. For the following poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject; it is the *arabesque* ornament of an Arabian tale.

The Dramatic Sketches of Dr. Sayers, a volume which no lover of poetry will recollect without pleasure, induced me, when a young versifier, to practise in this rhythm. I felt that while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. It were easy to make a parade of learning, by enumerating the various feet which it admits; it is only needful to observe, that no two lines are employed in *sequence* which can be read into one. Two six-syllable lines, it will perhaps be answered, compose an Alexandrine: the truth is, that the Alexandrine, when harmonious, is composed of two six-syllable lines.

One advantage this metre assuredly possesses,—the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord: he may

read it prosaically, but its flow and fall will still be perceptible. Verse is not enough favoured by the English reader: perhaps this is owing to the obtrusiveness, the regular Jews-harp *twing-twang*, of what has been foolishly called heroic measure. I do not wish the *improvisatorè* tune;—but something that denotes the sense of harmony, something like the accent of feeling,—like the tone which every poet necessarily gives to poetry.

Cintra, October, 1800.

CONTENTS.

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

BOOK I.

> " Worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy payne,
> If * * thou due vengeance doe forbeare,
> Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne."
>
> *Faery Queen*, B. 2, Can. 1.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven :
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.[1]
How beautiful is night!

Who at this untimely hour
Wanders o'er the desert sands ?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They at this untimely hour
Wander o'er the desert sands.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bless,[2]
Hodeirah's wife belov'd.
Alas! the wife belov'd,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom when the daughters of Arabia nam'd,
They wished their lot like hers;
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserv'd,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear reliev'd the burthen of her heart;
Stunn'd with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-waken'd from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fix'd countenance,
Sob out the name of MOTHER, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length collecting, Zeinab turn'd her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming, "Praised be the Lord!
"He gave, He takes away![3]
The Lord our God is good!"

"Good is He!" cried the boy,
"Why are my brethren and my sisters slain?
Why is my father kill'd?
Did ever we neglect our prayers,
Or ever lift a hand unclean to heaven?
Did ever stranger from our tent
Unwelcom'd turn away?
Mother, He is not good!"

Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony;
"O God forgive my child!
He knows not what he says!
Thou know'st I did not teach him thoughts like these,
O Prophet, pardon him!"

She had not wept till that assuaging prayer,—
The fountains of her eyes were open'd then,
And tears reliev'd her heart.
She rais'd her swimming eyes to heaven,
" Allah, Thy will be done!
Beneath the dispensation of Thy wrath
I groan, but murmur not.
A day will come when all things that are dark
Will be made clear;—then shall I know, O Lord,
Why in Thy mercy Thou hast stricken me!
Then see and understand what now
My heart believes and feels!"

Young Thalaba in silence heard reproof,
His brow in manly frowns was knit,
With manly thoughts his heart was full.
" Tell me who slew my father?" cried the boy.
Zeinab replied, and said,
" I knew not that there liv'd thy father's foe.
The blessings of the poor for him
Went daily up to Heaven,
In distant lands the traveller told his praise;—
I did not think there liv'd
Hodeirah's enemy."

" But I will hunt him through the earth!"
Young Thalaba exclaim'd.
" Already I can bend my father's bow,
Soon will my arm have strength
To drive the arrow-feathers to his heart."

Zeinab replied, " O Thalaba, my child,
Thou lookest on to distant days,
And we are in the desert, far from men!"

Not till that moment her afflicted heart
Had leisure for the thought.
She cast her eyes around,
Alas! no tents were there
Beside the bending sands;

No palm-tree rose to spot the wilderness.
The dark blue sky clos'd round,
And rested like a dome[4]
Upon the circling waste.
She cast her eyes around,
Famine and thirst were there—
The Mother bowed her head,
And wept upon her child.

A sudden cry of wonder
From Thalaba arous'd her;
She rais'd her head, and saw
Where high in air a stately palace rose.
Amid a grove embower'd
Stood the prodigious pile;
Trees of such ancient majesty
Tower'd not on Yemen's happy hills,
Nor crown'd the stately brow of Lebanon.
Fabric so vast, so lavishly enrich'd,
For Idol, or for Tyrant, never yet
Rais'd the slave race of man,
In Rome, nor in the elder Babylon,
Nor old Persepolis,
Nor where the family of Greece
Hymn'd Eleutherian Jove.
Here studding azure tablatures[5]
And ray'd with feeble light,
Star-like the ruby and the diamond shone:
Here on the golden towers
The yellow moon-beam lay,
Here with white splendour floods the silver wall.
Less wondrous pile and less magnificent
Sennamar built at Hirah, though his art[6]
Seal'd with one stone the ample edifice,
And made its colours, like the serpent's skin,
Play with a changeful beauty: him, its Lord,
Jealous lest after-effort might surpass
The now unequall'd palace, from its height
Dash'd on the pavement down.

They enter'd, and through aromatic paths
Wondering they went along.
At length, upon a mossy bank,
Beneath a tall mimosa's shade,
Which o'er him bent its living canopy,
They saw a man reclin'd.
Young he appear'd, for on his cheek there shone
The morning glow of health,
And the brown beard curl'd close around his chin.
He slept; but, at the sound
Of coming feet awaking, fixed his eyes
In wonder, on the wanderer and her child.
"Forgive us," Zeinab cried,
"Distress hath made us bold.
Relieve the widow and the fatherless!
Blessed are they who succour the distrest;
For them hath God appointed Paradise."

He heard, and he looked up to heaven,
And tears ran down his cheeks:
"It is a human voice!
I thank Thee, O my God!—
How many an age hath past
Since the sweet sounds have visited my ear!
I thank Thee, O my God,
It is a human voice!"

To Zeinab turning then he cried,
"O mortal, who art thou
Whose gifted eyes have pierced
The shadow of concealment that hath wrapt
These bowers, so many an age,
From eye of mortal man?
For countless years have past,
And never foot of man
The bowers of Irem trod,—
Save only I, a miserable wretch
From heaven and earth shut out!"

Fearless, and scarce surpris'd,
For grief in Zeinab's soul
All other feebler feelings overpower'd,
She answer'd, "Yesterday
I was a wife belov'd,
The fruitful mother of a numerous race.
I am a widow now,
Of all my offspring this alone is left.
Praise to the Lord our God,
He gave, He takes away!"

Then said the stranger, "Not by Heaven unseen,
Nor in unguided wanderings hast thou reach'd
This secret place, be sure!
Nor for light purpose is the Veil,
That from the Universe hath long shut out
These ancient bowers, withdrawn.
Hear thou my words, O mortal, in thy heart
Treasure what I shall tell;
And when amid the world
Thou shalt emerge again,
Repeat the warning tale.
Why have the fathers suffer'd, but to make
The children wisely safe?

"The Paradise of Irem this,[7]
And that the palace pile
Which Shedad built, the King.
Alas! in the days of my youth
The hum of the populous world
Was heard in yon wilderness waste!
O'er all the winding sands[8]
The tents of Ad were pitch'd;
Happy Al-Ahkaf then,
For many and brave were her sons,
Her daughters were many and fair.

"My name was Aswad then—
Alas! alas! how strange

The sound so long unheard!
Of noble race I came,
One of the wealthy of the earth my sire.
An hundred horses in my father's stalls
Stood ready for his will;
Numerous his robes of silk,
The number of his camels was not known.
These were my heritance,
O God! thy gifts were these;
But better had it been for Aswad's soul
Had he ask'd alms on earth,
And begg'd the crumbs which from his table fell,
So he had known Thy word.

"Boy, who hast reach'd my solitude,
Fear the Lord in the days of thy youth!
My knee was never taught
To bend before my God;
My voice was never taught
To shape one holy prayer.
We worshipp'd Idols, wood and stone,
The work of our own foolish hands;
We worshipp'd in our foolishness.
Vainly the Prophet's voice
Its frequent warning rais'd,
'Repent and be forgiven!'—
We mock'd the messenger of God,
We mock'd the Lord, long-suffering, slow to wrath.

"A mighty work the pride of Shedad plann'd,
Here in the wilderness to form
A garden more surpassing fair
Than that, before whose gate
The lightning of the Cherub's fiery sword
Waves wide to bar access,
Since Adam, the transgressor, thence was driven.
Here too would Shedad build
A kingly pile sublime,
The palace of his pride.

For this exhausted mines
Supplied their golden store,
For this the central caverns gave their gems;
For this the woodman's axe
Open'd the cedar forest to the sun;
The silkworm of the East
Spun her sepulchral egg;
The hunter African
Provok'd the danger of the elephant's wrath;
The Ethiop, keen of scent,
Detects the ebony,[9]
That deep-inearth'd, and hating light,
A leafless tree and barren of all fruit,
With darkness feeds her boughs of raven grain.
Such were the treasures lavished in yon pile;
Ages have past away,
And never mortal eye
Gaz'd on their vanity.

"The garden,—copious springs
Blest that delightful spot,
And every flower was planted there
That makes the gale of evening sweet.
He spake, and bade the full-grown forest rise
His own creation; should the King
Wait for slow Nature's work?
All trees that bend with luscious fruit,
Or wave with feathery boughs,
Or point their spiring heads to heaven,
Or spreading wide their shadowy arms,
Invite the traveller to repose at noon,—
Hither, uprooted with their native soil,
The labour and the pain of multitudes,
Mature in beauty, bore them.
Here, frequent in the walks
The marble statue stood
Of heroes and of chiefs,
The trees and flowers remain,
By Nature's care perpetuate and self-sown.

The marble statues long have lost all trace
Of heroes and of chiefs;
Huge shapeless stones they lie,
O'er-grown with many a flower.

"The work of pride went on—
Often the Prophet's voice
Denounced impending woe—
We mock'd at the words of the Seer,
We mock'd at the wrath of the Lord.
A long-continued drought first troubled us;
Three years no cloud had form'd,
Three years no rain had fallen;
The wholesome herb was dry,
The corn matur'd not for the food of man,
The wells and fountains fail'd.
O hard of heart, in whom the punishment
Awoke no sense of guilt!
Headstrong to ruin, obstinately blind,
We to our Idols still applied for aid;[10]
Sakia we invok'd for rain,
We called on Razeka for food—
They did not hear our prayers, they could not hear!
No cloud appear'd in heaven,
No nightly dews came down.

"Then to the place of concourse messengers[11]
Were sent, to Mecca, where the nations came,
Round the Red Hillock kneeling, to implore
God in His favour'd place.
We sent to call on God;
Ah fools! unthinking that from all the earth
The heart ascends to Him.
We sent to call on God;
Ah fools; to think the Lord
Would hear their prayers abroad,
Who made no prayers at home!

"Meantime the work of pride went on,
And still before our Idols, wood and stone,

We bow'd the impious knee.
'Turn, men of Ad, and call upon the Lord,'
The Prophet Houd exclaim'd.
'Turn, men of Ad, and look to Heaven,
And fly the wrath to come.'—
We mock'd the Prophet's words;—
'Now dost thou dream, old man,
Or art thou drunk with wine?
Future woe and wrath to come,
Still thy prudent voice forebodes;
When it comes will we believe,
Till it comes will we go on
In the way our fathers went.
Now are thy words from God?
Or dost thou dream, old man,
Or art thou drunk with wine?'

"So spake the stubborn race,
The unbelieving ones.
I too, of stubborn unbelieving heart,
Heard him, and heeded not.
It chanced my father went the way of man,
He perish'd in his sins.
The funeral rites were duly paid,
We bound a camel to his grave,
And left it there to die,
So if the resurrection came[12]
Together they might rise.
I pass'd my father's grave,
I heard the Camel moan.
She was his favourite beast,
One who had carried me in infancy,
The first that by myself I learnt to mount.
Her limbs were lean with famine, and her eyes
Look'd ghastlily with want.
She knew me as I pass'd,
She star'd me in the face.[13]
My heart was touch'd,—had it been human else?
I thought no eye was near, and broke her bonds,

And drove her forth to liberty and life.
The prophet Houd beheld,
He lifted up his voice,
Blessed art thou, young man,
Blessed art thou, O Aswad, for the deed!
In the day of visitation,
In the fearful hour of judgment,
God will remember thee!"

"The day of visitation was at hand,
The fearful hour of judgment hastened on.
Lo! Shedad's mighty pile complete,
The palace of his pride.
Would ye behold its wonders, enter in!
I have no heart to visit it!
Time hath not harm'd the eternal monument;
Time is not here, nor days, nor months, nor years,
An everlasting NOW of misery!—
Ye must have heard their fame,
Or likely ye have seen
The mighty Pyramids,—
For sure those mighty piles shall overlive
The feeble generations of mankind.
What though unmov'd they bore the deluge weight,[14]
Survivors of the ruined world?
What though their founder fill'd with miracles
And wealth miraculous their ample vaults?
Compar'd with yonder fabric, and they shrink
The baby wonders of a woman's work!
Here emerald columns o'er the marble courts
Fling their green rays, as when amid a shower
The sun shines loveliest on the vernal corn.

"Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be laid,
As though with feet divine
To trample azure light,
Like the blue pavement of the firmament.
Here self-suspended hangs in air,
As its pure substance loath'd material touch,

The living carbuncle; [15]
Sun of the lofty dome,
Darkness hath no dominion o'er its beams;
Intense it glows, an ever-flowing tide
Of glory, like the day-flood in its source.
Impious! the Trees of vegetable gold,
Such as in Eden's groves
Yet innocent it grew; [16]
Impious! he made his boast, though Heaven had hid
So deep the baneful ore,
That they should branch and bud for him,
That art should force their blossoms and their fruit,
And re-create for him whate'er
Was lost in Paradise.
Therefore at Shedad's voice
Here towered the palm, a silver trunk,
The fine gold net-work growing out [17]
Loose from its rugged boughs.
Tall as the Cedar of the mountain, here
Rose the gold branches, hung with emerald leaves,
Blossom'd with pearls, and rich with ruby fruit.

"O Ad! my country! evil was the day
That thy unhappy sons
Crouch'd at this Nimrod's throne, [18]
And placed him on the pedestal of power,
And laid their liberties beneath his feet,
Robbing their children of the heritance
Their fathers handed down.
What was to him the squander'd wealth?
What was to him the burthen of the land,
The lavish'd misery?
He did but speak his will,
And, like the blasting Siroc of the East,
The ruin of the royal voice
Found its way every-where.
I marvel not that he, whose power
No earthly law, no human feeling curb'd,
Mock'd at the living God!

" And now the King's command went forth
Among the people, bidding the old and young,
Husband and wife, the master and the slave,
All the collected multitudes of Ad,
Here to repair, and hold high festival,
That he might see his people, they behold
Their King's magnificence and power.
The day of festival arriv'd;
Hither they came, the old man and the boy,
Husband and wife, the master and the slave,
Hither they came. From yonder high tower-top,
The loftiest of the Palace, Shedad look'd
Down on his tribe: their tents on yonder sands
Rose like the countless billows of the sea;
Their tread and voices like the ocean roar,
One deep confusion of tumultuous sounds.
They saw their King's magnificence; beheld
His Palace sparkling like the Angel domes
Of Paradise; his garden like the bowers
Of early Eden, and they shouted out,
'Great is the King, a god upon the earth!'

" Intoxicate with joy and pride,
He heard their blasphemies;
And in his wantonness of heart he bade
The Prophet Houd be brought;
And o'er the marble courts,
And o'er the gorgeous rooms
Glittering with gems and gold,
He led the Man of God.

" 'Is not this a stately pile?'
Cried the Monarch in his joy.
'Hath ever eye beheld,
Hath ever thought conceiv'd,
Place more magnificent?
Houd, they say that Heaven imparted
To thy lips the words of wisdom!
Look at the riches round,

And value them aright,
If so thy wisdom can.'

"The Prophet heard his vaunt,
And he answer'd him, with an awful smile,
'O Shedad! only in the hour of death [19]
We learn to value things like these aright.'

"'Hast thou a fault to find
In all thine eyes have seen?'
Again the King exclaim'd.
'Yea!' said the man of God;
'The walls are weak, the building ill secur'd.
Azrael can enter in!
The Sarsar can pierce through,
The icy wind of Death.'

"I was beside the Monarch when he spake—
Gentle the Prophet spake,
But in his eye there dwelt
A sorrow that disturb'd me while I gaz'd.
The countenance of Shedad fell,
And anger sat upon his paler lips.
He to the high tower-top the Prophet led,
And pointed to the multitude,
And as again they shouted out,
'Great is the King! a god upon the earth!'
With dark and threatful smile to Houd he turn'd—
'Say they aright, O Prophet? is the King
Great upon earth, a god among mankind?'
The Prophet answer'd not,
Over that infinite multitude
He roll'd his ominous eyes,
And tears which could not be supprest gush'd forth.

Sudden an uproar arose,
A cry of joy below,
The Messenger is come!

Kail from Mecca comes,
He brings the boon obtain'd!'

"Forth as we went, we saw where overhead
There hung a deep black cloud,
On which the multitude
With joyful eyes look'd up,
And blest the coming rain.
The Messenger addrest the King
And told his tale of joy.

"'To Mecca I repair'd,
By the Red Hillock knelt,
And call'd on God for rain.
My prayer ascended and was heard;
Three clouds appear'd in heaven.
One white, and like the flying clouds of noon;
One red, as it had drunk the evening beams;
One black and heavy with its load of rain.
A voice went forth from heaven,
Chuse, Kail, of the three!
I thank'd the gracious Power,
And chose the black cloud, heavy with its wealth.'
'Right! right!' a thousand tongues exclaim'd,
And all was merriment and joy.

"Then stood the Prophet up and cried aloud,
'Woe, woe to Irem! woe to Ad!
Death is gone up into her palaces!
Woe! woe! a day of guilt and punishment,
A day of desolation!'
"As he spake,
His large eye roll'd in horror, and so deep
His tone, it seem'd some Spirit from within
Breath'd thro' his moveless lips the unearthly voice.[20]
All looks were turn'd to him. 'O Ad!' he cried,
'Dear native land, by all remembrances
Of childhood, by all joys of manhood dear;
O Vale of many Waters! morn and night

My age must groan for you, and to the grave
Go down in sorrow. Thou wilt give thy fruits,
But who shall gather them? thy grapes will ripen,
But who shall tread the wine-press? Fly the wrath,
Ye who would live and save your souls alive!
For strong is His right hand that bends the bow,
The arrows that He shoots are sharp,
And err not from their aim!'[21]

"With that a faithful few
Prest through the throng to join him. Then arose
Mockery and mirth; 'Go, bald head!' and they mix'd
Curses with laughter. He set forth, yet once
Look'd back:—his eye fell on me, and he call'd
'Aswad!'—it startled me,—it terrified,—
'Aswad!' again he call'd,—and I almost
Had followed him.—O moment fled too soon!
O moment irrecoverably lost!
The shouts of mockery made a coward of me:
He went, and I remain'd in fear of MAN!

"He went, and darker grew
The deepening cloud above.
At length it open'd, and—O God! O God!
There were no waters there!
There fell no kindly rain!
The Sarsar from its womb went forth,
The Icy Wind of Death.

"They fell around me, thousands fell around,
The King and all his People fell,
All! all! they perish'd all!
I—only I—was left.
There came a voice to me, and said,
'In the Day of Visitation,
In the fearful Hour of Judgment,
God hath remember'd thee.'

"When from an agony of prayer I rose,
And from the scene of death

Attempted to go forth,
The way was open, I beheld
No barrier to my steps.
But round these bowers the arm of God
Had drawn a mighty chain,
A barrier that no human force might break.
Twice I essay'd to pass.
With that the voice was heard,
'O, Aswad, be content, and bless the Lord!

"'One righteous deed hath sav'd
Thy soul from utter death.
O, Aswad, sinful man!
When by long penitence
Thou feel'st thy soul prepar'd,
Breathe up the wish to die,
And Azrael comes, obedient to the prayer.'
A miserable man,
From earth and heaven shut out,
I heard the dreadful voice.
I look'd around my prison place,
The bodies of the dead were there,
Where'er I look'd they lay.
They moulder'd, moulder'd here.—
Their very bones have crumbled into dust,
So many years have past!
So many weary ages have gone by!
And still I linger here!
Still groaning with the burthen of my sins,
Have never dar'd to breathe
The prayer to be releas'd.

"Oh! who can tell the unspeakable misery
Of solitude like this!
No sound hath ever reach'd my ear
Save of the passing wind—
The fountain's everlasting flow,
The forest in the gale,
The pattering of the shower,

Sounds dead and mournful all.
No bird hath ever clos'd her wing
Upon these solitary bowers;
No insect sweetly buzz'd amid these groves,
From all things that have life,
Save only me, conceal'd.
This tree alone, that o'er my head
Hangs down its hospitable boughs,
And bends its whispering leaves
As though to welcome me,
Seems to partake of life:[22]
I love it as my friend, my only friend!

"I know not for what ages I have dragg'd
This miserable life;
How often I have seen
These ancient trees renew'd,
What countless generations of mankind
Have risen and fallen asleep,
And I remain the same!
My garment hath not waxed old,
Nor the sole of my shoe hath worn.

"I dare not breathe the prayer to die,
O merciful Lord God!—
But when it is Thy will,
But when I have aton'd
For mine iniquities,
And sufferings have made pure
My soul with sin defil'd,
Release me in Thy own good time,—
I will not cease to praise Thee, O my God."

Silence ensued awhile,
Then Zeinab answered him;
"Blessed art thou, O Aswad! for the Lord,
Who sav'd thy soul from Hell,
Will call thee to Him in His own good time.
And would that when my heart

Breath'd up the wish to die,
Azrael might visit me!.
Then would I follow where my babes are gone,
And join Hodeirah now!"

She ceas'd, and the rushing of wings
Was heard in the stillness of night,
And Azrael, the Death-Angel, stood before them.
His countenance was dark,
Solemn, but not severe,
It awed, but struck no terror to the heart.
"Zeinab, thy wish is heard!
Aswad, thy hour is come!"
They fell upon the ground and blest the voice,
And Azrael from his sword
Let fall the drops of bitterness and death.[23]

"Me too! me too!" young Thalaba exclaim'd,
As wild with grief he kiss'd
His mother's livid hand,
His mother's quivering lips,
"Oh, Angel! take me too!"

"Son of Hodeirah!" the Death-Angel said,
"It is not yet the hour.
Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth
To do the will of Heaven;
To avenge thy father's death,
The murder of thy race;
To work the mightiest enterprize
That mortal man hath wrought.
Live! and REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!"

He ceas'd, and he was gone.
Young Thalaba look'd round—
The palace and the groves were seen no more,
He stood amid the wilderness alone.

BOOK II.

"Sint licet expertes vitæ sensusque, capessunt
Jussa tamen superum venti."—*Mambruni Constantinus.*

NOT in the desert,
Son of Hodeirah,
Wert thou abandon'd!
The co-existent fire,
That in the Dens of Darkness burnt for thee,
Burns yet, and yet shall burn.

In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the Roots of the Ocean,
Met the Masters of the Spell.
Before them in the vault,
Blazing unfuell'd from the floor of rock,
Ten magic flames arose.
"Burn, mystic fires!" Abdaldar cried,
"Burn while Hodeirah's dreaded race exist.
This is the appointed hour,
The hour that shall secure these dens of night.

"Dim they burn!" exclaim'd Lobaba,
"Dim they burn, and now they waver!
Okba lifts the arm of death,
They waver,—they go out!"

"Curse on his hasty hand!"
Khawlá exclaim'd in wrath;
The woman-fiend exclaim'd,
Curse on his hasty hand, the fool hath fail'd!
Eight only are gone out."

A Teraph stood against the cavern side,[24]
A new-born infant's head,

Which Khawla at his hour of birth had seiz'd,
And from the shoulders wrung.
It stood upon a plate of gold,
An unclean Spirit's name inscrib'd beneath.
The cheeks were deathy dark,
Dark the dead skin upon the hairless skull;
The lips were bluey pale;
Only the eyes had life,
They gleam'd with demon light.

"Tell me!" quoth Khawla, "is the Fire gone out
That threats the Masters of the Spell?"
The dead lips mov'd and spake,
"The Fire still burns that threats
The Masters of the Spell!"

"Curse on thee, Okba!" Khawla cried,
As to the den the Sorcerer came;
He bore the dagger in his hand,
Hot from the murder of Hodeirah's race.
"Behold those unextinguish'd flames!
The fire still burns that threats
The Masters of the Spell!
Okba, wert thou weak of heart?
Okba, wert thou blind of eye?
Thy fate and ours were on the lot,
And we believ'd the lying stars,
That said thy hand might seize the auspicious hour!
Thou hast let slip the reins of destiny,—
Curse thee, curse thee, Okba!"

The murderer, answering, said,
"O vers'd in all enchanted lore,
Thou better knowest Okba's soul!
Eight blows I struck, eight home-driven blows,
Needed no second stroke
From this envenom'd blade.
Ye frown at me as if the will had fail'd,
As if ye did not know
My double danger from Hodeirah's race,

The deeper hate I feel,
The stronger motive that inspir'd my arm!
Ye frown as if my hasty fault,
My ill-directed blow,
Had spar'd the enemy;
And not the stars that would not give,
And not your feeble spells
That could not force, the sign
Which of the whole was he!
Did ye not bid me strike them all?
Said ye not root and branch should be destroy'd?
I heard Hodeirah's dying groan,
I heard his Children's shriek of death,
And sought to consummate the work;
But o'er the two remaining lives
A cloud unpierceable had risen,
A cloud that mock'd my searching eyes.
I would have prob'd it with the dagger-point,
The dagger was repell'd;
A Voice came forth and cried,
'Son of Perdition, cease! thou canst not change
What in the Book of Destiny is written.'"

Khawla to the Teraph turn'd,
"Tell me where the Prophet's hand
Hides our destin'd enemy?"
The dead lips spake again,
"I view the seas, I view the land,
I search the ocean and the earth!
Not on Ocean is the Boy,
Not on Earth his steps are seen."

"A mightier power than we," Lobaba cried,
"Protects our destin'd foe!
Look! look! one fire burns dim!
It quivers! it goes out!"

It quivered, it was quench'd.
One flame alone was left,

A pale blue flame that trembled on the earth,
A hovering light upon whose shrinking edge
The darkness seemed to press.
Stronger it grew, and spread
Its lucid swell around,
Extending now where all the ten had stood,
With lustre more than all.
At that portentous sight,
The Children of Evil trembled,
And Terror smote their souls.
Over the den the fire
Its fearful splendour cast,
The broad base rolling up in wavy streams,
Bright as the summer lightning when it spreads
Its glory o'er the midnight heaven.

The Teraph's eyes were dimm'd,
Which like two twinkling stars
Shone in the darkness late.
The Sorcerers on each other gaz'd,
And every face, all pale with fear,
And ghastly, in that light was seen
Like a dead man's by the sepulchral lamp.

Even Khawla, fiercest of the enchanter brood,
Not without effort drew
Her fear-suspended breath.
Anon a deeper rage
Inflam'd her reddening eye.
"Mighty is thy power, Mohammed!"
Loud in blasphemy she cried;
"But Eblis would not stoop to man,[25]
When man, fair-statured as the stately palm,
From his Creator's hand
Was undefil'd and pure.
Thou art mighty, O Son of Abdallah!
But who is he of woman born
That shall vie with the might of Eblis?
That shall rival the Prince of the Morning?"

She said, and rais'd her skinny hand
As in defiance to high Heaven,
And stretch'd her long lean finger forth,
And spake aloud the words of power.
The Spirits heard her call,
And lo! before her stands
Her Demon Minister.
"Spirit!" the Enchantress cried,
"Where lives the Boy, coeval with whose life
Yon magic fire must burn?"

DEMON.

Mistress of the mighty Spell,
Not on Ocean, not on Earth.
Only eyes that view
Allah's glory-throne,
See his hiding-place.
From some believing Spirit, ask and learn.

"Bring the dead Hodeirah here,"
Khawla cried, "and he shall tell!"
The Demon heard her bidding, and was gone.
A moment pass'd, and at her feet
Hodeirah's corpse was laid.
His hand still held the sword he grasp'd in death,
The blood not yet had clotted on his wound.

The Sorceress look'd, and with a smile
That kindled to more fiendishness
Her hideous features, cried,
"Where art thou, Hodeirah, now?[26]
Is thy soul in Zemzem well?[27]
Is it in the Eden groves?
Waits it for the judgment blast
In the trump of Israfil?
Is it plum'd with silver wings
Underneath the throne of God?
Even though beneath His throne,

Hodeirah, thou shalt hear,
Thou shalt obey my voice!"

She said, and muttered charms which Hell in fear
And Heaven in horror heard.
Soon the stiff eye-balls roll'd,
The muscles with convulsive motion shook,
The white lips quivered. Khawla saw, her soul
Exulted, and she cried,
"Prophet! behold my power!
Not even death secures
Thy slaves from Khawla's spell!
Where, Hodeirah, is thy child?"

Hodeirah groan'd and clos'd his eyes,
As if in the night and the blindness of death
He would have hid himself.

"Speak to my question!" she exclaim'd,
"Or in that mangled body thou shalt live
Ages of torture! answer me!
Where can we find the boy?"

"God, God!" Hodeirah cried,
"Release me from this life,
From this intolerable agony!"

"Speak!" cried the Sorceress, and she snatch'd
A Viper from the floor,
And with the living reptile lashed his neck.[28]
Wreath'd round him with the blow,
The reptile tighter drew her folds,
And rais'd her wrathful head,
And fix'd into his face
Her deadly teeth, and shed
Poison in every wound.
In vain! for Allah heard Hodeirah's prayer,
And Khawla on a corpse
Had wreak'd her baffled rage.

The fated fire mov'd on,
And round the body wrapt its funeral flames.
The flesh and bones of that portentous pile
Consum'd; the sword alone,
Circled with fire, was left.

Where is the Boy for whose hand it is destin'd?
Where is the Destroyer who one day shall wield
The Sword that is circled with fire?
Race accursed, try your charms!
Masters of the mighty Spell,
Mutter o'er your words of power!
Ye can shatter the dwellings of man,
Ye can open the womb of the rock,
Ye can shake the foundations of earth,
But not the word of God:
But not one letter can ye change
Of what His will hath written!

Who shall seek through Araby
Hodeirah's dreaded son?
They mingle the Arrows of Chance,[29]
The lot of Abdaldar is drawn.
Thirteen moons must wex and wane
Ere the Sorcerer quit his quest.
He must visit every tribe
That roam the desert wilderness,
Or dwell beside perennial streams;
Nor leave a solitary tent unsearch'd,
Till he hath found the Boy,—
The hated Boy, whose blood alone
Can quench that dreaded fire.

A crystal ring Abdaldar bore;
The powerful gem condens'd[30]
Primeval dews, that upon Caucasus
Felt the first winter's frost.
Ripening there it lay beneath
Rock above Rock, and mountain ice up-pil'd

On mountain, till the incumbent mass assum'd,
So huge its bulk, the Ocean's azure hue.

With this he sought the inner den
Where burnt the eternal fire.
Like waters gushing from some channell'd rock
Full through a narrow opening, from a chasm
The eternal fire stream'd up.
No eye beheld the fount
Of that up-flowing flame,
Which blazed self-nurtur'd, and for ever, there.
It was no mortal element: the Abyss
Supplied it, from the fountains at the first
Prepar'd. In the heart of each it lives and glows
Her vital heat, till, at the day decreed,
The voice of God shall let its billows loose,
To deluge o'er with no abating flood
The consummated World;
That thenceforth through the air must roll,
The penal Orb of Fire.

Unturban'd and unsandall'd there,
Abdaldar stood before the flame,
And held the Ring beside, and spake
The language that the Elements obey.
The obedient flame detach'd a portion forth,
Which, in the crystal entering, was condens'd,
Gem of the gem, its living Eye of fire.[31]
When the hand that wears the spell
Shall touch the destin'd Boy,
Then shall that Eye be quench'd,
And the freed Element
Fly to its sacred and remembered Spring.

Now go thy way, Abdaldar!
Servant of Eblis,
Over Arabia
Seek the Destroyer!
Over the sands of the scorching Tehama,

Over the waterless mountains of Naïd;
In Arud pursue him, and Yemen the happy,
And Hejaz, the country belov'd by believers.
Over Arabia,
Servant of Eblis,
Seek the Destroyer!

From tribe to tribe, from town to town,
From tent to tent, Abdaldar past.
Him every morn the all-beholding Eye
Saw from his couch, unhallowed by a prayer,
Rise to the scent of blood;
And every night lie down,
That rankling hope within him, that by day
Goaded his steps, still stinging him in sleep,
And startling him with vain accomplishment
From visions still the same.
Many a time his wary hand
To many a youth applied the Ring,
And still the imprison'd fire
Within its crystal socket lay comprest,
Impatient to be free.

At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretch'd by an Island of Palms,
In the desolate sea of the sands,
The seemly traveller came.
Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a Damsel stood;
She held her ready robe,
And look'd towards a Boy,
Who from the tree above,
With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the cluster'd dates.
The Wizard approach'd the Tree,
He lean'd on his staff, like a wayfaring man,
And the sweat of his travel was seen on his brow.
He ask'd for food, and lo!
The Damsel proffers him her lap of dates;

And the Stripling descends, and runs to the tent,
And brings him forth water, the draught of delight.

Anon the Master of the tent,
The Father of the family,
Came forth, a man in years, of aspect mild.
To the stranger approaching he gave
The friendly saluting of peace,
And bade the skin be spread.
Before the tent they spread the skin,[32]
Under a Tamarind's shade,
That, bending forward, stretch'd
Its boughs of beauty far.
They brought the Traveller rice,
With no false colours tinged to tempt the eye,[33]
But white as the new-fallen snow,
When never yet the sullying Sun
Hath seen its purity,
Nor the warm Zephyr touch'd and tainted it.
The dates of the grove before their guest
They laid, and the luscious fig,
And water from the well.
The Damsel from the Tamarind tree
Had pluck'd its acid fruit,
And steep'd it in water long;
And whoso drank of the cooling draught,[34]
He would not wish for wine.
This to the guest the Damsel brought,
And a modest pleasure kindled her cheek,
When raising from the cup his moisten'd lips,
The stranger smil'd, and prais'd, and drank again.

Whither is gone the Boy?
He had pierced the Melon's pulp,
And clos'd with wax the wound,
And he had duly gone at morn
And watch'd its ripening rind,
And now all joyfully he brings
The treasure now matur'd.

His dark eyes sparkle with a boy's delight,
As out he pours its liquid lusciousness,[35]
And proffers to the guest.

Abdaldar ate, and he was satisfied:
And now his tongue discours'd
Of regions far remote,
As one whose busy feet had travell'd long.
The father of the family,
With a calm eye and quiet smile,
Sate pleas'd to hearken him.
The Damsel, who remov'd the meal,
She loitered on the way,
And listen'd with full hands
A moment motionless.
All eagerly the Boy
Watches the Traveller's lips;
And still the wily man
With seemly kindness, to the eager Boy
Directs his winning tale.
Ah, cursed one! if this be he,
If thou hast found the object of thy search,
Thy hate, thy bloody aim,—
Into what deep damnation wilt thou plunge
Thy miserable soul!—

Look! how his eye, delighted, watches thine!—
Look! how his open lips
Gasp at the winning tale!—
And nearer now he comes,
To lose no word of that delightful talk.
Then, as in familiar mood,
Upon the stripling's arm
The Sorcerer laid his hand,
And the fire of the Crystal fled.

While the sudden shoot of joy
Made pale Abdaldar's cheek,
The Master's voice was heard:

"It is the hour of prayer,—[36]
My children, let us purify ourselves,
And praise the Lord our God!"
The Boy the water brought:
After the law they purified themselves,[37]
And bent their faces to the earth in prayer.

All, save Abdaldar; over Thalaba
He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy.
Before his lifted arm receiv'd
Its impulse to descend,
The Blast of the Desert came.
Prostrate in prayer, the pious family
Felt not the simoom pass.[38]
They rose, and lo! the Sorcerer lying dead,
Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.

BOOK III.

"Time will produce events of which thou canst have no idea; and he to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news."—*Mollakat. Poem of Tarafa.*

THALABA.

ONEIZA, look! the dead man has a ring,—
Should it be buried with him?

ONEIZA.

Oh yes—yes!
A wicked man! whate'er is his must needs
Be wicked too!

THALABA.

But see,—the sparkling stone!
How it hath caught the glory of the Sun,
And streams it back again in lines of light!

ONEIZA.

Why do you take it from him, Thalaba?—
And look at it so near?—It may have charms
To blind, or poison;—throw it in the grave!—
I would not touch it!

THALABA.

And around its rim
Strange letters.—

ONEIZA.

Bury it—Oh! bury it!

THALABA.

It is not written as the Koran is;
Some other tongue perchance.—The accursed man
Said he had been a traveller.

MOATH (*coming from the tent*).

Thalaba,
What hast thou there?

THALABA.

A ring the dead man wore:
Perhaps, my father, you can read its meaning.

MOATH.

No, Boy,—the letters are not such as ours.
Heap the sand over it! a wicked man
Wears nothing holy.

THALABA.

Nay! not bury it!
It may be that some traveller, who shall enter
Our tent, may read them: or if we approach
Cities where strangers dwell and learned men,
They may interpret.

MOATH.

It were better hid
Under the desert sands. This wretched man,
Whom God hath smitten in the very purpose
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some Magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the Demons use.

ONEIZA.

Bury it! bury it—dear Thalaba!

MOATH.

Such cursed men there are upon the earth,
In league and treaty with the Evil powers,

The covenanted enemies of God
And of all good; dear purchase have they made
Of rule, and riches, and of their life-long sway,
Masters, yet slaves of Hell. Beneath the Roots
Of Ocean, the Domdaniel caverns lie,
Their impious meeting; there they learn the words
Unutterable by man who holds his hope
Of Heaven; there brood the Pestilence, and let
The Earthquake loose.

THALABA.

And he who would have kill'd me
Was one of these?

MOATH.

I know not; but it may be
That on the Table of Destiny, thy name
Is written their Destroyer, and for this
Thy life by yonder miserable man
So sought; so saved by interfering Heaven.

THALABA.

His ring has some strange power, then?

MOATH.

Every gem,[39]
So sages say, has virtue; but the science
Of difficult attainment: some grow pale,
Conscious of poison,[40] or with sudden shade
Of darkness, warn the wearer; some preserve
From spells, or blunt the hostile weapon's edge;[41]
Some open rocks and mountains, and lay bare
Their buried treasures; others make the sight
Strong to perceive the presence of all Beings
Through whose pure substance the unaided eye
Passes, like empty air;—and in yon stone
I deem some such mysterious quality.

THALABA.

My father, I will wear it.

MOATH.

Thalaba!

THALABA.

In God's name, and the Prophet's! be its power
Good, let it serve the righteous: if for evil,
God, and my trust in Him, shall hallow it.

To Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.
Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaldar's corpse,
And levell'd over him the desert dust.

The sun arose, ascending from beneath
The horizon's circling line.
As Thalaba to his ablutions went,
Lo! the grave open, and the corpse expos'd!
It was not that the winds of night
Had swept away the sands which covered it,
For heavy with the undried dew
The desert dust was dark and close around;
And the night air had been so calm and still,
It had not from the grove
Shaken a ripe date down.

Amaz'd to hear the tale,
Forth from the tent came Moath and his child.
Awhile the thoughtful man surveyed the corpse
Silent with downward eyes;
Then turning, spake to Thalaba, and said,
"I have heard that there are places by the abode
Of holy men, so holily possess'd,
That should a corpse be buried there, the ground
With a convulsive effort shakes it out,
Impatient of pollution. Have the feet
Of Prophet or Apostle blest this place?
Ishmael, or Houd, or Saleh, or, than all,
Mohammed, holier name? Or is the man

So foul with magic and all blasphemy,
That Earth, like Heaven, rejects him?[43] It is best
Forsake the station. Let us strike our tent.
The place is tainted—and behold
The vulture hovers yonder,[44] and his scream
Chides us that still we scare him from his banquet.
So let the accursed one
Find fitting sepulchre."

Then from the pollution of death
With water they made themselves pure;
And Thalaba drew up
The fastening of the cords;
And Moath furl'd the tent;
And from the grove of palms Oneiza led
The camels, ready to receive their load.

The dews had ceased to steam
Towards the climbing sun,
When from the Isle of Palms they went their way.
And when the sun had reach'd his southern height,
As back they turn'd their eyes,
The distant palms arose
Like to the topsails of some far-off fleet
Distinctly seen, where else
The ocean bounds had blended with the sky.
And when the eve came on,
The sight returning reach'd the grove no more.
They planted the pole of their tent,
And they laid them down to repose.

At midnight Thalaba started up,
For he felt that the ring on his finger was mov'd;
He call'd on Allah aloud,
And he call'd on the Prophet's name.
Moath arose in alarm,
"What ails thee, Thalaba?" he cried,
"Is the robber of night at hand?"
"Dost thou not see," the Youth exclaim'd,

" A Spirit in the tent?"
Moath look'd round and said,
" The moon-beam shines in the tent,
I see thee stand in the light,
And thy shadow is black on the ground."

Thalaba answered not.
" Spirit!" he cred, " what brings thee here?
In the name of the Prophet, speak,
In the name of Allah, obey!"

He ceas'd, and there was silence in the tent.
" Dost thou not hear?" quoth Thalaba.
The listening man replied,
" I hear the wind, that flags
The curtain of the tent."

" The Ring! the Ring!" the Youth exclaim'd.
" For that the Spirit of Evil comes;
By that I see, by that I hear.
In the name of God, I ask thee,
Who was he that slew my father?"

DEMON.

Master of the powerful Ring!
Okba, the wise Magician, did the deed.

THALABA.

Where does the Murderer dwell?

DEMON.

In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the Roots of the Ocean.

THALABA.

Why were my father and my brethren slain?

DEMON.

We knew from the race of Hodeirah
The destin'd Destroyer would come.

THALABA.

Bring me my father's sword.

DEMON.

A fire surrounds the fated sword,
No Spirit or Magician's hand
Can pierce that guardian flame.

THALABA.

Bring me his bow and his arrows.

Distinctly Moath heard his voice, and She,
Who, through the Veil of Separation, watch'd
All sounds in listening terror, whose suspense
Forbade the aid of prayer.
They heard the voice of Thalaba;
But when the Spirit spake, the motionless air
Felt not the subtile sounds,
Too fine for mortal sense.
On a sudden the rattle of arrows was heard,
And the quiver was laid at the feet of the youth,
And in his hand they saw Hodeirah's bow.
He eyed the bow, he twang'd the string,
And his heart bounded to the joyous tone.
Anon he rais'd his voice, and cried,
"Go thy way, and never more,
Evil Spirit, haunt our tent!
By the virtue of the Ring,
By Mohammed's holier might,
By the holiest name of God,
Thee, and all the Powers of Hell,
I adjure and I command
Never more to trouble us!"

Nor ever from that hour
Did rebel Spirit on the tent intrude,
Such virtue had the Spell.

Thus peacefully the vernal years
Of Thalaba pass'd on,
Till now, without an effort, he could bend
Hodeirah's stubborn bow.
Black were his eyes and bright,
The sunny hue of health
Glow'd on his tawny cheek,
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;
Strong were his shapely limbs, his stature tall;
He was a comely youth.

Compassion for the child
Had first old Moath's kindly heart possess'd,
An orphan, wailing in the wilderness.
But when he heard his tale, his wondrous tale,
Told by the Boy with such eye-speaking truth,
Now with sudden bursts of anger,
Now in the agony of tears,
And now with flashes of prophetic joy,
What had been pity became reverence,
And, like a sacred trust from Heaven,
The old man cherish'd him.
Now, with a father's love,
Child of his choice, he lov'd the Boy,
And, like a father, to the Boy was dear.
Oneiza call'd him brother; and the Youth,
More fondly than a brother, lov'd the Maid;
The loveliest of Arabian maidens she.
How happy the years
Of Thalaba went by!

It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,
That, in a lonely tent, had cast
The lot of Thalaba.
There might his soul develop best
Its strengthening energies;
There might he from the world
Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,

Till at the written hour he should be found
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled
In that beloved solitude!
Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening bre
Flow with cool current o'er his cheek?
Lo! underneath the broad-leav'd sycamore
With lids half-clos'd he lies,
Dreaming of days to come.
His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,[45]
Now licks his listless hand;
Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,
Courting the wonted caress.

Or comes the Father of the Rains[46]
From his caves in the uttermost West,
Comes he in darkness and storms?
When the blast is loud,
When the waters fill
The traveller's tread in the sands,
When the pouring shower
Streams adown the roof,
When the door-curtain hangs in heavier folds,
When the outstrain'd tent flags loosely,
Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,
The sound of the familiar voice,
The song that lightens toil,—
Domestic peace and comfort are within.
Under the common shelter, on dry sand,
The quiet camels ruminate their food;
From Moath falls the lengthening cord,
As patiently the Old Man
Entwines the strong palm-fibres;[47] by the hearth
The Damsel shakes the coffee-grains,
That with warm fragrance fill the tent;
And while, with dexterous fingers, Thalaba
Shapes the green basket,[48] haply at his feet

Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,
Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake!

Or when the winter torrent rolls
Down the deep-channell'd rain-course, foamingly,
Dark with its mountain spoils,
With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
There wanders Thalaba,
The rushing flow, the flowing roar,
Filling his yielded faculties;
A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.
Or lingers it a vernal brook [49]
Gleaming o'er yellow sands?
Beneath the lofty bank reclin'd,
With idle eye he views its little waves,
Quietly listening to the quiet flow:
While, in the breathings of the stirring gale,
The tall canes bend above,
Floating like streamers on the wind
Their lank unlifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath; [50] God had given
Enough, and blest him with a mind content.
No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams; [51]
But ever round his station he beheld
Camels that knew his voice,
And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's call,
And goats that, morn and eve,
Came with full udders to the Damsel's hand.
Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
It was her work; and she had twin'd
His girdle's many hues;
And he had seen his robe
Grow in Oneiza's loom. [52]
How often, with a memory-mingled joy
Which made her Mother live before his sight,
He watch'd her nimble fingers thread the woof!
Or at the hand-mill, [53] when she knelt and toil'd,
Tost the thin cake on spreading palm,

Or fix'd it on the glowing oven's side
With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.[54]

'Tis the cool evening hour:
The tamarind from the dew
Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.[55]
Before their tent the mat is spread,
The Old Man's awful voice
Intones the holy Book,[56]
What if beneath no lamp-illumin'd dome,
Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,[57]
Azure and gold adornment? sinks the word
With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,
Where in the day of congregation, crowds
Perform the duty-task?
Their father is the priest,
The stars of heaven their point of prayer,[58]
And the blue firmament
The glorious temple, where they feel
The present Deity!

Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
Rest on the pillar of the tent.[59]
Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,[60]
The dark-eyed Damsel sits;
The Old Man tranquilly
Up his curl'd pipe inhales
The tranquillising herb.
So listen they the reed of Thalaba,[61]
While his skill'd fingers modulate
The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.
Or if he strung the pearls of Poesy,[62]
Singing with agitated face
And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
A tale of love and woe;[63]
Then, if the brightening moon, that lit his face,
In darkness favoured hers,

Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
The mother Ostrich fixes on her egg,[64]
Till that intense affection
Kindle its light of life,
Even in such deep and breathless tenderness
Oneiza's soul is centered on the Youth,
So motionless, with such an ardent gaze,—
Save when from her full eyes
Quickly she wipes away the swelling tears
That dim his image there.

She call'd him brother! was it sister-love
Which made the silver rings
Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms,[65]
Shine daily brighten'd? for a brother's eye
Were her long fingers tinged,[66]
As when she trimm'd the lamp,
And through the veins and delicate skin
The light shone rosy? that the darkened lids[67]
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick'd
Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
Wreath'd the red flower-crown round[68]
Their waves of glossy jet!
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!

Yet was the heart of Thalaba
Impatient of repose;
Restless he pondered still
The task for him decreed,
The mighty and mysterious work announced.
Day by day, with youthful ardour,
He the call of Heaven awaits,
And oft in visions, o'er the Murderer's head,
He lifts the avenging arm;
And oft, in dreams, he sees
The Sword that is circled with fire.

One morn, as was their wont, in sportive mood,
The Youth and Damsel bent Hodeirah's bow;
For with no feeble hand, nor erring aim,
Oneiza could let loose the obedient shaft.
With head back-bending, Thalaba
Shot up the aimless arrow high in air,
Whose line in vain the aching sight pursued,
Lost in the depth of heaven.
"When will the hour arrive," exclaim'd the Youth,
"That I shall aim these fated shafts
To vengeance long delay'd?
Have I not strength, my father, for the deed?
Or can the will of Providence
Be mutable like man?
Shall I never be called to the task?"

"Impatient boy!" quoth Moath, with a smile:
"Impatient Thalaba!" Oneiza cried,
And she too smiled, but in her smile
A mild reproachful melancholy mix'd.

Then Moath pointed where a cloud
Of Locusts, from the desolated fields
Of Syria, wing'd their way.
"Lo! how created things
Obey the written doom!"

Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of a broad river, headlong in its course
Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.
Onward they came, the winds impell'd them on,
Their work was done, their path of ruin past,[69]
Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

"Behold the mighty army!" Moath cried,
"Blindly they move, impell'd

By the blind Element.
And yonder birds our welcome visitants,
Lo! where they soar above the embodied host.
Pursue their way, and hang upon their rear,
And thin their spreading flanks,
Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest thou
The scent of water, on some Syrian mosque
Placed with priest-mummery, and the jargon-rites
Which fool the multitude, hath led them here
From far Khorasan? [70] Allah, who decreed
Yon tribe the plague and punishment of man,
These also hath He doom'd to meet their way:
Both passive instruments
Of His all-acting will,
Sole mover He, and only spring of all."

While thus he spake, Oneiza's eye looks up
Where one towards her flew,
Satiate, for so it seem'd, with sport and food,
The bird flew over her,
And as he past above,
From his relaxing grasp a locust fell;—
It fell upon the Maiden's robe,
And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

The admiring girl survey'd
His out-spread sails of green;
His gauzy underwings,
One closely to the grass-green body furl'd,
One ruffled in the fall, and half unclosed.
She view'd his jet-orb'd eyes;
His glossy gorget bright,
Green-glittering in the sun;
His plumy pliant horns,
That, nearer as she gaz'd,
Bent tremblingly before her breath.
She view'd his yellow-circled front
With lines mysterious vein'd;
"And know'st thou what is written here,

My father?" said the Maid.
"Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines
Are in the letters of the Ring,
Nature's own language written here."

The Youth bent down, and suddenly
He started, and his heart
Sprung, and his cheek grew red,
For these mysterious lines were legible,—[71]
WHEN THE SUN SHALL BE DARKENED AT NOON,
SON OF HODEIRAH, DEPART.
And Moath look'd, and read the lines aloud;
The locust shook his wings and fled,
And they were silent all.

Who then rejoiced but Thalaba?
Who then was troubled but the Arabian Maid?
And Moath, sad of heart,
Though with a grief supprest, beheld the youth
Sharpen his arrows now,
And now new-plume their shafts,
Now, to beguile impatient hope,
Feel every sharpen'd point.

"Why is that anxious look," Oneiza cried,
"Still upward cast at noon?
Is Thalaba aweary of our tent?"
"I would be gone," the Youth replied,
"That I might do my task.
And full of glory to the tent return,
Whence I should part no more."

But on the noontide sun,
As anxious and as oft Oneiza's eye
Was upward glanced in fear.
And now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek
Lost its fresh and lively hue;
For in the sun's bright edge
She saw, or thought she saw, a little speck—

The sage Astronomer
Who, with the love of science full,
Trembled that day at every passing cloud,—
He had not seen it, 'twas a speck so small.

Alas! Oneiza sees the spot increase!
And lo! the ready Youth
Over his shoulder the full quiver slings,
And grasps the slacken'd bow.
It spreads, and spreads, and now
Hath shadowed half the sun,
Whose crescent-pointed horns
Now momently decrease.

The day grows dark, the birds retire to rest;
Forth from her shadowy haunt
Flies the large-headed screamer of the night.[72]
Far off the affrighted African,
Deeming his god deceas'd,
Falls on his knees in prayer,
And trembles as he sees
The fierce hyena's eyes
Glare in the darkness of that dreadful noon.[73]

Then Thalaba exclaim'd, "Farewell,
My father! my Oneiza!" The Old Man
Felt his throat swell with grief.
"Where wilt thou go, my Child?" he cried,
"Wilt thou not wait a sign
To point thy destined way?"
"God will conduct me!" said the noble Youth.
He said, and from the tent,
In the depth of the darkness, departed.
They heard his parting steps,
The quiver rattling as he pass'd away.

BOOK IV.

"Fas est quoque brutæ
Telluri, docilem monitis cœlestibus esse."
Mambruni Constantinus.

Whose is yon dawning form,
That in the darkness meets
The delegated Youth?
Dim as the shadow of a fire at noon,
Or pale reflection on the evening brook
Of glow-worm on the bank,
Kindled to guide her winged paramour.

A moment, and the brightening image shaped
His Mother's form and features. "Go," she cried,
"To Babylon, and from the Angels learn
What talisman thy task requires."
The Spirit hung towards him when she ceas'd,
As though with with actual lips she would have given
A mother's kiss. His arms outstretch'd,
His body bending on,
His mouth unclos'd, and trembling into speech,
He prest to meet the blessing,—but the wind
Played on his cheek: he look'd, and he beheld
The darkness close. "Again! again!" he cried,
"Let me again behold thee!" from the darkness
His Mother's voice went forth;
"Thou shalt behold me in the hour of death."

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
The sun comes forth, and, like a god,
Rides through rejoicing heaven.

Old Moath and his Daughter, from their tent,
Beheld the adventurous Youth,
Dark moving o'er the sands,
A lessening image, trembling through their tears.
Visions of high emprise
Beguil'd his lonely road;
And if sometimes to Moath's tent
The involuntary mind recurr'd,
Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,
Pictur'd the bliss should welcome his return.
In dreams like these he went,
And still of every dream
Oneiza form'd a part,
And Hope and Memory made a mingled joy.

In the eve he arriv'd at a well,
The acacia bent over its side,
Under whose long light-hanging boughs
He chose his night's abode.
There, due ablutions made, and prayers perform'd,
The youth his mantle spread,
And silently produced
His solitary meal.
The silence and the solitude recall'd
Dear recollections; and with folded arms,
Thinking of other days, he sate, till thought
Had left him, and the acacia's moving shade,
Upon the sunny sand,
Had caught his idle eye;
And his awaken'd ear
Heard the gray lizard's chirp,
The only sound of life.

As thus in vacant quietness he sate,
A Traveller on a camel reach'd the well,
And courteous greeting gave.
The mutual salutation past,
He by the cistern too his garment spread,
And friendly converse cheer'd the social meal.

The Stranger was an ancient man,
Yet one whose green old age
Bore the fair characters of temperate youth,
So much of manhood's strength his limbs retain'd,
It seem'd he needed not the staff he bore.
His beard was long, and gray, and crisp;
Lively his eyes and quick,
And reaching over them
The large broad eye-brow curl'd.
His speech was copious, and his winning words
Enrich'd with knowledge, that the attentive Youth
Sate listening with a thirsty joy.
So, in the course of talk,
The adventurer Youth inquir'd
Whither his course was bent?
The Old Man answered, "To Bagdad I go."
At that so welcome sound, a flash of joy
Kindled the eye of Thalaba;
"And I too," he replied,
"Am journeying thitherward;
Let me become companion of thy way!"
Courteous the Old Man smil'd,
And willing in assent.

OLD MAN.

Son, thou art young for travel.

THALABA.

Until now
I never pass'd the desert boundary.

OLD MAN.

It is a noble city that we seek.
Thou wilt behold magnificent palaces,
And lofty obelisks, and high-dom'd mosques,
And rich bazaars, whither from all the world
Industrious merchants meet, and market there
The world's collected wealth.

THALABA.

Stands not Bagdad
Near to the site of ancient Babylon
And Nimrod's impious temple?

OLD MAN.

From the walls
'Tis but a long day's distance.

THALABA.

And the ruins?

OLD MAN.

A mighty mass remains; enough to tell us
How great our fathers were, how little we.[74]
Men are not what they were; their crimes and follies
Have dwarf'd them down from the old hero race
To such poor things as we!

THALABA.

At Babylon
I have heard the Angels expiate their guilt,
Haruth and Maruth.

OLD MAN.

'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale—
Which children, open-eyed and mouth'd, devour;
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe:—But all things feel
The power of Time and Change! thistles and grass
Usurp the desolate palace, and the weeds
Of Falsehood root in the aged pile of Truth.
How have you heard the tale?

THALABA.

Thus:—On a time
The Angels at the wickedness of man
Express'd indignant wonder: that in vain

Tokens and signs were given, and prophets sent,—
Strange obstinacy this! a stubbornness
Of sin, they said, that should for ever bar
The gates of mercy on them. Allah heard
Their unforgiving pride, and bade that two
Of these untempted Spirits should descend,
Judges on earth. Haruth and Maruth went,
The chosen Sentencers; they fairly heard
The appeals of men to their tribunal brought,
And rightfully decided. At the length
A woman came before them; beautiful
Zohara was, as yonder evening star,
In the mild lustre of whose lovely light[75]
Even now her beauty shines. They gaz'd on her
With fleshly eyes, they tempted her to sin.
The wily woman listen'd, and requir'd
A previous price, the knowledge of the name
Of God[76] She learnt the wonder-working name,
And gave it utterance, and its virtue bore her
Up to the glorious Presence, and she told
Before the awful Judgment-Seat her tale.

OLD MAN.

I know the rest. The accused Spirits were called:
Unable of defence, and penitent,
They own'd their crime, and heard the doom deserv'd.
Then they besought the Lord, that not for ever
His wrath might be upon them; and implor'd
That penal ages might at length restore them
Clean from offence; since then by Babylon,
In the cavern of their punishment, they dwell.
Runs the conclusion so?

THALABA.

So I am taught.

OLD MAN.

The common tale! and likely thou hast heard
How that the bold and bad, with impious rites,

Intrude upon their penitence, and force,
Albeit from loathing and reluctant lips,
The sorcery-secret?

THALABA.

Is it not the truth?

OLD MAN.

Son, thou hast seen the traveller in the sands
Move through the dizzy light of hot noon-day,
Huge as the giant race of elder times,[77]
And his camel, than the monstrous elephant,
Seem of a vaster bulk.

THALABA.

A frequent sight.

OLD MAN.

And hast thou never, in the twilight, fancied
Familiar object into some strange shape
And form uncouth?

THALABA.

Ay! many a time.

OLD MAN.

Even so
Things view'd at distance through the mist of fear,
By their distortion terrify and shock
The abused sight.

THALABA.

But of the Angels' fate
Thus in the uncreated Book is written.—

OLD MAN.

Wisely, from legendary fables, Heaven
Inculcates wisdom.

THALABA.

How then is the truth?
Is not the dungeon of their punishment
By ruin'd Babylon?

OLD MAN.

By Babylon
Haruth and Maruth may be found.

THALABA.

And there
Magicians learn their impious sorcery?

OLD MAN.

Son, what thou sayest is true, and it is false.
But night approaches fast; I have travelled far,
And my old lids are heavy;—on our way
We shall have hours for converse;—let us now
Turn to our due repose. Son, peace be with thee!

So in his loosen'd cloak
The Old Man wrapt himself,[78]
And laid his limbs at length:
And Thalaba in silence laid him down.
Awhile he lay, and watch'd the lovely moon,
O'er whose broad orb the boughs
A mazy fretting fram'd,
Or with a pale transparent green
Lighting the restless leaves,
The thin acacia leaves that play'd above.
The murmuring wind, the moving leaves,
Lull'd him at length to sleep,
With mingled lullabies of sight and sound.

Not so the dark Magician by his side,
Lobaba, who from the Domdaniel caves
Had sought the dreaded Youth.
Silent he lay, and simulating sleep,
Till by the long and regular breath he knew

The Youth beside him slept.
Carefully then he rose,
And bending over him, survey'd him near:
And secretly he curs'd
The dead Abdaldar's ring,
Arm'd by whose amulet
He slept from danger safe.

Wrapt in his mantle Thalaba repos'd,
His loose right arm pillowing his easy head.
The moon was on the Ring,
Whose crystal gem return'd
A quiet, moveless light.
Vainly the Wizard vile put forth his hand,
And strove to reach the gem,
Charms, strong as hell could make them, made it safe.
He call'd his servant fiends,
He bade the Genii rob the sleeping Youth.
By the virtue of the Ring,
By Mohammed's holier power,
By the holiest name of God,
Had Thalaba disarm'd the evil race.

Baffled and weary, and convinc'd at length,
Anger, and fear, and rancour gnawing him,
The accursed Sorcerer ceas'd his vain attempts,
Content perforce to wait
Temptation's likelier aid.
Restless he lay, and brooding many a wile,
And tortur'd with impatient hope,
And envying with the bitterness of hate
The innocent youth, who slept so sweetly by.

The ray of morning on his eye-lids fell,
And Thalaba awoke,
And folded his mantle around him,
And girded his loins for the day;
Then the due rites of holiness observ'd.
His comrade too arose,

And with the outward forms
Of righteousness and prayer insulted God.
They filled their water-skin, they gave
The camel his full draught.
Then on the road, while yet the morn was young,
And the air was fresh with dew,
Forward the travellers went,
With various talk beguiling the long way.
But soon the Youth, whose busy mind
Dwelt on Lobaba's wonder-stirring words,
Renew'd the unfinish'd converse of the night.

THALABA.

Thou said'st that it is true, and yet is false,
That men accurst attain at Babylon
Forbidden knowledge from the Angel pair:—
How mean you?

LOBABA.

All things have a double power,
Alike for good and evil. The same fire
That on the comfortable hearth at eve
Warm'd the good man, flames o'er the house at night.
Should we for this forego
The needful element?
Because the scorching summer sun
Darts fever, wouldst thou quench the orb of day?
Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger form'd
Iron to till the field, because when man
Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he rush'd
A murderer to the war?

THALABA.

What follows hence?

LOBABA.

That nothing in itself is good or evil,
But only in its use. Think you the man
Praiseworthy, who only by painful study learns

The knowledge of all simples, and their power,
Healing or harmful?

THALABA.

All men hold in honour
The skilful Leech. From land to land he goes
Safe in his privilege; the sword of war
Spares him; kings welcome him with costly gifts;
And he who late had from the couch of pain
Lifted a languid look to him for aid,
Views him with brighten'd eyes, and blesses him
In his first thankful prayer.

LOBABA.

Yet some there are
Who to the purposes of wickedness
Apply this knowledge, and from herbs distil
Poison, to mix it in the trusted draught.

THALABA.

Allah shall cast them in the fire
Whose fuel is the cursed! there shall they
Endure the ever-burning agony,
Consuming still in flames, and still renew'd.[79]

LOBABA.

But is their knowledge therefore in itself
Unlawful?

THALABA.

That were foolishness to think.

LOBABA.

O what a glorious animal were Man,
Knew he but his own powers, and knowing, gave them
Room for their growth and spread! The horse obeys
His guiding will; the patient camel bears him
Over these wastes of sand; the pigeon wafts
His bidding through the sky:—and with these triumphs

He rests contented!—with these ministers,—
When he might awe the elements, and make
Myriads of spirits serve him!

THALABA.

But as how?
By a league with Hell, a covenant that binds
The soul to utter death!

LOBABA.

Was Solomon
Accurst of God? Yet to his talismans
Obedient, o'er his throne the birds of heaven,
Their waving wings his sun-shield,[80] fann'd around
him
The motionless air of noon; from place to place,
As his will rein'd the viewless element,
He rode the wind;[81] the Genii reared his temple,
And ceaselessly in fear while his dread eye
O'erlook'd them, day and night pursued their toil,
So dreadful was his power.

THALABA.

But 'twas from Heaven
His wisdom came; God's special gift,—the guerdon
Of early virtue.

LOBABA.

Learn thou, O young man!
God hath appointed Wisdom the reward
Of study! 'Tis a well of living waters,
Whose inexhaustible bounties all might drink,
But few dig deep enough. Son! thou art silent,—
Perhaps I say too much,—perhaps offend thee.

THALABA.

Nay, I am young, and willingly, as becomes me,
Hear the wise words of age.

LOBABA.

Is it a crime
To mount the horse, because forsooth thy feet
Can serve thee for the journey?—Is it sin,
Because the hern soars upward in the sky
Above the arrow's flight, to train the falcon
Whose beak shall pierce him there? The powers which Allah
Granted to man, were granted for his use;
All knowledge that befits not human weakness
Is placed beyond its reach.—They who repair
To Babylon, and from the Angels learn
Mysterious wisdom, sin not in the deed.

THALABA.

Know you these secrets?

LOBABA.

I? alas, my Son,
My age just knows enough to understand
How little all its knowledge! Later years
Sacred to study, teach me to regret
Youth's unforeseeing indolence, and hours
That cannot be recall'd! Something I know
The properties of herbs, and have sometimes
Brought to the afflicted comfort and relief
By the secrets of my art; under His blessing
Without whom all had failed! Also of gems
I have some knowledge, and the characters
That tell beneath what aspect they were set.

THALABA.

Belike you can interpret then the graving
Around this Ring?

LOBABA.

My sight is feeble, Son,
And I must view it closer; let me try!

The unsuspecting Youth
Held forth his finger to draw off the spell.
Even whilst he held it forth,
There settled there a wasp,
And just above the gem infixed its dart;
All purple-swoln the hot and painful flesh
Rose round the tighten'd Ring.
The baffled Sorcerer knew the hand of Heaven,
And inwardly blasphem'd.

Ere long Lobaba's heart,
Fruitful in wiles, devis'd new stratagem.
A mist arose at noon,
Like the loose-hanging skirts
Of some low cloud that, by the breeze impell'd,
Sweeps o'er the mountain side.
With joy the thoughtless Youth
That grateful shadowing hailed;
For grateful was the shade,
While through the silver-lighted haze,
Guiding their way, appear'd the beamless sun.
But soon that beacon failed;
A heavier mass of cloud,
Impenetrably deep,
Hung o'er the wilderness.
"Knowest thou the track?" quoth Thalaba,
"Or should we pause, and wait the wind
To scatter this bewildering fog?"
The Sorcerer answer'd him,
"Now let us hold right on,—for if we stray,
The sun to-morrow will direct our course."
So saying, he toward the desert depths
Misleads the Youth deceiv'd.

Earlier the night came on,
Nor moon, nor stars, were visible in heaven;
And when at morn the Youth unclos'd his eyes,
He knew not where to turn his face in prayer.
"What shall we do?" Lobaba cried,

"The lights of heaven have ceas'd
To guide us on our way.
Should we remain and wait
More favourable skies?
Soon would our food and water fail us here!
And if we venture on,
There are the dangers of the wilderness!"
"Sure it were best proceed!"
The chosen Youth replies.
"So haply we may reach some tent, or grove
Of dates, or station'd tribe.
But idly to remain,
Were yielding effortless, and waiting death."
The wily Sorcerer willingly assents,
And farther in the sands,
Elate of heart, he leads the credulous Youth.

Still o'er the wilderness
Settled the moveless mist.
The timid antelope, that heard their steps,
Stood doubtful where to turn in that dim light;
The ostrich, blindly hastening, met them full.
At night, again in hope,
Young Thalaba lay down;
The morning came, and not one guiding ray
Through the thick mist was visible,
The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.
Oh for the vulture's scream,
Who haunts for prey the abode of humankind!
Oh for the plover's pleasant cry,[82]
To tell of water near!
Oh for the camel-driver's song![83]
For now the water-skin grows light,
Though of the draught, more eagerly desir'd,
Imperious prudence took with sparing thirst.
Oft from the third night's broken sleep,
As in his dreams he heard
The sound of rushing winds,
Started the anxious Youth, and look'd abroad,

In vain! for still the deadly calm endur'd.
Another day pass'd on;
The water-skin was drain'd;
But then one hope arriv'd,
For there was motion in the air!
The sound of the wind arose anon,
That scattered the thick mist,
And lo! at length the lovely face of heaven.

Alas—a wretched scene
Was open'd on their view.
They look'd around, no wells were near,
No tent, no human aid!
Flat on the camel lay the water skin,
And their dumb servant difficultly now,
Over hot sands and under the hot sun,
Dragged on with patient pain.
But oh the joy! the blessed sight!
When in that burning waste the Travellers
Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers besprent,
Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields
Of England, when amid the growing grass
The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
In the merry month of May!
Oh joy! the Travellers
Gaze on each other with hope-brighten'd eyes,
For sure through that green meadow flows
The living stream! and lo! their famish'd beast
Sees the restoring sight!
Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden strength,
He hurries on!—The herbs so fair to eye
Were senna, and the gentian's blossom blue,
And kindred plants, that with unwater'd root
Fed in the burning sand, whose bitter leaves
Even frantic Famine loath'd.[84]

In uncommunicating misery
Silent they stood. At length Lobaba cried,
"Son, we must slay the camel, or we die

For lack of water! thy young hand is firm,—
Draw forth the knife and pierce him!"
Wretch accurst!
Who that beheld thy venerable face,
Thy features fix'd with suffering, the dry lips,
The feverish eyes, could deem that all within
Was magic ease, and fearlessness secure,
And wiles of hellish import? The Young Man
Paus'd with reluctant pity: but he saw
His Comrade's red and painful countenance,
And his own burning breath came short and quick,
And at his feet the gasping beast
Lies, over-worn with want:
Then from his girdle Thalaba took the knife[85]
With stern compassion, and from side to side
Across the camel's throat,[86]
Drew deep the crooked blade.
Servant of man, that merciful deed
For ever ends thy suffering; but what doom
Waits thy deliverer! "Little will thy death
Avail us!" thought the Youth,
As in the water-skin he pour'd
The camel's hoarded draught:
It gave a scant supply,
The poor allowance of one prudent day.

Son of Hodeirah, though thy steady soul
Despair'd not, firm in faith,
Yet not the less did suffering Nature feel
Her pangs and trials. Long their craving thirst
Struggled with fear, by fear itself inflamed;
But drop by drop, that poor,
That last supply, is drain'd!
Still the same burning sun! no cloud in heaven!
The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist
Floats o'er the desert, with a show
Of distant waters, mocking their distress![87]
The Youth's parch'd lips were black,
His tongue was dry and rough,[88]

His eye-balls red with heat.
His Comrade gaz'd on him with looks
That seem'd to speak of pity, and he said,
"Let me behold thy Ring;
It may have virtue that can save us yet!"
With that he took his hand
And view'd the writing close,
Then cried with sudden joy,
"It is a stone, that whoso bears,
The Genii must obey!
Now raise thy voice, my Son,
And bid them in his name that here is written
Preserve us in our need."

"Nay!" answer'd Thalaba,
"Shall I distrust the providence of God?
Is it not He must save?
If Allah wills it not,
Vain were the Genii's aid."

Whilst he spake, Lobaba's eye,
Full on the distance fix'd,
Attended not his speech.
Its fearful meaning drew
The looks of Thalaba.
Columns of sand came moving on,
Red in the burning ray,
Like obelisks of fire,
They rush'd before the driving wind.
Vain were all thoughts of flight!
They had not hop'd escape,
Could they have backed the dromedary then,[89]
Who in his rapid race
Gives to the tranquil air a drowning force.

High—high in heaven upcurl'd
The dreadful sand-spouts mov'd,[90]
Swift as the whirlwind that impell'd their way,
They rush'd toward the Travellers!

The old Magician shriek'd,
And lo! the foremost bursts,
Before the whirlwind's force,
Scattering afar a burning shower of sand.
"Now by the virtue of the Ring,
Save us!" Lobaba cried.
"While yet thou hast the power,
Save us! O save us! now!"
The Youth made no reply,
Gazing in awful wonder on the scene.

"Why dost thou wait?" the Old Man exclaim'd,
"If Allah and the Prophet will not save,
Call on the Powers that will!"

"Ha! do I know thee, Infidel accurst?"
Exclaim'd the awaken'd Youth.
"And thou hast led me hither, Child of Sin!
"That fear might make me sell
My soul to endless death!"

"Fool that thou art!" Lobaba cried,
"Call upon him whose name
Thy charmed signet bears,
"Or die the death thy foolishness deserves!"

"Servant of Hell! die thou!" quoth Thalaba.
And leaning on his bow
He fitted the loose string,
And laid the arrow in its resting-place.
"Bow of my father, do thy duty now!"
He drew the arrow to its point,
True to his eye it fled,
And full upon the breast
It smote the Wizard Man.
Astonished, Thalaba beheld
The blunted point recoil.

A proud and bitter smile
Wrinkled Lobaba's cheek.

"Try once again thine earthly arms!" he cried.
"Rash Boy! the Power I serve
Abandons not his votaries.
It is for Allah's wretched slaves, like thou,
To serve a Master, who in the hour of need
Forsakes them to their fate!
I leave thee!"—and he shook his staff, and called
The chariot of his charms.

Swift as the viewless wind,
Self-moved, the chariot came.
The Sorcerer mounts the seat.
"Yet once more weigh thy danger!" he exclaim'd,
"Ascend the car with me,
And with the speed of thought
We pass the desert bounds."
The indignant Youth vouchsaf'd not to reply,
And lo! the magic car begins its course!
Hark! hark!—he screams—Lobaba screams!
What, wretch, and hast thou rais'd
The rushing Terrors of the Wilderness
To fall on thine own head?
Death! death! inevitable death!
Driven by the breath of God,
A column of the desert met his way.

BOOK V.

"Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle; Thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me."

Psalm xviii. 39.

When Thalaba from adoration rose,
The air was cool, the sky
With welcome clouds o'ercast,
Which soon came down in rain.
He lifted up his fever'd face to heaven,
And bar'd his head, and stretch'd his hands
To that delightful shower,
And felt the coolness flow through every limb,
Freshening his powers of life.

A loud quick panting! Thalaba looks up,
He starts, and his instinctive hand
Grasps the knife hilt; for close beside
A tiger passes him.
An indolent and languid eye
The passing tiger turn'd;
His head was hanging down,
His dry tongue lolling low,
And the short panting of his fever'd breath
Came through his hot parch'd nostrils painfully.
The young Arabian knew
The purport of his hurried pace,
And following him in hope,
Saw joyful from afar
The tiger stoop and drink.

The desert pelican had built her nest
In that deep solitude.
And now, return'd from distant flight,
Fraught with the river-stream,
Her load of water had disburthen'd there.
Her young in the refreshing bath
Sported, all wantonness;
Dipt down their callow heads,
Fill'd the swoln membrane from their plumeless throat
Pendant, and bills yet soft;
And buoyant with arch'd breast,
Plied in unpractis'd stroke
The oars of their broad feet.
They, as the spotted prowler of the wild
Laps the cool wave, around their mother crowd,[91]
And nestle underneath her outspread wings.
The spotted prowler of the wild
Lapt the cool wave, and, satiate, from the nest,
Guiltless of blood, withdrew.

The mother bird had mov'd not,
But cowering o'er her nestlings,
Sate confident and fearless,
And watch'd the wonted guest.
But when the human visitant approach'd,
The alarmed pelican
Retiring from that hostile shape,
Gathers her young, and menaces with wings,
And forward thrusts her threatening neck,
Its feathers ruffling in her wrath,
Bold with maternal fear.
Thalaba drank, and in the water-skin
Hoarded the precious element.
Not all he took, but in the large nest left
Store that sufficed for life;
And journeying onward blest the carrier bird,
And blest, in thankfulness,
Their common Father, provident for all.

With strength renew'd, and confident in faith,
The son of Hodeirah proceeds;
Till after the long toil of many a day,
At length Bagdad appear'd,
The city of his search.
He, hastening to the gate,
Roams o'er the city with insatiate eyes;
Its thousand dwellings, o'er whose level roofs
Fair cupolas appear'd, and high-domed mosques,
And pointed minarets, and cypress groves,
Every where scatter'd in unwithering green.[92]

Thou too art fallen, Bagdad! City of Peace,[93]
Thou too hast had thy day!
And loathsome ignorance, and brute servitude,
Pollute thy dwellings now,
Erst for the Mighty and the Wise renown'd.
O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,
Thy founder the Victorious,[94] and the pomp
Of Haroun, for whose name thy blood defil'd,
Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides',
Genius hath wrought salvation; and the years
When Science with the good Al-Maimon dwelt;
So one day may the Crescent from thy mosques
Be pluck'd by Wisdom, when the enlighten'd arm
Of Europe conquers to redeem the East!

Then pomp and pleasure dwelt within her walls;
The merchants of the East and of the West
Met in her arch'd bazaars;[95]
All the day the active poor
Shower'd a cool comfort o'er her thronging streets;
Labour was busy in her looms;
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden camels lin'd her roads,
And Tigris on his tameless current bore[96]
Armenian harvests to her multitudes.

But not in sumptuous caravansery
The Adventurer idles there,

Nor satiates wonder with her pomp and wealth;
A long day's distance from the walls
Stands ruined Babylon!
The time of action is at hand;
The hope that for so many a year
Hath been his daily thought, his nightly dream,
Stings to more restlessness.
He loaths all lingering that delays the hour
When, full of glory, from his quest return'd,
He on the pillar of the tent belov'd
Shall hang Hodeirah's sword.

The many-colour'd domes[97]
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The cranes upon the mosque
Kept their night-clatter still;[98]
When through the gate the early Traveller pass'd.
And when at evening o'er the swampy plain
The bittern's boom came far,[99]
Distinct in darkness seen,
Above the low horizon's lingering light
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the charioteer[100]
Look'd down on swarming myriads; once she flung
Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquer'd tide,
And through her brazen portals, when she pour'd
Her armies forth, the distant nations look'd
As men who watch the thunder-cloud in fear,
Lest it should burst above them. She was fallen,
The Queen of Cities, Babylon, was fallen!
Low lay her bulwarks; the black scorpion bask'd
In the palace courts; within the sanctuary
The she-wolf hid her whelps.
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
Hath been the aërial gardens,[101] height on height
Rising like Media's mountain crown'd with wood,
Work of imperial dotage? where the fane
Of Belus?[102] where the Golden Image now,
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,

Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
        The Assyrian slaves ador'd?
A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
        Spreads o'er the blasted plain:
The wandering Arab never sets his tent
Within her walls; [103] the shepherd eyes afar
Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.
Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
        Euphrates rolls along,
        Eternal Nature's work.

        Through the broken portal,
        Over weedy fragments,
        Thalaba went his way.
        Cautious he trod, and felt
The dangerous ground before him with his bow.
    The jackal started at his steps;
    The stork, alarm'd at sound of man,
From her broad nest upon the old pillar top,
    Affrighted fled on flapping wings:
    The adder, in her haunts disturb'd,
Lanced at the intruding staff her arrowy tongue.

Twilight and moonshine dimly mingling gave
        An awful light obscure,
        Evening not wholly clos'd,
        The moon still pale and faint,
        An awful light obscure,
Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;
Long column stretching dark through weeds and moss,
        Broad length of lofty wall,
        Whose windows lay in light,
And of their former shape, low-arch'd or square,
        Rude outline on the earth
        Figur'd, with long grass fringed.

Reclin'd against a column's broken shaft,
Unknowing whitherward to bend his way,
        He stood, and gaz'd around.

The ruins clos'd him in;
It seem'd as if no foot of man
For ages had intruded there.
Soon at approaching step
Starting, he turn'd and saw
A warrior in the moon-beam drawing near.
Forward the Stranger came,
And with a curious eye
Perus'd the Arab youth.
"And who art thou," he cried,
"That at an hour like this
Wanderest in Babylon?
A way-bewilder'd traveller, seekest thou
The ruinous shelter here?
Or comest thou to hide
The plunder of the night?
Or hast thou spells to make
These ruins, yawning from their rooted base,
Disclose their secret wealth?" [104]

The Youth replied, "Nor wandering traveller,
Nor robber of the night,
Nor skill'd in spells am I.
I seek the Angels here,
Haruth and Maruth. Stranger, in thy turn,
Why wanderest thou in Babylon,
And who art thou, the questioner?"

The man was fearless, and the temper'd pride
Which toned the voice of Thalaba
Displeas'd not him, himself of haughty heart.
Heedless he answer'd, "Knowest thou
Their cave of punishment?"

THALABA.

Vainly I seek it.

STRANGER.

Art thou firm of foot
To tread the ways of danger?

THALABA.

Point the path!

STRANGER.

Young Arab! if thou hast a heart can beat
Evenly in danger; if thy bowels yearn not
With human fears, at scenes where undisgraced
The soldier, tried in battle, might look back
And tremble, follow me!—for I am bound
Into that cave of horrors.

Thalaba
Gazed on his Comrade: he was young, of port
Stately and strong; belike his face had pleas'd
A woman's eye, but the Youth read in it
Unrestrain'd passions, the obdurate soul
Bold in all evil daring; and it taught,
By Nature's irresistible instinct, doubt
Well-timed and wary. Of himself assur'd,
Fearless of man, and confident in faith,
"Lead on!" cried Thalaba.
Mohareb led the way;
And through the ruin'd streets,
And through the farther gate,
They pass'd in silence on.

What sound is borne on the wind?
Is it the storm that shakes
The thousand oaks of the forest?
But Thalaba's long locks
Flow down his shoulders moveless, and the wind
In his loose mantle raises not one fold.
Is it the river's roar
Dash'd down some rocky descent?
Along the level plain
Euphrates glides unheard.
What sound disturbs the night,
Loud as the summer forest in the storm,
As the river that roars among rocks?

And what the heavy cloud
That hangs upon the vale,
Thick as the mist o'er a well-water'd plain
Settling at evening, when the cooler air
Lets its day-vapours fall;
Black as the sulphur-cloud,
That through Vesuvius, or from Hecla's mouth,
Rolls up, ascending from the infernal fires.

From Ait's bitumen lake[105]
That heavy cloud ascends;
That everlasting roar
From where its gushing springs
Boil their black billows up.
Silent the Arab Youth,
Along the verge of that wide lake,
Followed Mohareb's way,
Toward a ridge of rocks that bank'd its side.
There from a cave, with torrent force,
And everlasting roar,
The black bitumen roll'd.
The moonlight lay upon the rocks;
Their crags were visible,
The shade of jutting cliffs,
And where broad lichens whiten'd some smooth spot,
And where the ivy hung
Its flowing tresses down.
A little way within the cave
The moonlight fell, glossing the sable tide
That gush'd tumultuous out.
A little way it entered, then the rock
Arching its entrance, and the winding way,
Darken'd the unseen depths.
No eye of mortal man,
If unenabled by enchanted spell,
Had pierced those fearful depths;
For mingling with the roar
Of the portentous torrent, oft were heard
Shrieks, and wild yells that scar'd

The brooding eagle from her midnight nest.
The affrighted countrymen
Call it the Mouth of Hell;
And ever when their way leads near,
They hurry with averted eyes,
And dropping their beads fast,[106]
Pronounce the Holy Name.

There pausing at the cavern mouth,
Mohareb turn'd to Thalaba,
"Now darest thou enter in?"
"Behold!" the Youth replied,
And leading in his turn the dangerous way,
Set foot within the cave.

"Stay, madman!" cried his Comrade; wouldst thou rush
Headlong to certain death?
Where are thine arms to meet
The Guardian of the Passage?" A loud shriek,
That shook along the windings of the cave,
Scattered the Youth's reply.

Mohareb, when the long re-echoing ceas'd,
Exclaim'd, "Fate favour'd thee,
Young Arab! when she wrote upon thy brow[107]
The meeting of to-night;
Else surely had thy name
This hour been blotted from the Book of Life!'

So saying, from beneath
His cloak a bag he drew:
"Young Arab! thou art brave," he cried,
"But thus to rush on danger unprepar'd
As lions spring upon the hunter's spear,
Is blind, brute courage. Zohak keeps the cave,[108]
Giantly tyrant of primeval days.
Force cannot win the passage." Thus he said,
And from his wallet drew a human hand,

Shrivel'd, and dry, and black.
And fitting as he spake
A taper in its hold,
Pursued: "A murderer on the stake had died;
I drove the vulture from his limbs, and lopt
The hand that did the murder, and drew up
The tendon-strings to close its grasp,
And in the sun and wind
Parch'd it, nine weeks exposed.
The Taper,—but not here the place to impart,
Nor hast thou done the rites,
That fit thee to partake the mystery.
Look! it burns clear, but with the air around,
Its dead ingredients mingle deathiness.
This when the Keeper of the Cave shall feel,
Maugre the doom of Heaven,
The salutary spell [109]
Shall lull his penal agony to sleep,
And leave the passage free."

Thalaba answer'd not.
Nor was there time for answer now,
For, lo! Mohareb leads,
And o'er the vaulted cave,
Trembles the accursed taper's feeble light.
There where the narrowing chasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemn'd to keep
His cave of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which far away the prowling jackal heard,
And howl'd in terror back:
For from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size,
Which ever at his head
Aim'd eager their keen teeth
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He in the eternal conflict oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp

Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony,
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself
Inseparable parts, his torturers grew.

To him approaching now,
Mohareb held the wither'd arm,
The Taper of enchanted power.
The unhallowed spell in hand unholy held
Now ministered to mercy; heavily
The wretch's eyelids clos'd;
And welcome and unfelt
Like the release of death,
A sudden sleep fell on his vital powers.

Yet though along the cave
Lay Zohak's giant limbs,
The twin-born serpents kept the narrow pass,
Kindled their fiery eyes,
Darted their tongues of terror, and roll'd out
Their undulating length,
Like the long streamers of some gallant ship
Buoy'd on the wavy air,
Still struggling to flow on, and still withheld.
The scent of living flesh
Inflam'd their appetite.

Prepar'd for all the perils of the cave,
Mohareb came. He from his wallet drew
Two human heads yet warm.
O hard of heart! whom not the visible power
Of retributive Justice, and the doom
Of Zohak in his sight,
Deterr'd from equal crime!
Two human heads, yet warm, he laid
Before the scaly guardians of the pass.
They to their wonted banquet of old years
Turn'd eager, and the narrow pass was free.

And now before their path
The opening cave dilates ;
They reach a spacious vault,
Where the black river fountains burst their way.
Now as a whirlwind's force
Had centered on the spring,
The gushing flood roll'd up ;
And now the deadened roar
Echoed beneath them, as its sudden pause
Left wide a dark abyss,
Adown whose fathomless gulphs the eye was lost.
Blue flames that hover'd o'er the springs
Flung through the cavern their uncertain light ;
Now waving on the waves they lay,
And now their fiery curls
Flow'd in long tresses up,
And now contracting, glow'd with whiter heat.
Then up they shot again,
Darting pale flashes through the tremulous air ;
The flames, the red and yellow sulphur-smoke,
And the black darkness of the vault,
Commingling indivisibly.

"Here," quoth Moharcb, "do the Angels dwell,
The teachers of enchantment." Thalaba
Then raised his voice, and cried,
"Haruth and Maruth, hear me ! not with rites
Accursed, to disturb your penitence,
And learn forbidden lore,
Repentant Angels, seek I your abode.
Me Allah and the Prophet mission here,
Their chosen servant I.
Tell me the talisman."
"And dost thou think,"
Moharcb cried, as with a scornful smile
He glanced upon his Comrade, "dost thou think
To trick them of their secret ? For the dupes
Of human kind keep this lip-righteousness !
'Twill serve thee in the mosque

And in the market-place;
But spirits view the heart.
Only by strong and torturing spells enforced,
Those stubborn Angels teach the charm
By which we must descend."

"Descend!" said Thalaba.
But then the wrinkling smile
Forsook Mohareb's cheek,
And darker feelings settled on his brow.
"Now, by my soul," quoth he, "and I believe
Idiot! that I have led
Some camel-kneed prayer-monger through the cave![110]
What brings thee hither? thou should'st have a hut
By some saint's grave beside the public way,[111]
There to less-knowing fools
Retail thy Koran scraps,[112]
And, in thy turn, die civet-like at last
In the dung-perfume of thy sanctity!
Ye, whom I seek! that, led by me,
Feet uninitiate tread
Your threshold, this atones!
Fit sacrifice he falls!"
And forth he flash'd his scimetar,
And rais'd the murderous blow.

There ceas'd his power; his lifted arm,
Suspended by the spell,
Hung impotent to strike.
"Poor hypocrite!" cried he,
"And this then is thy faith
In Allah and the Prophet! they had fail'd
To save thee, but for magic's stolen aid;
Yea, they had left thee yonder serpent's meal,
But that, in prudent cowardice,
The chosen servant of the Lord came in,
Safe follower of my path!"

" Blasphemer ! dost thou boast of guiding me !
Kindling with pride, quoth Thalaba.
" Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven !
Sayest thou, that, diffident of God,
In magic spells I trust ?
Liar ! let witness this ! "
And he drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the gulph.
A skinny hand came up,
And caught it as it fell,
And peals of devilish laughter shook the cave.

Then joy suffus'd Mohareb's cheek,
And Thalaba beheld
The blue blade gleam, descending to destroy.

The undefended Youth
Sprung forward, and he seiz'd
Mohareb in his grasp,
And grappled with him breast to breast.
Sinewy and large of limb Mohareb was,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his joints
Knit firm, and in the strife
Of danger practised'd well.
Time had not thus matur'd young Thalaba :
But now the enthusiast mind,
The inspiration of his soul
Pour'd vigour like the strength
Of madness through his frame.
Mohareb reels before him ! he right on,
With knee, with breast, with arm,
Presses the staggering foe !
And now upon the brink
Of that tremendous spring,—
There with fresh impulse, and a rush of force,
He thrust him from his hold.
The upwhirling flood receiv'd
Mohareb, then, absorb'd,
Engulph'd him in the abyss.

Thalaba's breath came fast,
And, panting, he breath'd out
A broken prayer of thankfulness.
At length he spake, and said,
"Haruth and Maruth! are ye here?
Or has that evil guide misled my search?
I, Thalaba, the servant of the Lord,
Invoke you. Hear me, Angels! so may Heaven
Accept and mitigate your penitence.
I go to root from earth the Sorcerer brood,
Tell me the needful talisman!"
Thus as he spake, recumbent on the rock
Beyond the black abyss,
Their forms grew visible.
A settled sorrow sate upon their brows,
Sorrow alone, for trace of guilt and shame
Now nought remained; and gradual, as by prayer,
The sin was purged away,
Their robe of glory, purified of stain,[113]
Resum'd the lustre of its native light.

In awe the Youth receiv'd the answering voice,
"Son of Hodeirah! thou hast prov'd it here:
The Talisman is Faith."

BOOK VI.

"Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful sprights;
Not that which Merlin by his magic slights
Made for the gentle squire to entertain
His fair Belphœbe, could this garden stain."
—*Spenser. Ruins of Time.*

So from the inmost cavern, Thalaba
Retrod the windings of the rock.
Still on the ground the giant limbs
Of Zohak were outstretch'd;
The spell of sleep had ceas'd,
And his broad eyes were glaring on the Youth:
Yet raised he not his arm to bar the way,
Fearful to rouse the snakes
Now lingering o'er their meal.

Oh then, emerging from that dreadful cave,
How grateful did the gale of night
Salute his freshen'd sense!
How full of lightsome joy,
Thankful to Heaven, he hastens by the verge
Of that bitumen lake,
Whose black and heavy fumes,
Surge heaving after surge,
Roll'd like the billowy and tumultuous sea.

The song of many a bird at morn
Arous'd him from his rest.
Lo! by his side a courser stood!

More animate of eye,
Of form more faultless never had he seen,
More light of limbs and beautiful in strength,
Among the race whose blood,
Pure and unmingled, from the royal steeds
Of Solomon came down. [114]

The chosen Arab's eye
Glanced o'er his graceful shape,
His rich caparisons,
His crimson trappings gay.
But when he saw the mouth
Uncurb'd, the unbridled neck,
Then flush'd his cheek, and leapt his heart:
For sure he deem'd that Heaven had sent
The courser, whom no erring hand should guide.
And lo! the eager steed
Throws his head, and paws the ground,
Impatient of delay!
Then up leapt Thalaba,
And away went the self-govern'd steed.

Far over the plain
Away went the bridleless steed;
With the dew of the morning his fetlocks were wet,
The foam froth'd his limbs in the journey of noon,
Nor stay'd he till over the westerly heaven
The shadows of evening had spread.
Then on a sheltered bank
The appointed Youth repos'd,
And by him laid the docile courser down.
Again in the gray of the morning
Thalaba bounded up;
Over hill, over dale,
Away goes the bridleless steed.
Again at eve he stops,
Again the Youth descends;
His load discharged, his errand done,
Then bounded the courser away.

Heavy and dark the eve;
The moon was hid on high,
A dim light only tinged the mist
That crest her in the path of heaven.
All living sounds had ceas'd,
Only the flow of waters near was heard,
A low and lulling melody.
Fasting, yet not of want
Percipient, he on that mysterious steed
Had reach'd his resting-place,
For expectation kept his nature up.
The flow of waters now
Awoke a feverish thirst;
Led by the sound, he mov'd
To seek the grateful wave.
A meteor in the hazy air
Play'd before his path;
Before him now it roll'd
A globe of livid fire;
And now contracted to a steady light,
As when the solitary hermit prunes
His lamp's long undulating flame:
And now its wavy point
Up-blazing rose, like a young cypress tree
Sway'd by the heavy wind;
Anon to Thalaba it mov'd,
And wrapt him in its pale innocuous fire:
Now in the darkness drown'd,
Left him with eyes bedimm'd,
And now emerging, spread the scenes to sight.'

Led by the sound and meteor-flame,
Advanced the Arab Youth.
Now to the nearest of the many rills
He stoops; ascending steam
Timely repels his hand;
For from its source it sprung a boiling tide.
A second course with better hap he tries,
The wave intensely cold

Tempts to a copious draught.
There was a virtue in the wave;
His limbs, that, stiff with toil,
Dragg'd heavy, from the copious draught receiv'd
Lightness and supple strength.
O'erjoy'd, and deeming the benignant Power,
Who sent the reinless steed,
Had blest the healing waters to his use,
He laid him down to sleep;
Lull'd by the soothing and incessant sound,
The flow of many waters, blending oft
With shriller tones and deep low murmurings,
Which from the fountain caves
In mingled melody
Like fairy music, heard at midnight, came.

The sounds that last he heard at night
Awoke his sense at morn.
A scene of wonders lay before his eyes.
In mazy windings o'er the vale
Wandered a thousand streams:
They, in their endless flow, had channell'd deep [116]
The rocky soil o'er which they ran,
Veining its thousand islet stones,
Like clouds that freckle o'er the summer sky;
The blue etheral ocean circling each,
And insulating all—
A thousand shapes they wore, those islet stones,
And Nature, with her various tints,
Varied anew their thousand forms:
For some were green with moss,
Some rich with yellow lichen's gold,
Or ruddier tinged, or gray, or silver-white,
Or sparkling sparry radiance to the sun.
Here gush'd the fountains up,
Alternate light and blackness, like the play
Of sunbeams on the warrior's burnish'd arms.
Yonder the river roll'd, whose bed,

Their labyrinthine lingerings o'er,
Received the confluent rills.

This was a wild and wonderous scene,
Strange and beautiful, as where
By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,[117]
The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.
High mountains clos'd the vale,
Bare rocky mountains, to all living things
Inhospitable; on whose sides no herb
Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke
Their echoes, save the eagle, strong of wing;
A lonely plunderer, that afar
Sought in the vales his prey.

Thither towards those mountains Thalaba
Advanced, for well he ween'd that there had fate
Destin'd the adventure's end.
Up a wide vale winding amid their depths,
A stony vale between receding heights
Of stone, he wound his way.
A cheerless place! the solitary bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one blossom, where to fix.

Still Thalaba holds on;
The winding vale now narrows on his way,
And steeper of ascent.
Rightward and leftward rise the rocks,
And now they meet across the vale.
Was it the toil of human hands
Had hewn a passage in the rock,
Through whose rude portal-way
The light of heaven was seen?
Rude and low the portal-way;
Beyond the same ascending straits,[118]
Went winding up the wilds.

Still a bare, silent, solitary glen,
A fearful silence, and a solitude
That made itself be felt;
And steeper now the ascent,
A rugged path, that tired
The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.
At length again a rock
Stretch'd o'er the narrow vale.
There also was a portal hewn,
But gates of massy iron barr'd the way,
Huge, solid, heavy-hinged.

There hung a horn beside the gate,
Ivory-tipt and brazen mouth'd;
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen-mouth he breath'd;
From rock to rock rebounding rung the blast,
Like a long thunder peal!
The gates of iron, by no human arm
Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,
Disclos'd the passage of the rock.
He entered, and the iron gates
Fell to, and clos'd him in.
It was a narrow winding way;
Dim lamps suspended from the vault,
Lent to the gloom an agitated light.
Winding it pierced the rock,
A long descending path
By gates of iron clos'd;
There also hung the horn beside
Of ivory tip and brazen mouth;
Again he took the ivory tip,
A gave the brazen mouth his voice again.
Not now in thunder spake the horn,
But pour'd a sweet and thrilling melody:
The gates flew open, and a flood of light
Rush'd on his dazzled eyes.

Was it to an earthly Eden, lost so long,
The Youth had found the wondrous way?

But earthly Eden boasts
No terraced palaces,
No rich pavilions, bright with woven gold,[119]
Like these that in the vale
Rise amid odorous groves.
The astonish'd Thalaba,
Doubting as though an unsubstantial dream
Beguil'd his passive sense,
A moment clos'd his eyes;
Still they were there,—the palaces and groves,
And rich pavilions glittering golden light.

And lo! a man, reverend in comely age,
Advancing meets the Youth.
"Favoured of Fortune," he exclaim'd, "go taste
The joys of Paradise!
The reinless steed that ranges o'er the world,
Brings hither those alone for lofty deeds
Mark'd by their horoscope; permitted here
A foretaste of the full beatitude,
That in heroic acts they may go on
More ardent, eager to return and reap
Endless enjoyment here, their destin'd meed.
Favour'd of Fortune thou, go taste
The joys of Paradise!"
This said, he turn'd away, and left
The Youth in wonder mute;
For Thalaba stood mute,
And passively receiv'd
The mingled joy which flow'd on every sense.
Where'er his eye could reach,
Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose;
And rich pavilions through the opening woods
Gleam'd from their waving curtains sunny gold;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Flow'd streams of liquid light;
And fluted cypresses rear'd up
Their living obelisks;
And broad-leav'd plane-trees in long colonnades[1]

O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand-tendril'd vine
Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths,
And clusters not their own.
Wearied with endless beauty, did his eyes
Return for rest? beside him teems the earth
With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd; [121]
And here the lily hangs her head of snow;
And here amid her sable cup [122]
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves. [123]

Then on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose!
Far music and the distance-mellow'd song
From bowers of merriment;
The waterfall remote;
The murmuring of the leafy groves;
The single nightingale
Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly ton'd,
That never from that most melodious bird,
Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
Did Thracian shepherd by the grave
Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody; [124]
Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre
All his own power infuse, to swell
The incense that he loves.
And oh! what odours the voluptuous vale
Scatters from jasmine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster'd henna, and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill the breeze,
As Peris to their Sister bear,
When from the summit of some lofty tree
She hangs encaged, the captive of the Dives.
They from their pinions shake
The sweetness of celestial flowers,

And as her enemies impure
From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
Inhales her fragrant food.[125]
Such odours flow'd upon the world,
When at Mohammed's nuptials, word
Went forth in heaven, to roll
The everlasting gates of paradise
Back on their living hinges, that its gales
Might visit all below; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
Of man, for once, partook one common joy.

Full of the joy, yet still awake
To wonder, on went Thalaba;
On every side the song of mirth,
The music of festivity,
Invite the passing Youth.
Wearied at length with hunger and with heat,
He enters in a banquet room,
Where round a fountain brink,
On silken carpets sate the festive train.[126]
Instant through all his frame
Delightful coolness spread;
The playing fount refresh'd
The agitated air;
The very light came cool'd through silvering panes
Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam tinged;[127]
Or where the wine-vase fill'd the aperture,[128]
Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam
Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist:
Through every hue, and streak'd by all,
The flowing fountain play'd.
Around the water-edge
Vessels of wine, alternate placed,
Ruby and amber, tinged its little waves.
From golden goblets there[129]
The guests sate quaffing the delicious juice
Of Shiraz' golden grape.

But Thalaba took not the draught;
For rightly he knew had the Prophet forbidden
That beverage, the mother of sins.
Nor did the urgent guests
Proffer a second time the liquid fire;
For in the Youth's strong eye they saw
No moveable resolve.
Yet not uncourteous, Thalaba
Drank the cool draught of innocence,
That fragrant from its dewy vase [130]
Came purer than it left its native bed.
And he partook the odorous fruits,
For all rich fruits were there.
Water-melons rough of rind,
Whose pulp the thirsty lip
Dissolved into a draught:
Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees
Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil,
And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue,[131]
That many a week endure
The summer sun intense,
Till by its powerful fire
All watery particles exhal'd, alone
The strong essential sweetness ripens there.
Here cased in ice, the apricot,[132]
A topaz, crystal set:
Here, on a plate of snow,
The sunny orange rests;
And still the aloes and the sandal-wood,
From golden censers, o'er the banquet room
Diffuse their dying sweets.

Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,
Their ancles bound with bracelet-bells,[133]
That made the modulating harmony.
Transparent garment to the greedy eye [134]
Gave all their harlot limbs,
Which writhed, in each immodest gesture skill'd.

With earnest eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure;
And Thalaba, he gazed.
But in his heart he bore a talisman,
Whose blessed alchemy
To virtuous thoughts refin'd
The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
Oneiza's image swam before his sight,
His own Arabian Maid.
He rose, and from the banquet room he rush'd,
And tears ran down his burning cheek;
And nature for a moment woke the thought,
And murmured, that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wandered o'er the world
A lonely being, far from all he lov'd.
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
That murmur shall be written!

From tents of revelry,
From festal bowers, to solitude he ran;
And now he reach'd where all the rills
Of that well-watered garden in one tide
Roll'd their collected waves.
A straight and stately bridge
Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample stream.
Strong in the evening, and distinct its shade
Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
Saw it united with its parent pile,
One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing near,
Loud from the chambers of the bridge below,[135]
Sounds of carousal came and song,
And unveil'd women bade the advancing Youth
Come merry-make with them!
Unhearing, or unheeding, Thalaba
Pass'd o'er with hurried pace,
And plunged amid the forest solitude.

Deserts of Araby!
His soul returned to you.

He cast himself upon the earth,
And clos'd his eyes, and call'd
The voluntary vision up.
A cry, as of distress,
Arous'd him; loud it came and near!
He started up, he strung his bow,
He pluck'd the arrow forth.
Again a shriek—a woman's shriek!
And lo! she rushes through the trees,
Her veil all rent, her garments torn!
He follows close, the ravisher—
Even on the unechoing grass
She hears his tread, so near!
"Prophet, save me! save me, God!
Help! help!" she cried to Thalaba:
Thalaba drew the bow.
The unerring arrow did its work of death.
He turn'd him to the woman, and beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid.

BOOK VII.

> 'Now all is done; bring home the Bride again,
> Bring home the triumph of our victory!
> Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
> With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
> Never had man more joyful day than this,
> Whom Heaven would heap with bliss."
>
> *Spenser's Epithalamium.*

From fear, amazement, joy,
At length the Arabian Maid recovering speech,
Threw around Thalaba her arms, and cried,
"My father! O my father!" Thalaba
In wonder lost, yet fearful to inquire,
Bent down his cheek on hers,
And their tears met, and mingled as they fell.

ONEIZA.

At night they seized me, Thalaba! in my sleep,—
Thou wert not near,—and yet when in their grasp
I woke, my shriek of terror called on thee.
My father could not save me,—an old man!
And they were strong and many—O, my God,
The hearts they must have had to hear his prayers,
And yet to leave him childless!

THALABA.

We will seek him:
We will return to Araby.

ONEIZA.

Alas!
We should not find him, Thalaba! our tent

Is desolate! the wind hath heaped the sands
Within its door, the lizard's track is left [136]
Fresh on the untrodden dust; prowling by night
The tiger, as he passes, hears no breath
Of man, and turns to search its solitude.
Alas! he strays a wretched wanderer
Seeking his child! Old man, he will not rest,—
He cannot rest,—his sleep is misery,—
His dreams are of my wretchedness, my wrongs
O Thalaba! this is a wicked place!
Let us be gone!

THALABA.

But how to pass again
The iron doors that opening at a breath
Gave easy entrance? armies in their strength,
Would fail to move those hinges for return!

ONEIZA.

But we can climb the mountains that shut in
This dreadful garden.

THALABA.

Are Oneiza's limbs
Equal to that long toil?

ONEIZA.

Oh, I am strong,
Dear Thalaba! for this—fear gives me force,
And you are with me!

So she took his hand,
And gently drew him forward, and they went
Towards the mountain chain.
It was broad moonlight, and obscure or lost
The garden beauties lay,
But the great boundary rose, distinctly mark'd.
These were no little hills,
No sloping uplands lifting to the sun
Their vine-yards, with fresh verdure, and the shade

Of ancient woods, courting the loiterer
To win the easy ascent: stone mountains these,
Desolate rock on rock,
The burthens of the earth,
Whose snowy summits met the morning beam
When night was in the vale, whose feet were fix'd
In the world's foundations.[137] Thalaba surveyed
The heights precipitous,
Impending crags, rocks unascendible,
And summits that had tired the eagle's wing;
"There is no way!" he cried.
Paler Oneiza grew,
And hung upon his arm a feebler weight.

But soon again to hope
Revives the Arabian Maid,
As Thalaba imparts the sudden thought.
"I pass'd a river," cried the Youth,
"A full and copious stream.
The flowing waters cannot be restrain'd,
And where they find or force their way,
There we perchance may follow; thitherward
The current rolled along."
So saying, yet again in hope
Quickening their eager steps,
They turned them thitherward.

Silent and calm the river rolled along,
And at the verge arrived
Of that fair garden, o'er a rocky bed
Towards the mountain base,
Still full and silent, held its even way.
But the deep sound, the dash
Louder and louder in the distance rose,
As if it forced its stream,
Struggling with crags, along a narrow pass.
And lo! where raging o'er a hollow course
The ever flowing tide
Foams in a thousand whirlpools! there adown
The perforated rock

Plunge the whole waters, so precipitous,
So fathomless a fall,
That their earth-shaking roar came deadened up
Like subterranean thunders.
"Allah, save us!"
Oneiza cried, "there is no path for man
From this accursed place!"
And as she spake, her joints
Were loosen'd, and her knees sunk under her.
"Cheer up, Oneiza!" Thalaba replied,
"Be of good heart. We cannot fly
The dangers of the place,
But we can conquer them!"

And the young Arab's soul
Arose within him. "What is he," he cried,
"Who hath prepar'd this garden of delight,
And wherefore are its snares?"

The Arabian Maid replied,
"The women when I entered, welcomed me
To paradise, by Aloadin's will
Chosen like themselves, a houri of the earth.
They told me, credulous of his blasphemies,
That Aloadin placed them to reward
His faithful servants with the joys of heaven.
O Thalaba, and all are ready here
To wreak his wicked will, and work all crimes!
How then shall we escape?"

"Woe to him!" cried the Appointed, a stern smile
Darkening with stronger shades his countenance:
"Woe to him! he hath laid his toils
To take the antelope,
The lion is come in!"
She shook her head, "A sorcerer he,
"And guarded by so many! Thalaba,—
And thou art but one!"
He raised his hand to heaven,

"Is there not God, Oneiza?
I have a Talisman, that, whoso bears,
Him, nor the earthly, nor the infernal powers
Of evil, can cast down.
Remember Destiny
Hath mark'd me from mankind!
Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy sleep!"

So on a violet bank
The Arabian Maid lay down,
Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and flowers
She lay in silent prayer,
Till prayer had tranquillis'd her fears,
And sleep fell on her. By her side
Silent sate Thalaba,
And gaz'd upon the Maid,
And as he gaz'd, drew in
New courage and intenser faith,
And waited calmly for the eventful day.

Loud sung the lark, the awaken'd Maid
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.
The flush of fear inflam'd her cheek,
But Thalaba was calm of soul,
Collected for the work.
He ponder'd in his mind
How from Lobaba's breast
His blunted arrow fell.
Aloadin too might wear
Spell perchance of equal power
To blunt the weapon's edge!
Beside the river-brink,
Rose a young poplar, whose unsteady leaves
Varying their verdure to the gale,
With silver glitter caught
His meditating eye.
Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,
And gave his father's bow,

And o'er her shoulders slung
The quiver arrow-stor'd.
"Me other weapon suits!" said he,
"Bear thou the bow: dear Maid,
The days return upon me, when these shafts,
True to thy guidance, from the lofty palm
Brought down the cluster, and thy gladden'd eye,
Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of praise.
Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
Our desert-joys!"
So saying, to the bank
He mov'd, and stooping low,
With double grasp, hand below hand, he clench'd,
And from its watery soil
Uptore the poplar trunk.
Then off he shook the clotted earth,
And broke away the head
And boughs, and lesser roots;
And lifting it aloft,
Wielded with able sway the massy club.
"Now for this child of hell!" quoth Thalaba;
"Belike he shall exchange to-day
His dainty paradise
For other dwelling, and the fruit
Of Zaccoum, cursed tree."[138]

With that the Youth and Arab Maid
Toward the garden centre pass'd.
It chanced that Aloadin had convok'd
The garden-habitants,
And with the assembled throng
Oneiza mingled, and the appointed Youth.
Unmark'd they mingled, or if one
With busier finger to his neighbour notes
The quiver'd Maid, "Haply," he says,
"Some daughter of the Homerites,[139]
Or one who yet remembers with delight
Her native tents of Himiar!" "Nay!" rejoins
His comrade, "a love-pageant! for the man

Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty club
Some savage lion-tamer, she forsooth
Must play the heroine of the years of old!"

Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold
Sate Aloadin: o'er the Sorcerer's head
Hovered a bird, and in the fragrant air
Waved his wide winnowing wings.
A living canopy.
Large as the plumeless cassowar
Was that o'ershadowing bird;
So huge his talons, in their grasp
The eagle would have hung a helpless prey.
His beak was iron, and his plumes
Glittered like burnish'd gold,
And his eyes glow'd, as though an inward fire
Shone through a diamond orb.

The blinded multitude
Ador'd the Sorcerer,
And bent the knee before him,
And shouted out his praise,
"Mighty art thou, the Bestower of joy,
The Lord of Paradise!"
Aloadin waved his hand,
And they stood mute, and moveless,
In idolizing awe.
"Children of Earth," he cried,
"Whom I have guided here
By easier passage than the gate of death;
The infidel Sultan, to whose lands
My mountains reach their roots,
Blasphemes and threatens me.
Strong are his armies, many are his guards,
Yet may a dagger find him.
Children of Earth, I tempt ye not
With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
With tales of a hereafter heaven
Whence never traveller hath return'd!

Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy,
That in these groves of happiness
For ever over-mantling tempts
The ever-thirsty lip?
Who is there here that by a deed
Of danger will deserve
The eternal joys of actual paradise?"

"I!" Thalaba exclaim'd,
And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's head
He dash'd the knotty club.

He fell not, though the force
Shattered his skull; nor flow'd the blood,
For by some hellish talisman
His life imprison'd still
Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd crowd
Stand motionless with fear, and wait
Immediate vengeance from the wrath of Heaven.
And lo! the bird—the monster bird,
Soars up—then pounces down
To seize on Thalaba!
Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
Now draw the arrow home!—
True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand;
It pierced the monster bird,
It broke the talisman,—
Then darkness cover'd all,—
Earth shook, heaven thunder'd, and amid the yells
Of spirits accurs'd, destroy'd
The Paradise of Sin.[140]

At last the earth was still;
The yelling of the demons ceas'd;
Opening the wreck and ruin to their sight,
The darkness roll'd away. Alone in life,
Amid the desolation and the dead,
Stood the Destroyer and the Arabian Maid,
They look'd around, the rocks were rent,

The path was open, late by magic clos'd.
Awe-struck and silent down the stony glen
They wound their thoughtful way.

Amid the vale below
Tents rose, and streamers play'd,
And javelins sparkled in the sun,
And multitudes encamp'd,
Swarm'd, far as eye could follow, o'er the plain.
There in his war-pavilion sate
In council with his chiefs
The Sultan of the land.
Before his presence there a captain led
Oneiza and the appointed Youth.

"Obedient to our lord's command," said he,
"We pass'd toward the mountains, and began
The ascending strait; when suddenly earth shook,
And darkness, like the midnight, fell around,
And fire and thunder came from heaven,
As though the retribution day were come.
After the terror ceas'd, and when with hearts
Somewhat assur'd, again we ventured on,
This Youth and Woman met us on the way.
They told us, that from Aloadin's haunt
They came, on whom the judgment-stroke hath fallen,
He and his sinful Paradise at once
Destroy'd by them, the agents they of Heaven.
Therefore I brought them hither, to repeat
The tale before thy presence; that as search
Shall prove it false or faithful, to their merit
Thou mayest reward them."
"Be it done to us,"
Thalaba answer'd, "as the truth shall prove!"
The Sultan while he spake
Fix'd on him the proud eye of sovereignty;
"If thou hast play'd with us,
By Allah and by Ali, death shall seal

The lying lips for ever! if the thing
Be as thou sayest it, Arab, thou shalt stand
Next to ourself!"—
And hark! the cry.
The lengthening cry, the increasing shout
Of joyful multitudes!
Breathless and panting to the tent
The bearer of good tidings comes,
"O Sultan, live for ever! be thy foes
"Like Aloadin all!
The wrath of God hath smitten him."

Joy at the welcome tale
Shone in the Sultan's cheek;
"Array the Arab in the robe
Of honour," he exclaim'd,
"And place a chain of gold around his neck,
And bind around his brow the diadem,
And mount him on my steed of state,
And lead him through the camp,
And let the heralds go before and cry,
'Thus shall the Sultan reward
The man who serves him well!'" [141]

Then in the purple robe
They vested Thalaba,
And hung around his neck the golden chain,
And bound his forehead with the diadem,
And on the royal steed
They led him through the camp,
And heralds went before and cried,
"Thus shall the Sultan reward
The man who serves him well!"

When from the pomp of triumph,
And presence of the King,
Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,
Thoughtful the Arabian Maid beheld
His animated eye,

His cheek inflamed with pride.
"Oneiza!" cried the Youth,
"The King hath done according to his word,
And made me in the land
Next to himself be nam'd!—
But why that serious melancholy smile?—
Oneiza, when I heard the voice that gave me
Honour, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought
Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st hear
The tidings, and be happy."

ONEIZA.

Thalaba,
Thou would'st not have me mirthful! am I not
An orphan,—among strangers?

THALABA.

But with me!

ONEIZA.

My father,—

THALABA.

Nay, be comforted! last night
To what wert thou expos'd! in what a peril
The morning found us!—safety, honour, wealth,
These now are ours. This instant who thou wert
The Sultan ask'd. I told him from our childhood
We had been plighted!—was I wrong, Oneiza?
And when he said with bounties he would heap
Our nuptials,—wilt thou blame me if I blest
His will, that bade me fix the marriage day!—
In tears, Oneiza?—

ONEIZA.

REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!

THALABA.

Perhaps when Aloadin was destroy'd,
The mission ceas'd; else would wise Providence
With its rewards and blessings strew my path
Thus for accomplish'd service?

ONEIZA.

Thalaba!

THALABA.

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go?
Is it not prudent to abide in peace
Till I am summon'd?

ONEIZA.

Take me to the deserts!

THALABA.

But Moath is not there; and would'st thou dwell
In a stranger's tent? thy father then might seek
In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

ONEIZA.

Take me then to Mecca![142]
There let me dwell a servant of the temple.
Bind thou thyself my veil,—to human eye
It never shall be lifted. There, whilst thou
Shalt go upon thine enterprise, my prayers,
Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succour thee,
And I shall live,—if not in happiness,
Surely in hope.

THALABA.

Oh think of better things!
The will of Heaven is plain: by wonderous ways
It led us here, and soon the common voice
Will tell what we have done, and how we dwell
Under the shadow of the Sultan's wing;
So shall thy father hear the fame, and find us

What he hath wish'd us ever!—Still in tears!
Still that unwilling eye! nay, nay, Oneiza—
I dare not leave thee other than my own,—
My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
As yet preserve the Sultan from all thoughts
That sin against thee; but, so sure as Heaven
Hath gifted thee above all other maids
With loveliness, so surely would those thoughts
Of wrong arise within the heart of power.
If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,
But else, there is no sanctuary could save.

ONEIZA.

Thalaba! Thalaba!

With song, with music, and with dance,
The bridal pomp proceeds.
Following on the veiled Bride
Fifty female slaves attend
In costly robes, that gleam
With intervoven gold,
And sparkle far with gems.
An hundred slaves behind them bear
Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,
And many a gorgeous garment gay,
The presents that the Sultan gave.
On either hand the pages go
With torches flaring through the gloom,
And trump and timbrel merriment
Accompanies their way;
And multitudes with loud acclaim
Shout blessings on the Bride.
And now they reach the palace pile,
The palace home of Thalaba,
And now the marriage feast is spread,
And from the finish'd banquet now
The wedding guests are gone.

Who comes from the bridal chamber?—
It is Azrael, the Angel of Death.

BOOK VIII.

" Quas potius decuit nostro te inferre sepulchro
Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas.
Spargimus has lacrimas, mæsti monumenta parentis,—
Et tibi pro thalamo sternimus hunc tumulum.
Sperabam genitor tædas præferre jugales.
Et titulo patris jungere nomen avi;
Heu! gener est Orcus; quique O dulcissima! per te
Se sperabat avum, desinit esse pater."

Joach. Bellaius.

WOMAN.

Go not among the tombs, Old Man!
There is a madman there.

OLD MAN.

Will he harm me if I go?

WOMAN.

Not he, poor miserable man!
But 'tis a wretched sight to see
His utter wretchedness.
For all day long he lies on a grave,
And never is he seen to weep,
And never is he heard to groan;
Nor ever at the hour of prayer
Bends his knee, nor moves his lips.
I have taken him food for charity,
And never a word he spake;
But yet so ghastly he look'd,
That I have awaken'd at night
With the dream of his ghastly eyes.
Now go not among the tombs, Old Man!

OLD MAN.

Wherefore hath the wrath of God
So sorely stricken him?

WOMAN.

He came a stranger to the land,
And did good service to the Sultan,
And well his service was rewarded.
The Sultan nam'd him next himself,
And gave a palace for his dwelling,
And dower'd his bride with rich domains.
But on his wedding night
There came the Angel of Death.
Since that hour, a man distracted
Among the sepulchres he wanders.
The Sultan, when he heard the tale,
Said, that for some untold crime
Judgment thus had stricken him,
And, asking Heaven forgiveness
That he had shown him favour,
Abandon'd him to want.

OLD MAN.

A stranger did you say?

WOMAN.

An Arab born, like you.
But go not among the tombs,
For the sight of his wretchedness
Might make a hard heart ache!

OLD MAN.

Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd
A countryman in distress:
And the sound of his dear native tongue
May be like the voice of a friend.

Then to the sepulchre
The woman pointed out,

Old Moath bent his way.
By the tomb lay Thalaba,
In the light of the setting eve;
The sun, and the wind, and the rain.
Had rusted his raven locks;
His cheeks were fallen in,
His face-bones prominent;
By the tomb he lay along,
And his lean fingers play'd,
Unwitting, with the grass that grew beside.

The Old Man knew him not,
And, drawing near him, cried,
"Countryman, peace be with thee!"
The sound of his dear native tongue
Awaken'd Thalaba;
He rais'd his countenance,
And saw the good Old Man,
And he arose, and fell upon his neck,
And groan'd in bitterness.
Then Moath knew the Youth,
And fear'd that he was childless; and he turn'd
His eyes, and pointed to the tomb.
"Old Man!" cried Thalaba,
"Thy search is ended there!"

The father's cheek grew white,
And his lip quivered with the misery;
Howbeit, collecting, with a painful voice
He answered, "God is good! His will be done!"

The woe in which he spake,
The resignation that inspir'd his speech,
They soften'd Thalaba.
"Thou hast a solace in thy grief," he cried,
"A comforter within!
Moath! thou seest me here,
Deliver'd to the evil powers,
A God-abandon'd wretch."

The Old Man looked at him incredulous.
"Nightly," the Youth pursued,
"Thy Daughter comes to drive me to despair.
Moath, thou thinkest me mad,—
But when the cryer from the minaret[143]
Proclaims the midnight hour,
Hast thou a heart to see her?"

In the Meidan now[144]
The clang of clarions and of drums
Accompanied the sun's descent.
"Dost thou not pray, my son?"
Said Moath, as he saw
The white flag waving on the neighbouring mosque
Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,
"Pray!" echoed he; "I must not pray!"
And the hollow groan he gave
Went to the Old Man's heart,
And, bowing down his face to earth,
In fervent agony he call'd on God.

A night of darkness and of storms!
Into the chamber of the tomb[145]
Thalaba led the Old Man,
To roof him from the rain.
A night of storms! the wind
Swept through the moonless sky,
And moan'd among the pillar'd sepulchres:
And, in the pauses of its sweep,
They heard the heavy rain
Beat on the monument above.
In silence on Oneiza's grave
The father and the husband sate.

The cryer from the minaret
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
"Now, now!" cried Thalaba;
And o'er the chamber of the tomb
There spread a lurid gleam,

Like the reflection of a sulphur fire;
And in that hideous light
Oneiza stood before them. It was She,—
Her very lineaments,—and such as death
Had changed them, livid cheeks, and lips of blue;
But in her eyes there dwelt
Brightness more terrible
Than all the loathsomeness of death.
"Still art thou living, wretch?"
In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba;
"And must I nightly leave my grave
To tell thee, still in vain,
God hath abandon'd thee?"

"This is not she!" the Old Man exclaim'd;
"A fiend! a manifest fiend!"
And to the Youth he held his lance;
"Strike and deliver thyself!"
"Strike HER!" cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all powers,
Gaz'd fixedly upon the dreadful form.
"Yea, strike her!" cried a voice, whose tones
Flowed with such sudden healing through his soul,
As when the desert shower
From death deliver'd him;
But, unobedient to that well-known voice,
His eye was seeking it,
When Moath, firm of heart,
Perform'd the bidding: through the vampire corpse[116]
He thrust his lance; it fell,
And, howling with the wound,
Its demon tenant fled.
A sapphire light fell on them,
And, garmented with glory, in their sight
Oneiza's Spirit stood.

"O Thalaba!" she cried,
"Abandon not thyself!
"Wouldst thou for ever lose me?—go, fulfil

Thy quest, that in the bowers of paradise
In vain I may not wait thee, O my husband!"
To Moath then the Spirit
Turn'd the dark lustre of her angel eyes;
"Short is thy destin'd path,
O my dear Father! to the abode of bliss.
Return to Araby,
There with the thought of death
Comfort thy lonely age,
And Azrael the Deliverer soon
Shall visit thee in peace."

They stood with earnest eyes,
And arms out-reaching, when again
The darkness closed around them.
The soul of Thalaba reviv'd;
He from the floor the quiver took,
And, as he bent the bow, exclaim'd,
"Was it the over-ruling Providence
That in the hour of frenzy led my hands
Instinctively to this?
To-morrow, and the sun shall brace anew
The slacken'd cord, that now sounds loose and damp;
To-morrow, and its livelier tone will sing,
In tort vibration, to the arrow's flight.
I—but I also, with recovered health
Of heart, shall do my duty.
My Father! here I leave thee, then!" he cried,
"And not to meet again,
Till at the gate of paradise
The eternal union of our joys commence.
We parted last in darkness!"—and the Youth
Thought with what other hopes;
But now his heart was calm,
For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn'd.
The Old Man answered nothing, but he held
His garment, and to the door
Of the tomb chamber followed him.
The rain had ceas'd, the sky was wild,

Its black clouds broken by the storm.
And lo! it chanced that in the chasm
Of heaven between, a star,
Leaving along its path continuous light,
Shot eastward. "See my guide!" quoth Thalaba;
And turning, he receiv'd
Old Moath's last embrace,
And the last blessing of the good Old Man.

Evening was drawing nigh,
When an old Dervise, sitting in the sun
At his cell door, invited for the night
The traveller; in the sun
He spread the plain repast—
Rice and fresh grapes—and at their feet there flow'd
The brook of which they drank.

So as they sate at meal,
With song, with music, and with dance,
A wedding train went by;
The veiled bride, the female slaves,
The torches of festivity,
And trump and timbrel merriment
Accompanied their way.
The good old Dervise gave
A blessing as they pass'd:
But Thalaba looked on,
And breath'd a low, deep groan, and hid his face.
The Dervise had known sorrow, and he felt
Compassion; and his words
Of pity and of piety
Open'd the Young Man's heart,
And he told all his tale.

"Repine not, O my Son!" the Old Man replied,
"That Heaven hath chasten'd thee. Behold this vine,[147]
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swoln into irregular twigs,
And bold excrescences,

And spent itself in leaves and little rings.
So in the flourish of its outwardness
Wasting the sap and strength
That should have given forth fruit:
But when I prun'd the tree,
Then it grew temperate in its vain expense
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou seest,
Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my Son!
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts,
Like a wise leech, its painful remedies."
Then pausing,—"Whither goest thou now?" he ask'd.
"I know not," answered Thalaba;
"Straight on, with Destiny my guide."
Quoth the Old Man,—"I will not blame thy trust,
And yet methinks thy feet
Should tread with certainty.
In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling place,
The all-knowing Bird of Ages, who hath seen
The world, with all her children, thrice destroy'd.
Long is the thither path,
And difficult the way, of danger full;[148]
But his unerring voice
Could point to certain end thy weary search."

Easy assent the Youth
Gave to the words of wisdom; and behold
At dawn, the Adventurer on his way to Kaf.
And he hath travelled many a day,
And many a river swum over,
And many a mountain ridge hath crost,
And many a measureless plain;
And now amid the wilds advanced,
Long is it since his eyes
Have seen the trace of man.

Cold! cold! 'tis a chilly clime
That the toil of the Youth has reach'd,

And he is aweary now,
And faint for the lack of food.
Cold! cold! there is no sun in heaven,
But a heavy and uniform cloud,
And the snows begin to fall.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of Hodeirah?
Dost thou long for the gales of Arabia?
Cold! cold! his blood flows languidly,
His hands are red, his lips are blue,
His feet are sore with the frost.
Cheer thee! cheer thee! Thalaba!
A little yet bear up!

All waste! no sign of life
But the track of the wolf and the bear!
No sound but the wild, wild wind,
And the snow crunching under his feet!
Night is come; no moon, no stars,—
Only the light of the snow!
But behold a fire in the cave of the hill,
A heart-reviving fire;
And thither, with strength renew'd,
Thalaba presses on.

He found a Woman in the cave,
A solitary Woman,
Who by the fire was spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The pine boughs they blazed cheerfully,
And her face was bright with the flame:
Her face was as a damsel's face,
And yet her hair was gray.
She bade him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The thread the Woman drew
Was finer than the silkworm's,
Was finer than the gossamer;
The song she sung was low and sweet,
And Thalaba knew not the words.

He laid his bow before the hearth,
For the string was frozen stiff;
He took the quiver from his neck,
For the arrow plumes were iced.
Then as the cheerful fire
Revived his languid limbs,
The Adventurer ask'd for food.
The Woman answered him,
And still her speech was song:
"The she-bear she dwells near to me,
And she hath cubs, one, two, and three;
She hunts the deer and brings him here,
And then with her I make good cheer,
And she to the chase is gone,
And she will be here anon."

She ceas'd her spinning while she spake,
And when she had answered him,
Again her fingers twirl'd the thread,
And again the Woman began,
In low, sweet tones to sing
The unintelligible song.
The thread she spun it gleam'd like gold
In the light of the odorous fire,
Yet was it so wonderously thin,
That, save when it shone in the light,
You might pry for it closely in vain.
The Youth sat watching it,
And she beheld his wonder.
And then again she spake,
And still her speech was song:
"Now twine it round thy hands I say,
Now twine it round thy hands I pray,
My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And sweetly she smil'd on him,

And he conceived no ill;
And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine.
And then again the Woman spake,
And still her speech was song,
"Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain!
Now then break the slender chain."

Thálaba strove, but the thread
Was woven by magic hands,
And in his cheek the flush of shame
Arose, commixt with fear.
She beheld and laugh'd at him,
And then again she sung,
"My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine."

And up she rais'd her bright blue eyes
And fiercely she smil'd on him,
"I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's Son!
I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,
For binding thyself in the chain I have spun!"
Then from his head she wrench'd
A lock of his raven hair,
And cast it in the fire
And cried aloud as it burnt,
"Sister! sister! hear my voice!
Sister! sister! come and rejoice!
The web is spun,
The prize is won,
The work is done,
For I have made captive Hodeirah's Son."

Borne in her magic car
The Sister Sorceress came,
Khawla, the fiercest of the Sorcerer brood.

She gazed upon the Youth,
She bade him break the slender thread,
She laugh'd aloud for scorn,
She clapt her hands for joy.

The she-bear from the chase came in,
She bore the prey in her bloody mouth,
She laid it at Maimuna's feet,
And she look'd up with wistful eyes
As if to ask her share.
"There! there!" quoth Maimuna
And pointing to the Prisoner-youth,
She spurned him with her foot,
And bade her make her meal.
But soon their mockery fail'd them,
And anger and shame arose;
For the she-bear fawn'd on Thalaba,
And quietly lick'd his hand.

The gray-haired Sorceress stamped the ground,
And call'd a Spirit up;
"Shall we bear the enemy
To the dungeon dens below?"

SPIRIT.

Woe! woe! to our empire woe!
If ever he tread the caverns below.

MAIMUNA.

Shall we leave him fetter'd here
With hunger and cold to die?

SPIRIT.

Away from thy lonely dwelling fly!
Here I see a danger nigh
That he should live, and thou shouldst die.

MAIMUNA.

Whither must we bear the foe?

SPIRIT.

To Mohareb's island go,
There shalt thou secure the foe,
There prevent thy future woe.

Then in the car they threw
The fetter'd Thalaba,
And took their seats, and set
Their feet upon his neck;
Maimuna held the reins,
And Khawla shook the scourge,
And away! away! away! 149

They were no steeds of mortal race
That drew the magic car
With the swiftness of feet and of wings.
The snow-dust rises behind them,
The ice-rock's splinters fly,
And hark! in the valley below
The sound of their chariot wheels,—
And they are far over the mountains!
Away! away! away!
The demons of the air
Shout their joy as the Sisters pass,
The ghosts of the wicked that wander by night
Flit over the magic car.
Away! away! away!
Over the hills and the plains,
Over the rivers and rocks,
Over the sands of the shore;
The waves of ocean heave
Under the magic steeds;
With unwet hoofs they trample the deep.
And now they reach the island coast,
And away to the city the Monarch's abode.
Open fly the city gates,
Open fly the iron doors,
The doors of the palace court.

Then stopt the charmed car.
The Monarch heard the chariot-wheels,
And forth he came to greet
The mistress whom he serv'd.
He knew the captive Youth,
And Thalaba beheld
Mohareb in the robes of royalty,[150]
Whom erst his arm had thrust
Down the bitumen pit.

BOOK IX.

"Conscience!—
Poor plodding Priests and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow pulpits, and the empty aisles
Of churches ring, with that round word: but we,
That draw the subtile and more piercing air
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good we make so, and go on
Secured by the prosperity of our crimes."
—*B. Jonson. Mortimer's Fall.*

"Go up, my sister Maimuna,
Go up and read the stars!"

Lo! on the terrace of the topmast tower
She stands; her darkening eyes,
Her fine face rais'd to heaven;
Her white hair flowing like the silver streams
That streak the northern night.

They hear the coming tread,
They lift their asking eyes,
Her face is serious, her unwilling lips
Slow to the tale of ill.
"What hast thou read? what hast thou read?"
Quoth Khawla in alarm.
"Danger—death—judgment!" Maimuna replied.

"Is that the language of the lights of heaven?"
Exclaim'd the sterner Witch.
"Creatures of Allah, they perform His will,
And with their lying menaces would daunt

Our credulous folly—Maimuna,
I never lik'd this uncongenial lore!
Better befits to make the sacrifice
Of divination; so shall I
Be mine own oracle.
Command the victims thou, O King!
Male and female they must be,
Thou knowest the needful rites.
Meanwhile I purify the place."

The Sultan went; the Sorceress rose,
And north, and south, and east, and west,
She faced the points of heaven;
And ever where she turn'd
She laid her hand upon the wall;
And up she look'd, and smote the air,
And down she stoopt, and smote the floor,
"To Eblis and his servants
I consecrate the place,
Let none intrude but they!
Whatever hath the breath of life,
Whatever hath the sap of life,
Let it be blasted and die!"

Now all is prepar'd;
Mohareb returns,
The circle is drawn,
The victims have bled,
The youth and the maid.
She in the circle holds in either hand,
Clench'd by the hair, a head,
The heads of the youth and the maid.
"Go out, ye lights!" quoth Khawla,
And in darkness began the spell.

With spreading arms she whirls around
Rapidly, rapidly,
Ever around and around;
And loudly she calls the while,

"Eblis! Eblis!"
Loudly, incessantly,
Still she calls, "Eblis! Eblis!"
Giddily, giddily, still she whirls,
Loudly, incessantly, still she calls;
The motion is ever the same,
Ever around and around;
The calling is still the same,
Still it is, "Eblis!"
And her voice is a shapeless yell,
And dizzily rolls her brain,
And now she is full of the fiend.
She stops, she rocks, she reels!
Look! look! she appears in the darkness!
Her flamy hairs curl up
living, like the meteor's locks of light!
Her eyes are like the sickly moon!

It is her lips that move,
Her tongue that shapes the sound,
But whose is the voice that proceeds?—

"Ye may hope and ye may fear,
The danger of his stars is near.
Sultan! if he perish, woe!
Fate hath written one death-blow
For Mohareb and the Foe!
Triumph! triumph! only she
That knit his bonds can set him free."

She spake the Oracle,
And senselessly she fell.
They knelt in care beside her,—
Her Sister and the King;
They sprinkled her palms with water,
They wetted her nostrils with blood.
She wakes as from a dream,
She asks the uttered Voice;

But when she heard, an anger and a grief
Darken'd her wrinkling brow.
"Then let him live in long captivity!"
She answered: but Mohareb's quicken'd eye
Perus'd her sullen countenance,
That lied not with the lips.
A miserable man!
What boots it, that, in central caves
The Powers of Evil at his baptism pledg'd
The sacrament of hell?
His death secures them now.
What boots it that they gave
Abdaldar's guardian ring,
When, through another's life,
The blow may reach his own?

He sought the dungeon cell
Where Thalaba was laid.
'Twas the gray morning twilight, and the voice
Of Thalaba in prayer,
With words of hallow'd import, smote
The King's alarmed sense.
The grating of the heavy hinge
Rous'd not the Arabian Youth;
Nor lifted he his earthward face,
At sound of coming feet.
Nor did Mohareb with unholy voice
Disturb the duty,—silent, spirit-aw'd,
Envious, heart-humbled, he beheld
The dungeon-peace of piety;
Till Thalaba, the perfect rite perform'd,
Rais'd his calm eye; then spake the Island Chief.
"Arab! my guidance through the dangerous cave,
Thy service overpaid,
An unintended friend in enmity.
The hand, that caught thy ring,
Receiv'd, and bore me to the scene I sought.
Now know me grateful. I return
That amulet, thy only safety here."

Artful he spake, with show of gratitude
Veiling the selfish deed.
Lock'd in his magic chain,
The powerless hand of Thalaba
Receiv'd again the Spell.
Remembering then with what an ominous faith
First he drew on the gem,
The Youth repeats his word of augury;
"In God's name and the Prophet's! be its power
Good, let it serve the holy! if for evil,
God and my faith shall hallow it.
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!"
So Thalaba receiv'd again
The written ring of gold.

Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,
And eyed the captive Youth.
Then, building skilfully the sophist speech,
Thus he began. "Brave art thou, Thalaba!
And wherefore are we foes?—for I would buy
Thy friendship at a princely price, and make thee
To thine own welfare wise.
Hear me! in Nature are two hostile Gods,
Makers and Masters of existing things,
Equal in power:—nay, hear me patiently!—
Equal—for look around thee! the same earth
Bears fruit and poison; where the camel finds
His fragrant food, the horned viper there [151]
Sucks in the juice of death: the elements
Now serve the use of man, and now assert
Dominion o'er his weakness: dost thou hear
The sound of merriment and nuptial song?
From the next house proceeds the mourner's cry,
Lamenting o'er the dead. Sayest thou that sin
Enter'd the world of Allah? that the fiend,
Permitted for a season, prowls for prey?
When to thy tent the venomous serpent creeps,
Dost thou not crush the reptile? even so,

Be sure, had Allah crush'd His enemy,
But that the power was wanting. From the first,
Eternal as themselves their warfare is,
To the end it must endure. Evil and Good—
What are they, Thalaba, but words? in the strife
Of angels, as of men, the weak are guilty;
Power must decide. The spirits of the dead,
Quitting their mortal mansion, enter not,
As falsely ye are preach'd, their final seat
Of bliss, or bale; nor in the sepulchre
Sleep they the long long sleep: each joins the host
Of his great Leader, aiding in the war
        Whose fate involves his own.
        Woe to the vanquish'd then!
Woe to the sons of man who followed him!
They, with their Leader, through eternity,
        Must howl in central fires.
Thou, Thalaba, hast chosen ill thy part,
If choice it may be call'd, where will was not,
Nor searching doubt, nor judgment wise to weigh.
Hard is the service of the Power, beneath
Whose banners thou wert born; His discipline
Severe, yea cruel; and His wages, rich
Only in promise; who hath seen the pay?
For us—the pleasures of the world are ours,
Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the earth.
We met in Babylon adventurers both,
Each zealous for the hostile Power he serv'd:
We meet again? thou feelest what thou art,
Thou seest what I am, the Sultan here,
        The lord of life and death.
Abandon Him who has abandon'd thee,
And be, as I am, great among mankind!"

The Captive did not, hasty to confute,
        Break off that subtle speech;
But when the expectant silence of the King
Look'd for his answer, then spake Thalaba.
"And this then is thy faith! this monstrous creed!

This lie against the sun, and moon, and stars,
And earth, and heaven! blind man, who canst not see
How all things work the best! who wilt not know,
That in the manhood of the world, whate'er
Of folly mark'd its infancy, of vice
Sullied its youth, ripe wisdom shall cast off,
Stablish'd in good, and, knowing evil, safe.
Sultan Mohareb, yes, ye have me here
In chains; but not forsaken, though opprest;
Cast down, but not destroy'd. Shall danger daunt,
Shall death dismay his soul, whose life is given
For God, and for his brethren of mankind?
Alike rewarded, in that noble cause,
The conqueror's and the martyr's palm above,
Beam with one glory. Hope ye that my blood
Can quench the dreaded flame? and know ye not,
That leagued against ye are the just and wise,
And all good actions of all ages past,
Yea, your own crimes, and truth, and God in heaven!"

"Slave!" quoth Mohareb, and his lips
Quivered with eager wrath,
"I have thee! thou shalt feel my power,
And in thy dungeon loathsomeness
Rot piece-meal, limb from limb!"
And out the Tyrant rushes,
And all impatient of the thoughts
That canker'd in his heart,
Seeks in the giddiness of boisterous sport
Short respite from the avenging power within.

What woman is she
So wrinkled and old,
That goes to the wood?
She leans on her staff
With a tottering step,
She tells her bead-strings slow
Through fingers dull'd by age.
The wanton boys bemock her;

The babe in arms that meets her,
Turns round with quick affright,
And clings to his nurse's neck.

Hark! hark! the hunter's cry,
Mohareb is gone to the chase!
The dogs, with eager yelp,
Are struggling to be free;
The hawks in frequent stoop
Token their haste for flight;
And couchant on the saddle-bow,
With tranquil eyes, and talons sheath'd,
The ounce expects his liberty.
Propt on the staff that shakes
Beneath her trembling weight,
The old woman sees them pass.
Holloa! holloa!
The game is up!
The dogs are loos'd,
The deer bounds over the plain:
The lagging dogs behind
Follow from afar!
But lo! the falcon o'er his head
Hovers with hostile wings,[152]
And buffets him with blinding strokes!
Dizzy with the deafening strokes
In blind and interrupted course,
Poor beast, he struggles on;
And now the dogs are nigh!
How his heart pants! you see
The panting of his heart;
And tears like human tears
Roll down, along the big veins, fever-swoln;
And now the death-sweat darkens his dun hide![153]
His fears, his groans, his agony, his death,
Are the sport, and the joy, and the triumph!

Holloa! another prey,
The nimble antelope!

The ounce is freed;[154] one spring,
And his talons are sheath'd in her shoulders,
And his teeth are red in her gore.
There came a sound from the wood,
Like the howl of the winter wind at night,
Around a lonely dwelling;
The ounce, whose gums were warm in his prey,
He hears the summoning sound.
In vain his master's voice,
No longer dreaded now,
Calls and recalls with threatful tone.
Away to the forest he goes,
For that Old Woman had laid
Her shrivel'd finger on her shrivel'd lips,
And whistled with a long, long breath;
And that long breath was the sound
Like the howl of the winter wind at night
Around a lonely dwelling.

Mohareb knew her not,
As to the chase he went,
The glance of his proud eye
Passing in scorn o'er age and wretchedness.
She stands in the depth of the wood;
And panting to her feet,
Fawning and fearful, creeps the charmed ounce.
Well mayst thou fear, and vainly dost thou fawn!
Her form is changed, her visage new,
Her power, her heart the same!
It is Khawla that stands in the wood.

She knew the place where the mandrake grew,
And round the neck of the ounce,
And round the mandrake's head,
She tightens the ends of her cord.
Her ears are clos'd with wax,
And her prest finger fastens them,
Deaf as the adder, when, with grounded head,

And circled form, her avenues of sound
Barr'd safely, one slant eye
Watches the charmer's lips
Waste on the wind his baffled witchery.[155]
The spotted ounce so beautiful,
Springs forceful from the scourge:
The dying plant all agony,
Feeling its life-strings crack,
Uttered the unimaginable groan
That none can hear and live.

Then from her victim-servant Khawla loos'd
The precious poison. Next, with naked hand,
She pluck'd the boughs of the manchineel.
Then of the wormy wax she took,
That, from the perforated tree forced out,[156]
Bewray'd its insect-parent's work within.

In a cavern of the wood she sits,
And moulds the wax to human form;
And, as her fingers kneaded it,
By magic accents, to the mystic shape
Imparted with the life of Thalaba,
In all its passive powers,
Mysterious sympathy.
With the mandrake and the manchineel
She builds her pile accurst.
She lays her finger to the pile,
And blue and green, the flesh
Glows with emitted fire,
A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.[157]
Before the fire she placed the imaged wax,
'There, waste away!" the Enchantress cried,[158]
"And with thee waste Hodeirah's Son!"

Fool! fool! go thaw the everlasting ice,
Whose polar mountains bound the human reign.
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!

The doom'd Destroyer wears Abdaldar's ring!
Against the danger of his horoscope
Yourselves have shielded him!
And on the sympathising wax,
The unadmitted flames play powerlessly,
As the cold moonbeam on a plain of snow.

"Curse thee! curse thee!" cried the Fiendly Woman,
"Hast thou yet a spell of safety?"
And in the raging flames
She cast the imaged wax.
It lay amid the flames,[159]
Like Polycarp of old,
When, by the glories of the burning stake
O'er-vaulted, his gray hairs
Curl'd, life-like, to the fire
That haloed round his sainted brow.

"Wherefore is this!" cried Khawla, and she stamp'd
Thrice on the cavern floor,
"Maimuna! Maimuna!"
Thrice on the floor she stamp'd,
Then to the rocky gateway glanced
Her eager eyes, and Maimuna was there.
"Nay, Sister, nay!" quoth she, "Mohareb's life
Is link'd with Thalaba's!
Nay, Sister, nay! the plighted oath!
The common sacrament!"

"Idiot!" said Khawla, "one must die or all!
Faith kept with him were treason to the rest.
Why lies the wax like marble in the fire?
What powerful amulet
Protects Hodeirah's Son?"

Cold, marble cold, the wax
Lay on the raging pile,
Cold in that white intensity of fire.
The bat, that with her hook'd and leathery wings

Clung to the cave-roof, loos'd her hold,
Death-sickening with the heat;
The toad, who to the darkest nook had crawl'd,
Panted fast with fever-pain;
The viper from her nest came forth,
Leading her quicken'd brood.
Who, sportive with the warm delight, roll'd out
Their thin curls, tender as the tendril rings,
Ere the green beauty of their brittle youth
Grows brown, and toughens in the summer sun.
Cold, marble cold, the wax
Lay on the raging pile,
The silver quivering of the element,
O'er its pale surface shedding a dim gloss.

Amid the red and fiery smoke,
Watching the strange portent,
The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister stood,
Seeming a ruined Angel by the side
Of Spirit born in hell.
Maimuna rais'd at length her thoughtful eyes,
"Whence, Sister, was the wax,
The work of the worm, or the bee?
Nay, then, I marvel not!
It were as wise to bring from Ararat
The fore-world's wood to build the magic pile,[160]
And feed it from the balm-bower, through whose veins
The Martyr's blood sends such a virtue out,
That the fond mother, from beneath its shade,
Wreathes the Cerastes round her playful child.[161]
This is the eternal, universal strife!
There is a grave-wax,—I have seen the ghouls[162]
Fight for the dainty at their banqueting."—

"Excellent witch!" quoth Khawla; and she went
To the cave arch of entrance, and scowl'd up,
Mocking the blessed sun,

"Shine thou in heaven, but I will shadow earth!
Thou wilt not shorten day,
But I will hasten darkness!" Then the Witch
Began a magic song,
One long low tone, through teeth half-clos'd,
Through lips slow-moving, muttered slow,
One long-continued breath,
Till to her eyes a darker yellowness
Was driven, and fuller-swoln the prominent veins
On her loose throat grew black.
Then looking upward, thrice she breath'd
Into the face of heaven;
The baneful breath infected heaven;
A mildewing mist, it spread
Darker and darker; so the evening sun
Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist,
And it was night below.

"Bring now the wax," quoth Khawla, "for thou know'st
The mine that yields it!" Forth went Maimuna,
In mist and darkness went the Sorceress forth.
And she hath reach'd the place of tombs,
And in their sepulchres the dead
Feel feet unholy trampling over them.[163]

Thou startest, Maimuna,
Because the breeze is in thy lifted locks!
Is Khawla's spell so weak?
Sudden came the breeze, and strong;
The mist that in the labouring lungs was felt
So heavy late, flies now before the gale,
Thin as an infant's breath,
Seen in the sunshine of an autumn frost.
Sudden it came, and soon its work was done,
And suddenly it ceas'd;
Cloudless and calm it left the firmament,
And beautiful in the blue sky
Arose the summer moon.

She heard the quicken'd action of her blood,
She felt the fever in her cheeks.
Daunted, yet desperate, in a tomb
Entering, with impious hand she traced
Circles, and squares, and trines,
And magic characters,
Till, riven by her charms, the grave
Yawn'd and disclos'd its dead;
Maimuna's eyes were open'd, and she saw
The secrets of the grave.

There sate a Spirit in the vault,
In shape, in hue, in lineaments, like life,
And by him couch'd, as if intranced,
The hundred-headed Worm that never dies.

"Nay, Sorceress! not to-night!" the Spirit cried,
"The flesh in which I sinn'd may rest to-night
From suffering; all things, even I, to-night,
Even the damn'd, repose!"

The flesh of Maimuna
Crept on her bones with terror, and her knees
Trembled with their trembling weight.
"Only this Sabbath! and at dawn the Worm
Will wake, and this poor flesh must grow to meet
The gnawing of his hundred poison-mouths! [164]
God! God! is there no mercy after death!"

Soul-struck, she rush'd away,
She fled the place of tombs,
She cast herself upon the earth,
All agony, and tumult, and despair.
And, in that wild and desperate agony,
Sure Maimuna had died the utter death,
If aught of evil had been possible
On this mysterious night;
For this was that most holy night [165]

When all created things know and adore
The Power that made them; insects, beasts, and
 birds,
The water-dwellers, herbs, and trees, and stones,
Yea earth and ocean, and the infinite heaven,
With all its worlds. Man only does not know
The universal Sabbath, does not join
With Nature in her homage. Yet the prayer
Flows from the righteous with intenser love,
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
Visit the slumbers of the penitent.

Therefore, on Maimuna, the elements
Shed healing; every breath she breath'd was balm.
Was not a flower but sent in incense up
Its richest odours, and the song of birds
Now, like the music of the seraphim,
 Enter'd her soul, and now
Made silence awful by their sudden pause.
 It seem'd as if the quiet moon
 Pour'd quietness, its lovely light
Was like the smile of reconciling Heaven.

 Is it the dew of night
 That down her glowing cheek
Shines in the moonbeam? Oh! she weeps—she
 weeps!
And the good angel that abandon'd her [166]
At her hell-baptism, by her tears drawn down,
 Resumes his charge. Then Maimuna
Recall'd to mind the double oracle;
 Quick as the lightning flash
Its import glanced upon her, and the hope
 Of pardon and salvation rose,
 As now she understood
 The lying prophecy of truth.
 She pauses not, she ponders not;
The driven air before her fann'd the face

Of Thalaba, and he awoke and saw
The Sorceress of the silver locks.

One more permitted spell!
She takes the magic-thread.
With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba
Watches her snowy fingers round and round,
Unwind the loosening chain.
Again he hears the low sweet voice,
The low sweet voice so musical,
That sure it was not strange,
If, in those unintelligible tones,
Was more than human potency,
That with such deep and undefin'd delight
Filled the surrendered soul.
The work is done, the song hath ceas'd;
He wakes as from a dream of paradise,
And feels his fetters gone, and with the burst
Of wondering adoration, praises God.

Her charm hath loosed the chain it bound,
But massy walls, and iron gates,
Confine Hodeirah's Son.
Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell,
That o'er her face there flits
The sudden flush of fear?
Again her louder lips repeat the charm,
Her eye is anxious, her cheek pale,
Her pulse plays fast and feeble.
Nay, Maimuna! thy power hath ceas'd,
And the wind scatters now
The voice which rul'd it late.

"Be comforted, my soul!" she cried, her eye
Brightening with sudden joy; "be comforted!
We have burst through the bonds which bound us down
To utter death; our covenant with hell
Is blotted out! The Lord hath given me strength!

Great is the Lord, and merciful!
Hear me, ye rebel Spirits! in the name
Of Allah and the Prophet, hear the spell!"

Groans then were heard, the prison walls were rent,
The whirlwind wrapt them round, and forth they
flew,
Borne in the chariot of the winds abroad.

BOOK X.

"And the Angel that was sent unto me said, Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High!—Then said I, Yea, my Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am sent to shew thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee; whereof, if thou canst declare me one, I will shew thee also the way that thou desirest to see, and I shall shew thee from whence the wicked heart cometh. And I said, Tell on, my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past."—*Esdras*, ii. 4.

Ere there was time for wonder or for fear,
The way was past, and once again they stood
Within the cavern of the blue-eyed witch.
Then came the weakness of her natural age
At once on Maimuna;
The burthen of her years
Fell on her, and she knew
That her repentance in the sight of God
Had now found favour, and her hour was come.
Her death was like the righteous; "Turn my face
To Mecca!" in her languid eyes
The joy of certain hope
Lit a last lustre, and in death
The smile was on her cheek.

No faithful crowded round her bier,[167]
No tongue reported her good deeds,
For her no mourners wail'd and wept,
No Imam o'er perfum'd corpse,
For her soul's health inton'd the prayer;
No column raised by the way-side[168]

Implor'd the passing traveller
To say a requiem for the dead.
Thalaba laid her in the snow,
And took his weapons from the hearth,
And then once more the Youth began
His weary way of solitude.

The breath of the east is in his face,
And it drives the sleet and the snow.
The air is keen, the wind is keen,
His limbs are aching with the cold,
His eyes are aching with the snow,[169]
His very heart is cold,
His spirit chill'd within him. He looks on
If aught of life be near,
But all is sky, and the white wilderness,
And here and there a solitary pine,
Its branches broken by the weight of snow.
His pains abate, his senses, dull
With suffering, cease to suffer.
Languidly, languidly,
Thalaba drags along,
A heavy weight is on his lids,
His limbs move slow with heaviness,
And he full fain would sleep.
Not yet, not yet, O Thalaba!
Thy hour of rest is come!
Not yet may the Destroyer sleep
The comfortable sleep!
His journey is not over yet,
His course not yet fulfill'd;—
Run thou thy race, O Thalaba!
The prize is at the goal.

It was a cedar-tree
Which woke him from that deadly drowsiness;
Its broad round-spreading branches, when they felt[170]
The snow, rose upward in a point to heaven,
And, standing in their strength erect,

Defied the baffled storm.
He knew the lesson Nature gave,
And he shook off his heaviness,
And hope reviv'd within him.

Now sank the evening sun,
A broad, red, beamless orb,
Adown the glowing sky:
Through the red light the snow-flakes fell like fire.
Louder grows the biting wind,
And it drifts the dust of the snow.
The snow is clotted in his hair,
The breath of Thalaba
Is iced upon his lips.
He looks around,—the darkness,
The dizzy floating of the feathery sky,
Close in his narrow view.

At length, through the thick atmosphere, a light
Not distant far appears.
He, doubting other wiles of enmity,
With mingled joy, and quicker step,
Bends thitherward his way.

It was a little, lowly dwelling-place,
Amid a garden, whose delightful air
Was mild and fragrant, as the evening wind
Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves [171]
Of Yemen, and its blessed bowers of balm.
A fount of fire, that in the centre play'd,
Roll'd all around its wondrous rivulets,
And fed the garden with the heat of life.
Everywhere magic! the Arabian's heart
Yearn'd after human intercourse.
A light!—the door unclos'd!—
All silent—he goes in.

There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch,
His step awoke her, and she gazed at him

With pleas'd and wondering look,
Fearlessly, like a yearling child,
Too ignorant to fear.
With words of courtesy,
The young intruder spake.
At the sound of his voice, a joy
Kindled her bright black eyes;
She rose, and took his hand,
But, at the touch, the joy forsook her cheek,
"Oh! it is cold!" she cried,
"I thought I should have felt it warm, like mine,
But thou art like the rest!"

Thalaba stood mute a while,
And wondering at her words:
"Cold, Lady!" then he said; "I have travelled long
In this cold wilderness,
Till life is almost spent!"

LAILA.

Art thou a Man, then?

THALABA.

Nay—I did not think
Sorrow and toil could so have altered me,
That I seem otherwise.

LAILA.

And thou canst be warm
Sometimes? life-warm as I am?

THALABA.

Surely, Lady,
As others are, I am, to heat and cold
Subject like all. You see a traveller,
Bound upon hard adventure, who requests
Only to rest him here to-night,—to-morrow
He will pursue his way.

LAILA.

Oh—not to-morrow!
Not like a dream of joy, depart so soon!
And whither wouldst thou go? for all around
Is everlasting winter, ice, and snow,
Deserts unpassable of endless frost.

THALABA.

He who has led me here will still sustain me
Through cold and hunger.

"Hunger?" Laila cried;
She clapt her lily hands,
And whether from above, or from below,
It came, sight could not see,
So suddenly the floor was spread with food.

LAILA.

Why dost thou watch with hesitating eyes
The banquet? 'tis for thee! I bade it come.

THALABA.

Whence came it?

LAILA.

Matters it from whence it came?
My father sent it: when I call, he hears.
Nay,—thou hast fabled with me! and art like
The forms that wait upon my solitude,
Human to eye alone;—thy hunger would not
Question so idly else.

THALABA.

I will not eat!
It came by magic! fool, to think that aught
But fraud and danger could await me here!
Let loose my cloak!—

LAILA.

Begone then, insolent!
Why dost thou stand and gaze upon me thus?

Ay! watch the features well that threaten thee
With fraud and danger! in the wilderness
They shall avenge me,—in the hour of want,
Rise on thy view, and make thee feel
How innocent I am:
And this remember'd cowardice and insult,
With a more painful shame will burn thy cheek,
Than now heats mine in anger!

THALABA.

Mark me, Lady!
Many and restless are my enemies;
My daily paths have been beset with snares
Till I have learnt suspicion, bitter sufferings
Teaching the needful vice. If I have wrong'd you,—
And that should be the face of innocence,—
I pray you pardon me! In the name of God,
And of his Prophet, I partake your food.

LAILA.

Lo, now! thou wert afraid of sorcery,
And yet hast said a charm!

THALABA.

A charm?

LAILA.

And wherefore?—
Is it not delicate food?—what mean thy words?
I have heard many spells, and many names,
That rule the Genii and the Elements,
But never these.

THALABA.

How! never heard the names
Of God and of the Prophet?

LAILA.

Never—nay, now,
Again that troubled eye?—thou art a strange man.

And wondrous fearful—but I must not twice
Be charged with fraud! if thou suspectest still,
Depart and leave me!

THALABA.

And you do not know
The God that made you?

LAILA.

Made me, man!—my father
Made me. He made this dwelling, and the grove,
And yonder fountain-fire; and every morn
He visits me, and takes the snow, and moulds
Women and men, like thee; and breathes into them
Motion, and life, and sense,—but, to the touch,
They are chilling cold; and ever when night closes
They melt away again, and leave me here
Alone and sad. Oh then how I rejoice
When it is day, and my dear father comes
And cheers me with kind words, and kinder looks!
My dear, dear father!—Were it not for him,
I am so weary of this loneliness,
That I should wish I also were of snow,
That I might melt away, and cease to be.

THALABA.

And have you always had your dwelling here,
Amid this solitude of snow?

LAILA.

I think so.
I can remember, with unsteady feet
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please; which, when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish,

I were the little trifler once again
Who could be pleased so lightly!

THALABA.

Then you know not
Your father's art?

LAILA.

No. I besought him once
To give me power like his, that where he went
I might go with him: but he shook his head,
And said, it was a power too dearly bought,
And kiss'd me with the tenderness of tears.

THALABA.

And wherefore hath he hidden you thus far
From all the ways of humankind?

LAILA.

'Twas fear,
Fatherly fear and love. He read the stars,[172]
And saw a danger in my destiny,
And therefore placed me here amid the snows,
And laid a spell that never human eye,
If foot of man by chance should reach the depth
Of this wide waste, shall see one trace of grove,
Garden, or dwelling-place, or yonder fire,
That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky.
And, more than this, even if the enemy
Should come, I have a guardian here.

THALABA.

A guardian!

LAILA.

'Twas well, that when my sight unclos'd upon thee
There was no dark suspicion in thy face,
Else I had called his succour! Wilt thou see him?
But, if a woman can have terrified thee,

How wilt thou bear his unrelaxing brow,
And lifted lightnings?

THALABA.

Lead me to him, Lady!

She took him by the hand,
And through the porch they pass'd.
Over the garden and the grove,
The fountain-streams of fire
Poured a broad light like noon;
A broad unnatural light,
Which made the rose's blush of beauty pale,
And dimm'd the rich geranium's scarlet blaze.
The various verdure of the grove,
Now wore one undistinguishable gray,
Chequered with blacker shade.
Suddenly Laila stopt,
"I do not think thou art the enemy,"
She said, "but he will know!
If thou hast meditated wrong,
Stranger, depart in time—
I would not lead thee to thy death!"

The glance of Laila's eye
Turn'd anxiously toward the Arabian Youth.
"So let him pierce my heart," cried Thalaba,
"If it hide thought to harm you!"

LAILA.

'Tis a figure,
Almost I fear to look at!—yet come on.
'Twill ease me of a heaviness that seems
To sink my heart; and thou mayst dwell here then
In safety; for thou shalt not go to-morrow,
Nor on the after, nor the after day,
Nor ever! It was only solitude
Which made my misery here,—
And now, that I can see a human face,

And hear a human voice—
Oh no! thou wilt not leave me!

THALABA.

Alas, I must not rest!
The star that ruled at my nativity,
Shone with a strange and blasting influence.
O gentle Lady! I should draw upon you
A killing curse!

LAILA.

But I will ask my father
To save you from all danger, and you know not
The wonders he can work; and when I ask,
It is not in his power to say me nay.
Perhaps thou knowest the happiness it is
To have a tender father?

THALABA.

He was one,
Whom, like a loathsome leper, I have tainted
With my contagious destiny. At evening
He kiss'd me as he wont, and laid his hands
Upon my head, and blest me ere I slept.
His dying groan awoke me, for the murderer
Had stolen upon our sleep!—For me was meant
The midnight blow of death; my father died;
The brother playmates of my infancy,
The baby at the breast, they perished all,—
All in that dreadful hour!—but I was sav'd
To remember and revenge.

She answered not, for now,
Emerging from the o'er-arch'd avenue,
The finger of her uprais'd hand
Mark'd where the guardian of the garden stood.
It was a brazen image,[173] every limb
And swelling vein and muscle, true to life:
The left knee bending on,

The other straight, firm planted, and his hand
Lifted on high to hurl
The lightning that it grasp'd.

When Thalaba approach'd,
The charmed image knew Hodeirah's Son,
And hurl'd the lightning at the dreaded foe.
The ring! the saviour ring!
Full in his face the lightning-bolt was driven,
The scattered fire recoil'd.
Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt
Its ineffectual force,
His countenance was not changed,
Nor a hair of his head was singed.

He started, and his glance
Turned angrily upon the Maid.
The sight disarm'd suspicion;—breathless, pale,
Against a tree she stood;
Her wan lips quivering, and her eye
Uprais'd, in silent supplicating fear.

She started with a scream of joy,
Seeing her father there,
And ran and threw her arms around his neck,
"Save me!" she cried, "the enemy is come!
Save me! save me! Okba!"

"Okba!" repeats the Youth,
For never since that hour,
When in the tent the Spirit told his name,
Had Thalaba let slip
The memory of his father's murderer;
"Okba!"—and in his hand
He graspt an arrow-shaft,
And he rush'd on to strike him.

"Son of Hodeirah!" the Old Man replied,
"My hour is not yet come,"

And putting forth his hand
Gently he repell'd the youth.
"My hour is not yet come!
But thou mayst shed this innocent Maiden's blood:
That vengeance God allows thee!"

Around her father's neck
Still Laila's hands were clasp'd.
Her face was turn'd to Thalaba,
A broad light floated o'er its marble paleness,
As the wind wav'd the fountain fire.
Her large dilated eye, in horror rais'd,
Watch'd every look and movement of the Youth.
"Not upon her," said he,
"Not upon her, Hodeirah's blood cries out
For vengeance!" and again his lifted arm
Threatened the Sorcerer;
Again withheld, it felt
The barrier that no human strength could burst.

"Thou dost not aim the blow more eagerly,"
Okba replied, "than I would rush to meet it!
But that were poor revenge.
O Thalaba, thy God
Wreaks on the innocent head
His vengeance;—I must suffer in my child!
Why dost thou pause to strike thy victim? Allah
Permits, commands the deed."

"Liar!" quoth Thalaba.
And Laila's wondering eye
Looked up, all anguish, to her father's face.
"By Allah and the Prophet," he replied,
"I speak the words of truth,
Misery, misery,
That I must beg mine enemy to speed
The inevitable vengeance now so near!
I read it in her horoscope,
Her birth-star warn'd me of Hodeirah's race.

I laid a spell, and call'd a Spirit up.
He answered, One must die,
Laila or Thalaba—
Accursed Spirit! even in truth
Giving a lying hope!
Last, I ascended the seventh heaven,
And, on the everlasting table there,[174]
In characters of light,
I read her written doom.
The years that it has gnawn me! and the load
Of sin that it has laid upon my soul!
Curse on this hand that in the only hour
The favouring stars allow'd,
Reek'd with other blood than thine.
Stil dost thou stand and gaze incredulous?
Young man, be merciful, and keep her not
Longer in agony!"

Thalaba's unbelieving frown
Scowl'd on the Sorcerer,
When in the air the rush of wings was heard,
And Azrael stood among them.
In equal terror at the sight,
The Enchanter, the Destroyer stood,—
And Laila, the Victim-maid.

"Son of Hodeirah!" said the Angel of Death,
"The Accursed fables not.
When from the Eternal Hand, I took
The yearly scroll of fate,[175]
Her name was written there;—
Her leaf hath withered on the tree of life,[176]
This is the hour, and from thy hands
Commission'd to receive the Maid I come."

"Hear me, O Angel!" Thalaba replied;
"To avenge my father's death,
To work the will of Heaven,
To root from earth the accursed sorcerer race,

I have dared danger undismay'd,
I have lost all my soul held dear,
I am cut off from all the ties of life,
Unmurmuring. For whate'er awaits me still,
Pursuing to the end the enterprise,
Peril or pain, I bear a ready heart.
But strike this Maid! this innocent!—
Angel, I dare not do it."

"Remember," answered Azarel, "all thou say'st
Is written down for judgment! every word
In the balance of thy trial must be weigh'd!"[177]
"So be it!" said the Youth,
"He who can read the secrets of the heart,
Will judge with righteousness!
This is no doubtful path,
The voice of God within me cannot lie—
I will not harm the innocent."

He said, and from above,
As though it were the voice of night,
The startling answer came.
"Son of Hodeirah, think again!
One must depart from hence,
Laila, or Thalaba;
She dies for thee, or thou for her,
It must be life for life!
Son of Hodeirah, weigh it well,
While yet the choice is thine!"

He hesitated not,
But looking upward spread his hands to heaven,
"Oneiza, in thy bower of paradise,
Receive me, still unstain'd!"
"What!" exclaim'd Okba, "darest thou disobey,
Abandoning all claim
To Allah's longer aid?"

The eager exultation of his speech
Earthward recall'd the thoughts of Thalaba.

"And dost thou triumph murderer? dost thou deem
Because I perish, that the unsleeping lids
Of Justice shall be closed upon thy crime?
Poor miserable man! that thou canst live
With such beast-blindness in the present joy,
When o'er thy head the sword of God
Hangs for the certain stroke!"

"Servant of Allah, thou hast disobey'd,
God hath abandon'd thee,
This hour is mine!" cried Okba,
And shook his daughter off,
And drew the dagger from his vest,
And aim'd the deadly blow.

All was accomplish'd. Laila rush'd between,
To save the saviour Youth.
She met the blow and sank into his arms,
And Azrael, from the hands of Thalaba,[178]
Receiv'd her parting soul.

BOOK XI.

"Those, Sir, that traffick in these seas,
Fraught not their bark with fears."
Sir Robert Howard. "Blind Lady."

O FOOL, to think thy human hand
Could check the chariot-wheels of Destiny!
To dream of weakness in the all-knowing Mind,
That His decrees should change!
To hope that the united powers
Of earth, and air, and hell,
Might blot one letter from the Book of Fate,
Might break one link of the eternal chain!
Thou miserable, wicked, poor old man,
Fall now upon the body of thy child,
Beat now thy breast, and pluck the bleeding hairs
From thy gray beard, and lay
Thine ineffectual hand to close her wound,
And call on hell to aid,
And call on Heaven to send
Its merciful thunderbolt!

The young Arabian silently
Beheld his frantic grief.
The presence of the hated Youth
To raging anguish stung
The wretched Sorcerer.
"Ay! look and triumph!" he exclaim'd,
"This is the justice of thy God!
A righteous God is He, to let
His vengeance fall upon the innocent head!
Curse thee, curse thee, Thalaba!"

All feelings of revenge
Had left Hodeirah's Son.
Pitying and silently he heard
The victim of his own iniquities;
Not with the busy hand
Of Consolation, fretting the sore wound
He could not hope to heal.

So as the Servant of the Prophet stood,
With sudden motion the night air
Gently fann'd his cheek.
'Twas a Green Bird, whose wings
Had waved the quiet air.
On the hand of Thalaba
The Green Bird perched, and turn'd
A mild eye up, as if to win
The Adventurer's confidence.
Then, springing on, flew forward,
And now again returns
To court him to the way;
And now his hand perceives
Her rosy feet press firmer, as she leaps
Upon the wing again.

Obedient to the call,
By the pale moonlight, Thalaba pursued,
O'er trackless snows, his way:
Unknowing he what blessed messenger
Had come to guide his steps,
That Laila's spirit went before his path.
Brought up in darkness, and the child of sin,
Yet, as the meed of spotless innocence,
Just Heaven permitted her by one good deed
To work her own redemption, after death;
So, till the Judgment-day,
She might abide in bliss,
Green warbler of the bowers of paradise.[179]

The morning sun came forth,
Wakening no eye to life

In this wide solitude;
His radiance, with a saffron hue, like heat,
Suffus'd the desert snow.
The Green Bird guided Thalaba;
Now oaring with slow wing her upward way;
Descending now in slant descent
On out-spread pinions motionless;
Floating now, with rise and fall alternate,
As if the billows of the air
Heav'd her with their sink and swell.
And when beneath the noon,
The icy glitter of the snow
Dazzled his aching sight,
Then on his arm alighted the Green Bird,
And spread before his eyes
Her plumage of refreshing hue.
Evening came on; the glowing clouds
Tinged with a purple ray the mountain ridge
That lay before the Traveller.
Ah! whither art thou gone,
Guide and companion of the Youth, whose eye
Has lost thee in the depth of heaven?
Why hast thou left alone
The weary Wanderer in the wilderness?
And now the western clouds grow pale,
And night descends upon his solitude.

The Arabian Youth knelt down,
And bowed his forehead to the ground,
And made his evening prayer.
When he arose, the stars were bright in heaven,
The sky was blue, and the cold moon
Shone over the cold snow.
A speck in the air!
Is it his guide that approaches?
For it moves with the motion of life!
Lo! she returns, and scatters from her pinions
Odours diviner than the gales of morning
Waft from Sabea.

Hovering before the Youth she hung,
Till, from her rosy feet, that at his touch
Uncurl'd their grasp, he took
The fruitful bough they bore.
He took and tasted, a new life
Flow'd through his renovated frame;
His limbs, that late were sore and stiff,
Felt all the freshness of repose;
His dizzy brain was calm'd,
The heavy aching of his lids
At once was taken off;
For Laila, from the bowers of paradise,
Had borne the healing fruit.[180]

So up the mountain steep,
With untir'd foot he pass'd,
The Green Bird guiding him,
Mid crags, and ice, and rocks,
A difficult way, winding the long ascent.
How then the heart of Thalaba rejoiced
When bosom'd in the mountain depths,
A shelter'd valley open'd on his view!
It was the Simorg's vale,
The dwelling of the ancient Bird.

On a green and mossy bank,
Beside a rivulet,
The Bird of Ages stood.
No sound intruded on his solitude,
Only the rivulet was heard,
Whose everlasting flow,
From the birth-day of the world, had made[181]
The same unvaried murmuring.
Here dwelt the all-knowing Bird
In deep tranquillity,
His eye-lids ever clos'd
In full enjoyment of profound repose.

Reverently the Youth approach'd
That old and only Bird,[182]

And crost his arms upon his breast,
And bow'd his head, and spake.
"Earliest of existing things,
Earliest thou, and wisest thou,
Guide me, guide me, on my way!
I am bound to seek the caverns
Underneath the roots of ocean,
Where the Sorcerer brood are nurst.
Thou the eldest, thou the wisest,
Guide me, guide me, on my way!"

The ancient Simorg on the Youth
Unclos'd his thoughtful eyes,
And answered to his prayer.
"Northward by the stream proceed,
In the fountain of the rock
Wash away thy worldly stains,
Kneel thou there and seek the Lord,
And fortify thy soul with prayer.
Thus prepar'd, ascend the sledge,
Be bold, be wary, seek and find!
God hath appointed all."
The ancient Simorg then let fall his lids,
Returning to repose.

Northward, along the rivulet,
The Adventurer went his way,
Tracing its waters upward to their source.
Green Bird of paradise,
Thou hast not left the Youth;—
With slow, associate flight,
She companies his way,
And now they reach the fountain of the rock.

There, in the cold clear well,
Thalaba wash'd away his earthly stains,
And bowed his face before the Lord,
And fortified his soul with prayer.
The while, upon the rock,

Stood the Celestial Bird,
And, pondering all the perils he must pass,
With a mild, melancholy eye,
Beheld the Youth belov'd.

And lo! beneath yon lonely pine, the sledge—
And there they stand, the harness'd dogs,
Their wide eyes watching for the Youth,
Their ears erected, turn'd towards his way.
They were lean, as lean might be,
Their furrowed ribs rose prominent,
And they were black from head to foot,
Save a white line on every breast,
Curv'd like the crescent moon.
And he is seated in the sledge,
His arms are folded on his breast,
The Bird is on his knees;
There is fear in the eyes of the dogs,
There is fear in their pitiful moan,
And now they turn their heads,
And seeing him there, away!

The Youth, with the start of their speed,
Falls back to the bar of the sledge,
His hair floats straight in the stream of the wind,
Like the weeds in the running brook.
They wind with speed the upward way,
An icy path through rocks of ice;
His is eye at the summit now,
And thus far all is dangerless;
And now upon the height
The black dogs pause and pant;
They turn their eyes to Thalaba,
As if to plead for pity;
They moan, and moan with fear.

Once more away! and now
The long descent is seen,
A long, long, narrow path.

Ice-rocks aright, and hills of snow
Aleft the giddy precipice.
Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba!
One motion now, one bend,
And on the crags below
Thy shatter'd flesh will harden in the frost.
Why howl the dogs so mournfully?
And wherefore does the blood flow fast
All purple o'er their sable hair?
His arms are folded on his breast,
Nor scourge nor goad hath he,
No hand appears to strike,
No sounding lash is heard:
But piteously they moan, and moan,
And track their way with blood.

And lo! on yonder height,
A giant fiend aloft,
Waits to thrust down the tottering avalanche!
If Thalaba looks back, he dies;
The motion of fear is death.
On—on—with swift and steady pace,
Adown that dreadful way!
The Youth is firm, the dogs are fleet,
The sledge goes rapidly,
The thunder of the avalanche
Re-echoes far behind.
On—on—with swift and steady pace
Adown that dreadful way!
The dogs are fleet, the way is steep,
The sledge goes rapidly,
They reach the plain below.

A wide, wide plain, all desolate,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!
On go the dogs with rapid step,
The sledge slides after rapidly,
And now the sun went down.

They stopp'd and look'd at Thalaba,
The Youth perform'd his prayer;
They knelt beside him as he pray'd,
They turn'd their heads to Mecca,
And tears ran down their cheeks.
Then down they laid them in the snow,
As close as they could lie,
They laid them down and slept.
And backward in the sledge,
The Adventurer laid himself,
There peacefully slept Thalaba,
And the Green Bird of paradise
Lay nestling in his breast.

The dogs awoke him at the dawn,
They knelt and wept again;
Then rapidly they journey'd on:
And still the plain was desolate,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!
And ever at the hour of prayer,
They stopp'd, and knelt, and wept;
And still that green and graceful Bird
Was as a friend to him by day,
And, ever when at night he slept,
Lay nestling in his breast.
In that most utter solitude,
It cheered his heart to hear
Her soft and soothing voice;
Her voice was soft and sweet,
It swell'd not with the blackbird's thrill,
Nor warbled rich like the dear bird, that holds
The solitary man
A loiterer in his thoughtful walk at eve;
But, if no overflowing joy
Spake in its tones of tenderness,
They sooth'd the soften'd soul.
Her bill was not the beak of blood:
There was a human meaning in her eye;
Its mild affection fix'd on Thalaba,

Woke wonder while he gaz'd,
And made her dearer for the mystery.

Oh joy! the signs of life appear,
The first and single fir
That on the limits of the living world
Strikes in the ice its roots.
Another, and another now,
And now the larch, that flings its arms
Down-curving like the falling wave;
And now the aspen's scatter'd leaves
Gray glitter on the moveless twig;
The poplar's varying verdure now,
And now the birch so beautiful,
Light as a lady's plumes.
Oh joy! the signs of life! the deer
Hath left his slot beside the way;
The little ermine now is seen
White wanderer of the snow;
And now, from yonder pines they hear
The clatter of the grouse's wings;
And now the snowy owl pursues
The Traveller's sledge, in hope of food;
And hark! the rosy-breasted bird,
The throstle of sweet song!
Joy! joy! the winter-wilds are left!
Green bushes now, and greener grass,
Red thickets here, all berry-bright,
And here the lovely flowers!

When the last morning of their way arrived,
After the early prayer,
The Green Bird fix'd on Thalaba
A sad and supplicating eye,
And with a human voice she spake,
"Servant of God, I leave thee now.
If rightly I have guided thee,
Give me the boon I beg!"

"O gentle Bird!" quoth Thalaba,
"Guide and companion of my dangerous way,
Friend and sole solace of my solitude,
How can I pay thee benefits like these!
"Ask what thou wilt that I can give,
O gentle Bird, the poor return
Will leave me debtor still!"

"Son of Hodeirah!" she replied,
"When thou shalt see an Old Man crush'd beneath
The burden of his earthly punishment,
Forgive him, Thalaba!
Yea, send a prayer to God in his behalf!"

A flush o'erspread the young Destroyer's cheek,
He turn'd his eye towards the Bird
As if in half repentance; for he thought
Of Okba, and his father's dying groan
Came on his memory. The celestial Bird
Saw and renew'd her speech.
"O Thalaba, if she who in thine arms
Receiv'd the dagger-blow, and died for thee,
Deserve one kind remembrance—save, O save
The father that she lov'd, from endless death!"

"Laila! and is it thou?" the Youth replied,
"What is there that I durst refuse to thee!
This is no time to harbour in my heart
One evil thought,—here I put off revenge,
The last rebellious feeling. Be it so!
God grant to me the pardon that I need,
As I do pardon him!
But who am I, that I should save
The sinful soul alive?"

"Enough!" cried Laila. "When the hour shall come,
Remember me! My task is done.
We meet again in paradise!"

She said, and shook her wings, and up she soar'd
With arrow-swiftness through the heights of heaven.

His aching eye pursued her path,
When starting onward went the dogs;
More rapidly they hurried on,
In hope of near repose.
It was the early morning yet,
When, by the well-head of a brook
They stopp'd, their journey done.
The spring was clear, the water deep,[183]
A venturous man were he, and rash,
That should have probed its depths,
For all its loosen'd bed below,
Heav'd strangely up and down,
And to and fro, from side to side,
It heav'd, and wav'd, and toss'd,
And yet the depths were clear,
And yet no ripple wrinkled o'er
The face of that fair well.

And on that well, so strange and fair,
A little boat there lay,
Without an oar, without a sail;
One only seat it had, one seat,
As if for only Thalaba.
And at the helm a Damsel stood,
A Damsel bright and bold of eye,
Yet did a maiden modesty
Adorn her fearless brow.
Her face was sorrowful, but sure
More beautiful for sorrow.
To her the dogs look'd wistful up,
And then their tongues were loos'd,
"Have we done well, O mistress dear!
And shall our sufferings end?"

The gentle Damsel made reply,
"Poor servants of the God I serve,
When all this witchery is destroy'd,

Your woes will end with mine.
A hope, alas! how long unknown!
This new Adventurer gives:
Now, God forbid, that he, like you,
Should perish for his fears!
Poor servants of the God I serve,
Wait ye the event in peace."
A deep and total slumber as she spake
Seiz'd them. Sleep on, poor sufferers! be at rest!
Ye wake no more to anguish; ye have borne
The chosen, the Destroyer! Soon his hand
Shall strike the efficient blow.
Soon shaking off your penal forms, shall ye,
With songs of joy, amid the Eden groves,
Hymn the Deliverer's praise!

Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba,
"The morn is young, the sun is fair,
And pleasantly, through pleasant banks,
The quiet brook flows on—
Wilt thou embark with me?
Thou knowest not the water's way:
Think, Stranger, well! and night must come—
Wilt thou embark with me?
Through fearful perils thou must pass,—
Stranger, the wretched ask thine aid!
Thou wilt embark with me!"

She smil'd in tears upon the Youth,—
What heart were his, who could gainsay
That melancholy smile?
"Sail on, sail on," quoth Thalaba,
"Sail on, in Allah's name!"

He sate him on the single seat,
The little boat mov'd on.
Through pleasant banks the quiet brook
Went winding pleasantly;
By fragrant fir-groves now it pass'd,

And now, through alder-shores,
Through green and fertile meadows now
It silently ran by.
The flag-flower blossom'd on its side,
The willow tresses wav'd,
The flowing current furrow'd round
The water-lily's floating leaf,
The fly of green and gauzy wing,
Fell sporting down its course.
And grateful to the Voyager,
The freshness of the running stream,
The murmur round the prow.
The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the rapid brook.

But many a silent spring meantime,
And many a rivulet and rill
Had swoln the growing brook;
And when the southern sun began
To wind the downward way of heaven,
It ran a river deep and wide,[184]
Through banks that widen'd still.
Then once again the Damsel spake,
"The stream is strong, the river broad,
Wilt thou go on with me?
The day is fair, but night must come—
Wilt thou go on with me?
Far, far away, the sufferer's eye
For thee hath long been looking,—
Thou wilt go on with me!"
"Sail on, sail on," quoth Thalaba,
"Sail on, in Allah's name!"
The little boat falls rapidly
Adown the river-stream.

A broader and a broader stream
That rock'd the little boat!
The cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings

Half open'd to the wind.
The sun goes down, the crescent moon
Is brightening in the firmament;
And what is yonder roar,
That sinking now, and swelling now,
But roaring, roaring still,
Still louder, louder grows?
To little boat falls rapidly
Adown the rapid tide,
The moon is bright above,
And the wide ocean opens on their way.

Then did the Damsel speak again,
"Wilt thou go on with me?
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
And I know well the ocean-paths;—
Wilt thou go on with me?—
Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear!
Thou wilt go on with me!"
"Sail on, sail on!" quoth Thalaba,
"Sail on, in Allah's name!"

The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
The little boat rides rapidly
Across the ocean waves;
The line of moonlight on the deep
Still follows as they voyage on;
The winds are motionless;
The gentle waters gently part
In murmurs round the prow.
He looks above, he looks around,
The boundless heaven, the boundless sea,
The crescent moon, the little boat,
Nought else above, below.

The moon is sunk, a dusky gray
Spreads o'er the eastern sky,
The stars grow pale and paler;—
Oh beautiful! the godlike sun

Is rising o'er the sea!
Without an oar, without a sail,
The little boat rides rapidly;—
Is that a cloud that skirts the sea?
There is no cloud in heaven!
And nearer now, and darker now—
It is—it is—the land!
For yonder are the rocks that rise
Dark in the reddening morn,
For loud around their hollow base
The surges rage and roar.

The little boat rides rapidly,
And now with shorter toss it heaves
Upon the heavier swell;
And now so near, they see
The shelves and shadows of the cliff,
And the low-lurking rocks,
O'er whose black summits, hidden half,
The shivering billows burst;
And nearer now they feel the breaker's spray.
Then spake the Damsel, "Yonder is our path
Beneath the cavern arch.
Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,
We cannot over-ride the rocks.
Go thou, and on the shore
Perform thy last ablutions, and with prayer
Strengthen thy heart—I too have need to pray."

She held the helm with steady hand
Amid the stronger waves;
Through surge and surf she drove,
The Adventurer leap'd to land.

BOOK XII.

"Why should he that loves me, sorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to see?
I go, and long desired have to go,
I go with gladness to my wished rest."

Spenser's Daphnaida.

THEN Thalaba drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,
"Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope, O God!
Behold and guard me now,
Thou who alone canst save.
If, from my childhood up, I have look'd on
With exultation to my destiny;
If, in the hour of anguish, I have felt
The justice of the Hand that chasten'd me;
If, of all selfish passions purified,
I go to work Thy will, and from the world
Root up the ill-doing race,
Lord! let not Thou the weakness of my arm
Make vain the enterprise!"

The sun was rising all magnificent,
Ocean and heaven rejoicing in his beams.
And now had Thalaba
Perform'd his last ablutions, and he stood
And gaz'd upon the little boat
Riding the billows near.
Where, like a sea-bird breasting the broad waves,
It rose and fell upon the surge:
Till, from the glitterance of the sunny main,

He turn'd his aching eyes,
And then upon the beach he laid him down,
And watch'd the rising tide.
He did not pray, he was not calm for prayer;
His spirit, troubled with tumultuous hope,
Toil'd with futurity;
His brain, with busier workings, felt
The roar and raving of the restless sea,
The boundless waves that rose and roll'd and rock'd;
The everlasting sound
Opprest him, and the heaving infinite:
He clos'd his lids for rest.

Meantime, with fuller reach, and stronger swell,
Wave after wave advanced;
Each following billow lifted the last foam
That trembled on the sand with rainbow hues;
The living flower, that, rooted to the rock,
Late from the thinner element,
Shrunk down within its purple stem to sleep,
Now feels the water, and again
Awakening, blossoms out
All its green anther-necks.

Was there a spirit in the gale
That fluttered o'er his cheek?
For it came on him like the gentle sun
Which plays and dallies o'er the night-clos'd flower,
And woos it to unfold anew to joy;
For it came on him as the dews of eve
Descend with healing and with life
Upon the summer mead;
Or liker the first sound of seraph song
And angel hail, to him
Whose latest sense had shuddered at the groan
Of anguish, kneeling by his death-bed side.

He starts, and gazes round to seek
The certain presence. "Thalaba!" exclaim'd

The voice of the Unseen;—
"Father of my Oneiza!" he replied,
"And have thy years been numbered? art thou too
Among the angels!"—"Thalaba!"
A second and a dearer voice repeats,
"Go in the favour of the Lord,
My Thalaba, go on!
My husband, I have drest our bower of bliss.
Go, and perform the work,
Let me not longer suffer hope in heaven!"

He turned an eager glance toward the sea,
"Come!" quoth the Damsel, and she drove
Her little boat to land,
Impatient through the rising wave
He rush'd to meet its way,
His eye was bright, his cheek was flush'd with joy.
"Hast thou had comfort in thy prayers?" she cried—
"Yea," answer'd Thalaba,
"A heavenly visitation." "God be prais'd!"
She uttered, "then I do not hope in vain!"
And her voice trembled, and her lips
Quivered, and tears ran down.
"Stranger," quoth she, "in years long past
Was one who vow'd himself
The champion of the Lord, like thee,
Against the race of hell.
Young was he, as thyself,
Gentle, and yet so brave!
A lion-hearted man.
Shame on me, Stranger! in the arms of love
I held him from his calling, till the hour
Was past; and then the angel, who should else
Have crown'd him with his glory-wreath,
Smote him in anger.—Years and years are gone—
And in his place of penance he awaits
Thee, the Deliverer,—surely thou art he!
It was my righteous punishment,
In the same youth unchanged,

And love unchangeable,
And grief for ever fresh,
And bitter penitence,
That gives no respite night nor day to woe,
To abide the written hour, when I should waft
The doom'd Destroyer and Deliverer here.
Remember thou, that thy success involves
No single fate, no common misery."

As thus she spake, the entrance of the cave
Darken'd the boat below.
Around them, from their nests,
The screaming sea-birds fled,
Wondering at that strange shape,
Yet, unalarm'd at sight of living man,
Unknowing of his sway and power misus'd:
The clamours of their young
Echoed in shriller yells,
Which rung in wild discordance round the rock.
And farther, as they now advanced,
The dim reflection of the darken'd day
Grew fainter, and the dash
Of the out-breakers deaden'd; farther yet,
And yet more faint the gleam,
And there the waters, at their utmost bound,
Silently rippled on the rising rock.
They landed and advanced, and deeper in
Two adamantine doors
Clos'd up the cavern pass.

Reclining on the rock beside,
Sate a gray-headed man,
Watching an hour-glass by.
To him the Damsel spake,
"Is it the hour appointed?" The Old Man
Nor answered her awhile,
Nor lifted he his downward eye,
For now the glass ran low,
And like the days of age,

With speed perceivable,
The latter sands descend;
And now the last are gone.
Then he look'd up, and rais'd his arm, and smote
The adamantine gates.

The gates of adamant
Unfolding at the stroke,
Open'd and gave the entrance. Then she turn'd
To Thalaba, and said,
"Go, in the name of God!
I cannot enter,—I must wait the end
In hope and agony.
God and Mohammed prosper thee,
For thy sake and for ours!"

He tarried not,—he pass'd
The threshold, over which was no return.
All earthly thoughts, all human hopes
And passions now put off,
He cast no backward glance
Towards the gleam of day.
There was a light within,
A yellow light, as when the autumnal sun,
Through travelling rain and mist
Shines on the evening hills.
Whether, from central fires effus'd,
Or if the sunbeams, day by day,
From earliest generations, there absorb'd
Were gathering for the wrath-flame. Shade was none
In those portentous vaults;
Crag overhanging, nor columnal rock
Cast its dark outline there;
For, with the hot and heavy atmosphere,
The light incorporate, permeating all,
Spread over all its equal yellowness.
There was no motion in the lifeless air,
He felt no stirring as he pass'd

Adown the long descent;
He heard not his own footsteps on the rock
That through the thick stagnation sent no sound.
How sweet it were, he thought,
To feel the flowing wind!
With what a thirst of joy
He should breathe in the open gales of heaven!

Downward, and downward still, and still the way,
The long, long way, is safe.
Is there no secret wile,
No lurking enemy?
His watchful eye is on the wall of rock,—
And warily he marks the roof,
And warily survey'd
The path that lay before.
Downward, and downward still, and still the way,
The long, long way, is safe;
Rock only, the same light,
The same dead atmosphere,
And solitude, and silence like the grave.

At length, the long descent
Ends on a precipice;
No feeble ray entered its dreadful gulph,
For, in the pit profound,
Black darkness, utter night,
Repell'd the hostile gleam,
And, o'er the surface, the light atmosphere
Floated, and mingled not.
Above the depth, four overawning wings,
Unplum'd, and huge, and strong,
Bore up a little car;
Four living pinions, headless, bodyless,
Sprung from one stem that branch'd below
In four down-arching limbs,
And clench'd the car-rings endlong and athwart
With claws of griffin grasp.

But not on these, the depths so terrible,
The wondrous wings, fixed Thalaba his eye ;
For there, upon the brink,
With fiery fetters fasten'd to the rock,
A man, a living man, tormented lay,
The young Othatha ; in the arms of love,
He who had lingered out the auspicious hour,
Forgetful of his call.
In shuddering pity, Thalaba exclaim'd,
"Servant of God, can I not succour thee?"
He groan'd, and answered, "Son of man,
I sinn'd, and am tormented; I endure
In patience and in hope.
The hour that shall destroy the race of hell,
That hour shall set me free."

"Is it not come?" quoth Thalaba,
"Yea! by this omen!"—and with fearless hand
He grasped the burning fetters—"in the name
"Of God!"—and from the rock
Rooted the rivets, and adown the gulph
Hurl'd them. The rush of flames roared up,
For they had kindled in their fall
The deadly vapours of the pit profound,
And Thalaba bent on, and look'd below.
But vainly he explor'd
The deep abyss of flame,
That sunk beyond the plunge of mortal eye,
Now all ablaze, as if infernal fires
Illum'd the world beneath.
Soon was the poison-fuel spent,
The flame grew pale and dim;
And dimmer now it fades, and now is quench'd,
And all again is dark,
Save where the yellow air
Enters a little in, and mingles slow.

Meantime, the freed Othatha claspt his knees,
And cried "Deliverer!" struggling then

With joyful hope, "And where is she," he cried,
"Whose promis'd coming for so many a year—"
"Go!" answered Thalaba,
"She waits thee at the gates."
"And in thy triumph," he replied,
"There thou wilt join us?" The Deliverer's eye
Glanced on the abyss, way else was none—
The depth was unascendable.
"Await not me," he cried,
"My path hath been appointed! Go,—embark!
Return to life,—live happy!"

OTHATHA.

But thy name,—
That through the nations we may blazon it,—
That we may bless thee!

THALABA.

Bless the Merciful!

Then Thalaba pronounced the name of God,
And leapt into the car.
Down, down it sunk,—down, down—
He neither breathes nor sees;
His eyes are clos'd for giddiness,
His breath is sinking with the fall.
The air that yields beneath the car
Inflates the wings above.
Down—down—a mighty depth!—
Was then the Simorg, with the powers of ill
Associate to destroy?
And was that lovely Mariner
A fiend as false as fair?
For still he sinks down—down—
But ever the uprushing wind
Inflates the wings above,
And still the struggling wings
Repel the rushing wind.
Down—down—and now it strikes.

He stands and totters giddily,
All objects round, awhile,
Float dizzy on his sight;
Collected soon, he gazes for the way.
There was a distant light that led his search;
The torch a broader blaze,
The unpruned taper flares a longer flame,
But this was fierce, as is the noontide sun,
So, in the glory of its rays intense,
It quivered with green glow.
Beyond was all unseen,
No eye could penetrate
That unendurable excess of light.
It veil'd no friendly form, thought Thalaba,
And wisely did he deem;
For, at the threshold of the rocky door,
Hugest and fiercest of his kind accurst,
Fit warden of the sorcery gate,
A rebel Afreet lay.[185]
He scented the approach of human food,
And hungry hope kindled his eye of fire.
Raising his hand to save the dazzled sense,
Onward held Thalaba,
And lifted still at times a rapid glance;
Till, the due distance gain'd,
With head abas'd, he laid
The arrow in its rest.
With steady effort, and knit forehead then,
Full on the painful light,
He fixed his aching eye, and loos'd the bow.

An anguish-yell ensued;
And sure no human voice had scope or power
For that prodigious shriek,
Whose pealing echoes thundered up the rock.
Dim grew the dying light,
But Thalaba leapt onward to the doors
Now visible beyond,
And while the Afreet warden of the way

Was writhing with his death-pangs, over him
Sprung and smote the stony doors,
And bade them, in the name of God, give way!

The dying fiend, beneath him, at that name
Tost in worse agony,
And the rocks shuddered, and the rocky doors
Rent at the voice asunder. Lo! within,
The teraph and the fire,
And Khawla, and in mail complete
Mohareb for the strife.
But Thalaba, with numbing force,
Smites his rais'd arm, and rushes by;
For now he sees the fire, amid whose flames,
On the white ashes of Hodeirah, lies
Hodeirah's holy sword.

He rushes to the fire;
Then Khawla met the Youth,
And leapt upon him, and, with clinging arms,
Clasps him, and calls Mohareb now to aim
The effectual vengeance. O fool! fool! he sees
His father's sword, and who shall bar his way?
Who stand against the fury of that arm
That spurns her to the earth?—
She rises half, she twists around his knees,—
A moment—and he vainly strives
To shake her from her hold;
Impatient, then into her cursed breast
He stamps his crushing heel,
And from her body, heaving now in death,
Springs forward to the sword.

The co-existent flame
Knew the Destroyer; it encircled him,
Roll'd up his robe, and, gathered round his head,
Condensing to intenser splendour there,
His crown of glory, and his light of life,

Hovered the irradiate wreath.
The moment Thalaba had laid his hand
Upon his father's sword,
The living image in the inner cave
Smote the round altar. The Domdaniel rock'd
Through all its thundering vaults;
Over the surface of the reeling earth,
The alarum shock was felt;
The Sorcerer brood, all, all, where'er dispers'd,
Perforce obey'd the summons; all,—they came
Compell'd by hell and Heaven:
By hell compell'd to keep
Their baptism-covenant,
And, with the union of their strength,
Oppose the common danger; forced by Heaven
To share the common doom.

Vain are all spells! the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor!
They crowd with human arms, and human force,
To crush the single foe;
Vain is all human force!
He wields his father's sword,
The vengeance of awaken'd Deity!
But chief on Thalaba, Mohareb prest.
The language of the inspired Witch
Announced one fatal blow for both,
And, desperate of self-safety, yet he hop'd
To serve the cause of Eblis, and uphold
His empire, true in death.

Who shall withstand the Destroyer?
Scattered before the sword of Thalaba
The Sorcerer throng recede
And leave him space for combat. Wretched man,
What shall the helmet or the shield avail
Against Almighty anger!—wretched man,
Too late Mohareb finds that he hath chosen
The evil part!—He rears his shield

To meet the Arabian's sword.—
Under the edge of that fire-harden'd steel,
The shield falls severed; his cold arm
Rings with the jarring blow:—
He lifts his scimetar,
A second stroke, and lo! the broken hilt
Hangs from his palsied hand!
And now he bleeds! and now he flies!
And fain would hide himself amid the throng.
But they feel the sword of Hodeirah,
But they also fly from the ruin!
And hasten to the inner cave,
And fall all fearfully
Around the giant idol's feet,
Seeking salvation from the power they serv'd.

It was a living image, by the art
Of magic hands, of flesh and bones compos'd,
And human blood, through veins and arteries
That flow'd with vital action. In the shape
Of Eblis it was made!
Its stature such, and such its strength,
As when among the Sons of God
Pre-eminent, he rais'd his radiant head,
Prince of the Morning. On his brow
A coronet of meteor flames,
Flowing in points of light.
Self-pois'd in air before him,
Hung the round altar, rolling like the world
On its diurnal axis; like the world
Chequer'd with sea and shore,
The work of demon art,
For where the sceptre in the idol's hand
Touch'd the round altar, in its answering realm.
Earth felt the stroke, and ocean rose in storms.
And ruining cities, shaken from their seat,
Crush'd all their habitants.
His other arm was rais'd, and its spread palm
Upbore the ocean-weight,

Whose naked waters arch'd the sanctuary,
Sole prop and pillar he.

Fallen on the ground, around his feet,
The Sorcerers lay. Mohareb's quivering arms
Clung to the idol's knees;
The idol's face was pale,
And calm in terror he beheld
The approach of the Destroyer.

Sure of his stroke, and therefore in pursuit
Following, nor blind, nor hasty, on his foe,
Mov'd the Destroyer. Okba met his way,
Of all that brotherhood
He only fearless, miserable man,
The one that had no hope.
"On me, on me," the childless Sorcerer cried,
"Let fall the weapon! I am he who stole
Upon the midnight of thy father's tent;
This is the hand that pierced Hodeirah's heart,
That felt thy brethren's and thy sister's blood
Gush round the dagger-hilt. Let fall on me
The fated sword! the vengeance-hour is come!
Destroyer, do thy work!"

Nor wile, nor weapon, had the desperate wretch,
He spread his bosom to the stroke.
"Old man, I strike thee not!" said Thalaba;
'The evil thou hast done to me and mine
Brought its own bitter punishment.
For thy dear daughter's sake, I pardon thee,
As I hope Heaven's pardon.—For her sake
Repent while time is yet!—thou hast my prayers
To aid thee; thou poor sinner, cast thyself
Upon the goodness of offended God!
I speak in Laila's name; and what if now
Thou canst not think to join in paradise
Her spotless spirit,—hath not Allah made
Al-Araf in His wisdom?[186] where the sight

Of heaven shall kindle in the penitent
The strong and purifying fire of hope,
Till, at the day of judgment, he shall see
The mercy-gates unfold."

The astonish'd man stood gazing as he spake,
At length his heart was soften'd, and the tears
Gush'd, and he sobb'd aloud.
Then suddenly was heard
The all-beholding Prophet's divine voice,
"Thou hast done well, my Servant!
Ask and receive thy reward!"

A deep and awful joy
Seem'd to distend the heart of Thalaba;
With arms in reverence crost upon his breast,
Upseeking eyes suffus'd with transport-tears,
He answered to the voice, "Prophet of God,
Holy, and good, and bountiful!
One only earthly wish have I, to work
Thy will, and thy protection grants me that.
Look on this Sorcerer! heavy are his crimes,
But infinite is mercy! if thy Servant
Have now found favour in the sight of God,
Let him be touch'd with penitence, and save
His soul from utter death."

"The groans of penitence," replied the Voice,
"Never arise unheard!
But, for thyself, prefer the prayer;
The treasure-house of heaven
Is open to thy will."

"Prophet of God!" then answered Thalaba,
"I am alone on earth.
Thou knowest the secret wishes of my heart!
Do with me as thou wilt! thy will is best."

There issued forth no voice to answer him;
But lo! Hodeirah's spirit comes to see

His vengeance, and beside him, a pure form
Of roseate light, the angel mother hangs.
"My child, my dear, my glorious—blessed—child,
My promise is perform'd—fulfil thy work!"

Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come,
And on he leapt, and springing up,
Into the idol's heart,
Hilt-deep he drove the sword.
The Ocean-Vault fell in, and all were crush'd.
In the same moment, at the gate
Of paradise, Oneiza's houri form
Welcom'd her husband to eternal bliss.

NOTES.

[1] *Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.*—P. 9.

Henry More had a similar picture in his mind when he wrote of

> "Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn,
> Rounded about with the low-wavering sky."

[2] *Saw Zeinab in her bliss.*—P. 10.

It may be worth mentioning, that, according to Pietro della Valle, this is the name of which the Latins have made Zenobia.

[3] *He gave, He takes away!*—P. 10.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—*Job* i. 21.

I have placed a Scripture phrase in the mouth of a Mohammedan; but it is a saying of Job, and there can be no impropriety in making a modern Arab speak like an ancient one. Resignation is particularly inculcated by Mohammed, and of all his precepts it is that which his followers have best observed: it is even the vice of the East. It had been easy to have made Zeinab speak from the Koran, if the tame language of the Koran could be remembered by the few who have toiled through its dull tautology. I thought it better to express a feeling of religion in that language with which our religious ideas are connected.

[4] *And rested like a dome.*—P. 12.

"La mer n'est plus qu'un cercle aux yeux des Matelots.
Ou le Ciel forme un dôme appuyé sur les flots."—*Le Nouveau Monde, par M. Le Suire.*

[5] *Here studding azure tablatures.*—P. 12.

The magnificent mosque at Tauris is faced with varnished bricks of various colours, "like most fine buildings in Persia," says Tavernier. One of its domes is covered with white flower work upon a green ground, the other has a black ground, spotted with white stars. Gilding is also common upon Oriental

buildings. At Boghar in Bactria our old traveller Jenkinson* saw "many houses, temples, and monuments of stone, sumptuously builded and gilt."

In Pegu "they consume about their Varely or idol houses great store of leafe-gold, for that they overlay all the tops of the houses with gold, and some of them are covered with gold from the top to the foote; in covering whereof there is a great store of gold spent, for that every ten years they new overlay them with gold, from the top to the foote, so that with this vanetie they spend great abundance of golde. For every ten years the rain doth consume the gold from these houses."—*Cæsar Frederick, in Hakluyt.*

A waste of ornament and labour characterises all the works of the Orientalists. I have seen illuminated Persian manuscripts that must each have been the toil of many years, every page painted, not with representations of life and manners, but usually like the curves and lines of a Turkey carpet, conveying no idea whatever, as absurd to the eye as nonsense-verses to the ear. The little of their literature that has reached us is equally worthless. Our *barbarian* scholars have called Ferdusi the Oriental Homer. We have a specimen of his poem; the translation is said to be bad, and certainly must be unfaithful, for it is in rhyme; but the vilest copy of a picture at least represents the subject and the composition. To make this Iliad of the East, as they have sacrilegiously styled it, a good poem, would be realising the dreams of alchemy, and transmuting lead into gold.

The Arabian Tales certainly abound with genius; they have lost their metaphorical rubbish in passing through the filter of a French translation.

[6] *Sennamar built at Hirah,* etc.—P. 12.

"The Arabians call this palace one of the wonders of the world. It was built for Nôman-al-Aôuar, one of those Arabian kings who reigned at Hirah. A single stone fastened the whole structure; the colour of the walls varied frequently in a day. Nôman richly rewarded the architect Sennamar; but recollecting aftewards that he might built palaces equal, or superior, in beauty for his rival kings, ordered that he should be thrown from the highest tower of the edifice."—*D'Herbelot.*

"An African colony had been settled in the north of Ireland long before the arrival of the Neimhedians. It is recorded, that Neimheidh had employed four of their artizans to erect for him two sumptuous palaces, which were so highly finished, that, jealous lest they might construct others on the same, or perhaps a grander plan, he had them privately made

* Hakluyt.

away with, the day after they had completed their work."—*O'Halloran's History of Ireland.*

[7] *The Paradise of Irem*, etc.—P. 14.

"The tribe of Ad were descended from Ad, the son of Aus or Uz, the son of Irem, the son of Shem, the son of Noah, who, after the confusion of tongues, settled in Al Ahkaf, or the winding sands in the province of Hadramaut, where his posterity greatly multiplied. Their first king was Shedad, the son of Ad, of whom the eastern writers deliver many fabulous things, particularly that he finished the magnificent city his father had begun; wherein he built a fine palace, adorned with delicious gardens, to embellish which he spared neither cost nor labour, proposing thereby to create in his subjects a superstitious veneration of himself as a god. This garden or paradise was called the garden of Irem, and is mentioned in the Koran, and often alluded to by the Oriental writers. The city, they tell us, is still standing in the deserts of Aden, being preserved by Providence as a monument of Divine justice, though it be invisible, unless very rarely, when God permits it to be seen: a favour one Colabah pretended to have received in the reign of the Khalif Moâwiyah, who sending for him to know the truth of the matter, Colabah related his whole adventure; that, as he was seeking a camel he had lost, he found himself on a sudden at the gates of this city, and entering it, saw not one inhabitant, at which being terrified, he stayed no longer than to take with him some fine stones, which he showed the Khalif."—*Sale.*

"The descendants of Ad in process of time falling from the worship of the true God into idolatry, God sent the prophet Houd (who is generally agreed to be Heber) to preach the unity of His essence, and reclaim them. Houd preached for many years to this people without effect, till God at last was weary of waiting for their repentance. The first punishment which He inflicted was a famine of three years' continuance, during all which time the heavens were closed upon them. This, with the evils which it caused, destroyed a great part of this people, who were then the richest and most powerful of all in Arabia.

"The Adites seeing themselves reduced to this extremity, and receiving no succour from their false gods, resolved to make a pilgrimage to a place in the province of Hegiaz, where at present Mecca is situated. There was then a hillock of red sand there, around which a great concourse of different people might always be seen; and all these nations, the faithful as well as the unfaithful, believed that by visiting this spot with devotion, they should obtain from God whatever they petitioned for, respecting the wants and necessities of life.

"The Adites having then resolved to undertake this religious journey, chose seventy men, at whose head they appointed Mortadh and Kail, the two most considerable personages of the country, to perform this duty in the name of the whole nation, and by this means procure rain from Heaven, without which their country must be ruined. The deputies departed, and were hospitably received by Moâwiyah, who at that time reigned in the province of Hegiaz. They explained to him the occasion of their journey, and demanded leave to proceed and perform their devotions at the Red Hillock, that they might procure rain.

"Mortadh, who was the wisest of this company, and who had been converted by the Prophet Houd, often remonstrated with his associates, that it was useless to take this journey for the purpose of praying at this chosen spot, unless they had previously adopted the truths which the prophet preached, and seriously repented of their unbelief. For how, said he, can you hope that God will shed upon us the abundant showers of His mercy, if we refuse to hear the voice of him whom He hath sent to instruct us?

"Kail, who was one of the most obstinate in error, and consequently of the prophet's worst enemies, hearing the discourses of his colleague, requested King Moâwiyah to detain Mortadh prisoner, whilst he and the remainder of his companions proceeded to make their prayers upon the Hillock. Moâwiyah consented, and detaining Mortadh captive, permitted the others to pursue their journey, and accomplish their vow.

"Kail, now the sole chief of the deputation, having arrived at the place, prayed thus, 'Lord, give to the people of Ad such rains as it shall please Thee.' And he had scarcely finished when there appeared three clouds in the sky, one white, one red, the third black. At the same time these words were heard to proceed from heaven, 'Chuse which of the three thou wilt.' Kail chose the black, which he imagined the fullest, and most abundant in water, of which they were in extreme want. After having chosen, he immediately quitted the place, and took the road to his own country, congratulating himself on the happy success of his pilgrimage.

"As soon as Kail arrived in the valley of Magaith, a part of the territory of the Adites, he informed his countrymen of the favourable answer he had received, and of the cloud which was soon to water all their lands. The senseless people all came out of their houses to receive it; but this cloud, which was big with the Divine vengeance, produced only a wind, most cold and most violent, which the Arabs call Sarsar; it continued to blow for seven days and seven nights, and exterminated all the unbelievers of the country, leaving only the

Prophet Houd alive, and those who had heard him and turned to the faith."—*D'Herbelot.*

[8] *O'er all the winding sands.*—P. 14.

Al-Alkaf signifies the Winding Sands.

[9] *Detects the ebony.*—P. 16.

"I have heard from a certain Cyprian botanist, that the Ebony does not produce either leaves or fruit, and that it is never seen exposed to the sun: that its roots are indeed under the earth, which the Æthiopians dig out, and that there are men among them skilled in finding the place of its concealment."—*Pausanias, translated by Taylor.*

[10] *We to our Idols still applied for aid.*—P. 17.

"The Adites worshipped four Idols, Sakiah the dispenser of rain, Hafedah the protector of travellers, Razekah the giver of food, and Salemah the giver of food, and Salemah the preserver in sickness."—*D'Herbelot. Sale.*

[11] *Then to the place of concourse*, etc.—P. 17.

"Mecca was thus called. Mohammed destroyed the other superstitions of the Arabs, but he was obliged to adopt their old and rooted veneration for the Well and the Black Stone, and transfer to Mecca the respect and reverence which he had designed for Jerusalem.

"Mecca is situated in a barren place (about one day's journey from the Red-Sea) in a valley, or rather in the midst of many little hills. The town is surrounded for several miles with many thousands of little hills, which are very near one to the other. I have been on the top of some of them near Mecca, where I could see some miles about, but yet was not able to see the farthest of the hills. They are all stony-rock, and blackish, and pretty near of a bigness, appearing at a distance like cocks of hay, but all pointing towards Mecca. Some of them are half a mile in circumference, etc., but all near of one height. The people here have an odd and foolish sort of tradition concerning them, viz. That when Abraham went about building the Beat-Allah, God by His wonderful providence did so order it, that every mountain in the world should contribute something to the building thereof; and accordingly every one did send its proportion. Though there is a mountain near Algiers which is called Corra Dog, that is Black Mountain; and the reason of its blackness, they say, is because it did not send any part of itself towards building the Temple of Mecca. Between these hills is good and plain travelling, though they stand near one to another."—*A faithful Account of the Religion and Manners of the Mohammedans, etc., by Joseph Pitts of Exon.*

"Adam after his fall was placed upon the mountain of Vassem, in the eastern region of the globe. Eve was banished to a place since called Djidda, which signifies the First of Mothers (the celebrated port of Gedda, on the coast of Arabia). The Serpent was cast into the most horrid desert of the East, and the spiritual tempter, who seduced him, was exiled to the coasts of Eblehh. This fall of our first parent was followed by the infidelity and sedition of all the spirits (Djinn), who were spread over the surface of the earth. Then God sent against them the great Azazil, who with a legion of angels chased them from the continent, and dispersed them among the isles, and along the different coasts of the sea. Some time after, Adam, conducted by the Spirit of God, travelled into Arabia, and advanced as far as Mecca. His footsteps diffused on all sides abundance and fertility. His figure was enchanting, his stature lofty, his complexion brown, his hair thick, long, and curled; and he then wore a beard and mustachios. After a separation of a hundred years, he rejoined Eve on Mount Arafaith, near Mecca; an event which gave that mount the name of Arafaith, or Arefe, that is, the Place of Remembrance. This favour of the Eternal Deity was accompanied by another not less striking. By his orders the angels took a tent (Khayme), from paradise, and pitched it on the very spot where afterwards the Keabe was erected. This is the most sacred of the tabernacles, and the first temple which was consecrated to the worship of the Eternal Deity by the first of men, and by all his posterity. Seth was the founder of the sacred Keabe: in the same place where the angels had pitched the celestial tent, he erected a stone edifice, which he consecrated to the worship of the Eternal Deity."—*D'Ohsson.*

"Bowed down by the weight of years, Adam had reached the limit of his earthly existence. At that moment he longed eagerly for the fruits of paradise. A legion of angels attended upon his latest sigh, and, by the command of the Eternal Being, received his soul. He died on Friday, the 7th of April (Nissan), at the age of nine hundred and thirty years. The angels washed and purified his body; which was the origin of funeral ablutions. The archangel Michael wrapped it in a sheet, with perfumes and aromatics; and the archangel Gabriel, discharging the duties of the Imameth, performed, at the head of the whole legion of angels, and of the whole family of this first of the patriarchs, the Salath'ul-Djenaze: which gave birth to funeral prayers. The body of Adam was deposited at Ghar'ul-Kenz (the grotto of treasure), upon the mountain of Djebel-Eb'y-Coubeyss, which overlooks Mecca. His descendants, at his death, amounted to forty thousand souls."—*D'Ohsson.*

"When Noah entered the ark, he took with him, by the command of the Eternal, the body of Adam, inclosed in a box-coffin. After the waters had abated, his first care was to deposit it in the same grotto from whence it had been removed.' —*D' Ohsson.*

[12] *So if the resurrection came.*—P. 18.

"Some of the Pagan Arabs, when they died, had their Camel tied by their Sepulchre, and so left without meat or drink to perish, and accompany them to the other world, lest they should be obliged at the Resurrection to go on foot, which was accounted very scandalous.

"All affirmed that the pious, when they come forth from their sepulchres, shall find ready prepared for them white-winged Camels with saddles of gold. Here are some footsteps of the doctrine of the ancient Arabians."—*Sale.*

[13] *She stared me in the face.*—P. 18.

This line is in one of the most beautiful passages of our old Ballads, so full of beauty. I have never seen the Ballad in print, and with some trouble have procured only an imperfect copy from memory. It is necessary to insert some of the preceding stanzas. The title is,

"OLD POULTER'S MARE.

"At length old age come on her,
And she grew faint and poor;
Her master he fell out with her,
And turned her out of door,
Saying, if thou wilt not labour,
I prithee go thy way,—
And never let me see thy face
Until thy dying day.

"These words she took unkind,
And on her way she went,
For to fulfil her master's will
Always was her intent;
The hills were very high,
The valleys very bare,
The summer it was hot and dry,—
It starved Old Poulter's Mare.

"Old Poulter he grew sorrowful,
And said to his kinsman Will,
I'd have thee go and seek the Mare
O'er valley and o'er hill;

Go, go, go, go, says Poulter,
And make haste back again,
For until thou hast found the Mare,
In grief I shall remain.

"Away went Will so willingly,
And all day long he sought;
Till when it grew towards the night,
He in his mind bethought,
He would go home and rest him,
And come again to-morrow,
For if he could not find the Mare,
His heart would break with sorrow.

"He went a little further
And turned his head aside,
And just by goodman Whitfield's gate
Oh there the Mare he spied.
He asked her how she did,
She stared him in the face,
Then down she laid her head again,—
She was in wretched case."

[14] *What though unmov'd they bore the deluge weight.*—P. 19.

"Concerning the pyramids, I shall put down," says Greaves, "that which is confessed by the Arabian writers to be the most probable relation, as is reported by Ibn Ibd Alhokm, whose words out of the Arabic are these: 'The greatest part of chronologers agree, that he which built the pyramids was Saurid Ibn Salhouk, King of Egypt, who lived three hundred years before the flood. The occasion of this was, because he saw, in his sleep, that the whole earth was turned over with the inhabitants of it, the men lying upon their faces, and the stars falling down and striking one another, with a terrible noise; and being troubled, he concealed it. After this he saw the fixed stars falling to the earth, in the similitude of white fowl, and they snatched up men, carrying them between two great mountains; and these mountains closed upon them, and the shining stars were made dark. Awaking with great fear, he assembles the chief priests of all the provinces of Egypt, an hundred and thirty priests; the chief of them was called Aclimum. Relating the whole matter to them, they took the altitude of the stars, and, making their prognostication, foretold of a deluge. The King said, Will it come to our country? They answered, Yea, and will destroy it. And

there remained a certain number of years for to come, and he commanded in the mean space to build the Pyramids, and a vault to be made, into which the river Nilus entering, should run into the countries of the west, and into the land Al-Said. And he filled them with *telesmes*,* and with strange things, and with riches and treasures, and the like. He engraved in them all things that were told him by wise men, as also all profound sciences, the names of *alakakirs*,† the uses and hurts of them; the science of astrology and of arithmetic, and of geometry, and of physic. All this may be interpreted by him that knows their characters and language. After he had given orders for this building, they cut out vast columns and wonderful stones. They fetcht massy stones from the Æthiopians, and made with these the foundation of the three Pyramids, fastening them together with lead and iron. They built the gates of them forty cubits under ground, and they made the height of the pyramids one hundred royal cubits, which are fifty of ours in these times; he also made each of them an hundred royal cubits. The beginning of this building was in a fortunate horoscope. After that he had finished it, he covered it with coloured sattin from the top to the bottom; and he appointed a solemn festival, at which were present all the inhabitants of his kingdom. Then he built in the western pyramid thirty treasures, filled with store of riches, and utensils, and with signatures made of precious stones, and with instruments of iron, and vessels of earth, and with arms that rust not, and with glass which might be bended and yet not broken, with several kind of alakakirs, single and double, and with deadly poisons, and with other things besides. He made also in the east pyramid divers celestial spheres and stars, and what they severally operate in their aspects, and the perfumes which are to be used to them, and the books which treat of these matters. He also put in the coloured pyramid the commentaries of the priests in chests of black marble, and with every priest a book, in which were the wonders of his profession, and of his actions, and of his nature, and what was done in his time, and what is, and what shall be, from the beginning of time to the end of it. He placed in every pyramid a treasurer. The treasurer of the westerly pyramid was a statue of marble stone, standing upright with a lance, and upon his

* That which the Arabians commonly mean by *telesmes*, are certain *sigilla* or *amuleta*, made under such and such an aspect or configuration of the stars and planets, with several characters accordingly inscribed.

† *Alakakir*, amongst other significations, is the name of a precious stone; and therefore in Albulfeda it is joined with *yacut*, a ruby. I imagine it here to signify some magical spell, which it may be was engraven on this stone.

head a serpent wreathed. He that came near it, and stood still, the serpent bit him of one side, and wreathing round about his throat and killing him, returned to his place. He made the treasurer of the east pyramid an idol of black agate, his eyes open and shining, sitting upon a throne with a lance; when any looked upon him, he heard of one side of him a voice, which took away his sense, so that he fell prostrate upon his face, and ceased not till he died. He made the treasurer of the coloured pyramid a statue of stone, called *Albut*, sitting: he which looked towards it was drawn by the statue, till he stuck to it, and could not be separated from it, till such time as he died. The Coptites write in their books, that there is an inscription engraven upon them, the exposition of which in Arabic is this,—*I King Saurid built the pyramids in such and such a time, and finished them in six years: he that comes after me, and says that he is equal to me, let him destroy them in six hundred years; and yet it is known that it is easier to pluck down than to build up: I also covered them, when I had finished them, with sattin, and let him cover them with matts.* After that Almamon the Calif entered Ægypt, and saw the pyramids, he desired to know what was within, and therefore would have them opened. They told him it could not possibly be done. He replied, I will have it certainly done. And that hole was opened for him, which stands open to this day, with fire and vinegar. Two smiths prepared and sharpened the iron and engines, which they forced in, and there was a great expense in the opening of it. The thickness of the walls was found to be twenty cubits; and when they came to the end of the wall, behind the place they had digged, there was an ewer of green emerald; in it were a thousand dinars very weighty, every dinar was an ounce of our ounces: they wondered at it, but knew not the meaning of it. Then Almamon said, Cast up the account; how much hath been spent in making the entrance? They cast it up, and lo it was the same sum which they found; it neither exceeded nor was defective. Within they found a square well, in the square of it there were doors, every door opened into a house (or vault), in which there were dead bodies wrapped up in linen. They found towards the top of the pyramid a chamber, in which there was a hollow stone: in it was a statue of stone like a man, and within it a man, upon whom was a breast-plate of gold set with jewels; upon his breast was a sword of invaluable price, and at his head a carbuncle of the bigness of an egg, shining like the light of the day; and upon him were characters written with a pen, no man knows what they signify. After Almamon had opened it, men entered into it for many years, and descended by the slippery passage which is in it; and some of them came out safe, and others died.' "—*Greaves's Pyramidographia.*

[15] *The living carbuncle.*—P. 20.

The carbuncle is to be found in most of the subterranean palaces of romance. I have nowhere seen so circumstantial an account of its wonderful properties as in a passage of Thuanus, quoted by Stephanius in his Notes to "Saxo Grammaticus":—

"Whilst the king was at Bologna, a stone, wonderful in its species and nature, was brought to him from the East Indies, by a man unknown, who appeared by his manners to be a Barbarian. It sparkled as though all burning with an incredible splendour, flashing radiance, and shooting on every side its beams, it filled the surrounding air to a great distance, with a light scarcely by any eyes endurable. In this also it was wonderful, that being most impatient of the earth, if it was confined, it would force its way, and immediately fly aloft; neither could it be contained by any art of man, in a narrow place, but appeared only to love those of ample extent. It was of the utmost purity, stained by no soil nor spot. Certain shape it had none, for its figure was inconstant and momentarily changing, and though at a distance it was beautiful to the eye, it would not suffer itself to be handled with impunity, but hurt those who obstinately struggled with it, as many persons before many spectators experienced. If by chance any part of it was broken off, for it was not very hard, it become nothing less." *—*Thuanus*, lib. 8.

In the "Mirror of Stones," carbuncles are said to be male and female. The females throw out their brightness: the stars appear burning within the males.

Like many other jewels, the carbuncle was supposed to be an animal substance, formed in the serpent. The serpent's ingenious method of preserving it from the song of the charmer is related in an after note. Book 9.

[16] *Yet innocent it grew.*—P. 20.

"Adam," says a Moorish author, "after having eaten the forbidden fruit, sought to hide himself under the shade of the trees that form the bowers of Paradise: the gold and silver trees refused their shade to the father of the human race. God asked them why they did so? because, replied the Trees,

* Since this note was written, I have found in Feyjoo the history of this story. It was invented as a riddle or allegory of fire, by a French physician, called Fernelio by the Spanish author, and published by him in a dialogue, *De Abditis Rerum Causis*. From hence it was extracted, and sent as a trick to Mizaldo, another physician, who had written a credulous work, *De Arcanis Naturæ;* and a copy of this letter came into the hands of Thuanus. He discovered the deception too late, for a second edition of his history had been previously published at Frankfort.

Adam has transgressed against Your commandment. Ye have done well, answered the Creator; and that your fidelity may be rewarded, 'tis My decree that men shall hereafter become your slaves, and that in search of you they shall dig into the very bowels of the earth."—*Chenier.*

"The black-lead of Borradale is described as lying in the mine in the form of a tree; it hath a body or root, and veins or branches fly from it in different directions; the root or body is the finest black-lead, and the branches at the extremities the worst the farther they fly. The veins or branches sometimes shoot out to the surface of the ground."—*Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.*

"They have founde by experience, that the vein of golde is a living tree, and that the same by all waies that it spreadeth and springeth from the roote by the softe pores and passages of the earth, putteth forth branches, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth, and ceaseth not until it discover itself unto the open aire: at which time it sheweth forthe certaine beautiful colours in the steede of floures, rounde stones of golden earth in the steede of fruites; and thinne plates insteede of leaves. They say that the roote of the golden tree extendeth to the center of the earth, and there taketh norishment of increase: for the deeper that they dig, they finde the trunkes thereof to be so much the greater, as farre as they may followe it, for abundance of water springing in the mountaines. Of the branches of this tree they finde some as small as a thread, and others as bigge as a man's finger, according to the largeness or straightnesse of the riftes and cliftes. They have sometimes chanced upon whole caves, sustained and borne up as it were with golden pillars, and this in the waies by the which the branches ascende: the which being filled with the substance of tho trunke creeping from beneath, the branche maketh itself waie by which it maie pass out. It is oftentimes divided, by encountering with some kinde of harde stone; yet is it in other cliftes nourished by the exhalations and virtue of the roote."—*Pietro Martire.*

"Metals," says Herrera (5. 3. 15.), "are like plants hidden in the bowels of the earth, with their trunk and boughs, which are the veins; for it appears in a certain manner, that like plants they go on growing, not because they have any inward life, but because they are produced in the entrails of the earth by the virtue of the sun and of the planets, and so they go on increasing. And as metals are thus, as it were, plants hidden in the earth; so plants are animals fixed to one place, sustained by the aliment which nature has provided for them at their birth: and to animals, as they have a more perfect being, a sense and knowledge hath been given, to go about and seek their aliment. So that barren earth is the support of metal,

and fertile earth of plants, and plants of animals : the less perfect serving the more perfect."

[17] *The fine gold net-work,* etc.—P. 20.

"A great number of stringy fibres seem to stretch out from the boughs of the palm, on each side, which cross one another in such a manner, that they take out from between the boughs a sort of bark like close net-work, and this they spin out with the hand, and with it make cords of all sizes, which are mostly used in Egypt. They also make of it a sort of brush for clothes."—*Pococke.*

[18] *Crouch'd at this Nimrod's throne.*—P. 20.

Shedad was the first king of the Adites. I have ornamented his palace less profusely than the Oriental writers who describe it. In the notes to the "Bahar-Danush" is the following account of its magnificence from the "Tofet al Mujalis":—

"A pleasant and elevated spot being fixed upon, Shuddaud despatched an hundred chiefs to collect skilful artists and workmen from all countries. He also commanded the monarchs of Syria and Ormus to send him all their jewels and precious stones. Forty camel-loads of gold, silver, and jewels, were daily used in the building, which contained a thousand spacious quadrangles of many thousand rooms. In the areas were artificial trees of gold and silver, whose leaves were emeralds, and fruit clusters of pearls and jewels. The ground was strewed with ambergris, musk, and saffron. Between every two of the artificial trees was planted one of delicious fruit. This romantic abode took up five hundred years in the completion. When finished, Shuddaud marched to view it; and, when arrived near, divided two hundred thousand youthful slaves, whom he had brought with him from Damascus, into four detachments, which were stationed in cantonments prepared for their reception on each side of the garden, towards which he proceeded with his favourite courtiers. Suddenly was heard in the air a voice like thunder, and Shuddaud, looking up, beheld a personage of majestic figure and stern aspect, who said, 'I am the Angel of Death, commissioned to seize thy impure soul.' Shuddaud exclaimed, 'Give me leisure to enter the garden,' and was descending from his horse, when the seizer of life snatched away his impure spirit, and he fell dead upon the ground. At the same time lightnings flashed and destroyed the whole army of the infidel; and the rose garden of Irim became concealed from the sight of man."

[19] *O Shedad! only in the hour of death.*—P. 22.

"Lamai relates that a great Monarch, whom he does not

name, having erected a superb palace, wished to show it to every man of talents and taste in the city; he therefore invited them to a banquet, and after the repast was finished, asked them if they knew any building more magnificent and more perfect, in the architecture, in the ornaments, and in the furniture. All the guests contented themselves with expressing their admiration, and lavishing praise, except one, who led a retired and austere life, and was one of those persons whom the Arabians call Zahed.

"This man spoke very freely to the Prince, and said to him, 'I find a great defect in this building; it is, that the foundation is not good, nor the walls sufficiently strong, so that Azrael can enter on every side, and the Sarsar can easily pass through.' And when they showed him the walls of the palace ornamented with azure and gold, of which the marvellous workmanship surpassed in costliness the richness of the materials, he replied, 'There is still a great inconvenience here! it is, that we can never estimate these works well, till we are laid backwards.' Signifying by these words, that we never understand these things rightly, till we are upon our death-bed, when we discover their vanity."—*D'Herbelot.*

[20] *Breath'd through his moveless lips*, etc.—P. 23.

"Las horrendas palabras parecian
Salir por una tromps resonante,
Y que los yertos labios no movian."—*Lupercio Leonardo.*

[21] *And err not from their aim!*—P. 24.

"Death is come up into our windows, and entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets."—*Jeremiah* ix. 21.

"The trees shall give fruit, and who shall gather them? The grapes shall ripen, and who shall tread them? for all places shall be desolate of men."—2 *Esdras* xvi. 25.

"For strong is His right hand that bendeth the bow, His arrows that He shooteth are sharp, and shall not miss when they begin to be shot into the ends of the world."—2 *Esdras*, xvi. 13.

[22] *Seems to partake of life.*—P. 26.

"There are several trees or shrubs of the genus Mimosa. One of these trees drops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade. This mute hospitality has so endeared this tree to the Arabians, that the injuring or cutting of it down is strictly prohibited."—*Niebuhr.*

[23] *Let fall the drops of bitterness and death.*—P. 27.

"The Angel of Death, say the Rabbis, holdeth his sword in his hand at the bed's head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall; the sick man spying this deadly angel, openeth his mouth with fear, and then those drops fall in, of which one killeth him, the second maketh him pale, the third rotteth and putrifieth"—*Purchas.*

Possibly the expression—to taste the bitterness of death, may refer to this.

[24] *A Teraph stood against the cavern side.*—P. 28.

"The manner how the Teraphim were made is fondly conceited thus among the Rabbies. They killed a man that was a first-born son, and wrung off his head, and seasoned it with salt and spices, and wrote, upon a plate of gold, the name of an unclean spirit, and put it under the head upon a wall, and lighted candles before it, and worshipped it."—*Godwyn's Moses and Aaron.*

By Rabbi Eleazar, it is said to be the head of a child.

[25] *But Eblis*, etc.—P. 31.

"The devil, whom Mohammed names Eblis, from his despair, was once one of those angels who are nearest to God's presence, called Azazil; and fell (according to the doctrine of the Koran), for refusing to pay homage to Adam at the command of God."—*Koran*, ch. 2. 7. 15.

"God created the body of Adam of Salzal, that is, of dry but unbaked clay; and left it forty nights, or, according to others, forty years, lying without a soul; and the devil came to it, and kicked it, and it sounded. And God breathed into it a soul with His breath, sending it in at his eyes; and he himself saw his nose still dead clay, and the soul running through him, till it reached his feet, when he stood upright."—*Maracci.*

"In the *Nuremberg Chronicle* is a print of the creation of Adam; the body is half made, growing out of a heap of clay under the Creator's hands. A still more absurd print represents Eve half way out of his side.

"The fullest Mohammedan Genesis is to be found in Rabadan the Morisco's Poem.

"God, designing to make known to His whole choir of angels, high and low, His scheme concerning the creation, called the Archangel Gabriel, and delivering to him a pen and paper, commanded him to draw out an instrument of fealty and homage; in which, as God had dictated to His secretary Gabriel, were specified the pleasures and delights He ordained to His creatures in this world; the term of years He would allot them; and how, and in what exercises, their time in this life was to be employed. This being done, Gabriel said, 'Lord,

what more must I write? The pen resisteth, and refuseth to be guided forwards!' God then took the deed, and, before He folded it, signed it with His sacred hand, and affixed thereunto His royal signet, as an indication of his incontestable and irrevocable promise and covenant. Then Gabriel was commanded to convey what he had written throughout the hosts of angels; with orders that they all, without exception, should fall down and worship the same: and it was so abundantly replenished with glory, that the angelical potentates universally reverenced and paid homage thereunto. Gabriel returning, said, 'O Lord! I have obeyed Thy commands; what else am I to do?' God replid, 'Close up the writing in this crystal; for this is the inviolable covenant of the fealty the mortals I will hereafter create shall pay unto Me, and by the which they shall acknowledge Me.' El Hassan tells us, that no sooner had the blessed Angel closed the said crystal, but so terrible and astonishing a voice issued out thereof, and it cast so unusual and glorious a light, that, with the surprise of so great and unexpected a mystery, the Angel remained fixed and immoveable; and although he had a most ardent desire to be let into the secret arcanus of that wonderful prodigy, yet all his innate courage, and heavenly magnanimity, were not sufficient to furnish him with assurance, or power to make the inquiry.

"All being now completed, and put in order, God said to His angels, 'Which of you will descend to the Earth, and bring Me up a handful thereof?' When immediately such an infinite number of celestial spirits departed, that the universal surface was covered with them; where, consulting among themselves, they unanimously confirmed their loathing and abhorrence to touch it, saying, 'How dare we be so presumptuous as to expose, before the throne of the Lord, so glorious a sovereign as ours is, a thing so filthy, and of a form and composition so vile and despicable!' and, in effect, they all returned, fully determined not to meddle with it. After these went others, and then more; but not one of them, either first or last, dared to defile the purity of their hands with it. Upon which, Azarael, an angel of an extraordinary stature, flew down, and from the four corners of the Earth brought up a handful of it, which God had commanded: From the south and the north, from the west and from the east, took he it; of all which four different qualities, human bodies are composed.

"The Almighty, perceiving in what manner Azarael had signalized himself in this affair, beyond the rest of the angels, and taking particular notice of his goodly form and stature, said to him, 'O Azarael, it is My pleasure to constitute thee to be Death itself; thou shalt be him who separateth the souls from the bodies of those creatures I am about to make; thou

henceforth shalt be called Azarael Maleo el Mout, or Azarael the Angel of Death.'

"Then God caused the earth which Azarael had brought to be washed and purified in the *fountains of Heaven:* and El Hassan tells us, that it became so resplendently clear, that it cast a more shining and beautiful light than the sun in its utmost glory. Gabriel was then commanded to convey this lovely, though as yet inanimate, *lump of clay*, throughout the heavens, the earth, the centres, and the seas; to the intent, and with a positive injunction, that whatsoever had life might behold it, and pay honour and reverence thereunto.

"When the angels saw all these incomprehensible mysteries, and that so beautiful an image, they said, 'Lord! if it be pleasing in Thy sight, we will, in Thy most high and mighty name, prostrate ourselves before it:' to which voluntary proposal, God replied—'I am content you pay adoration to it; and I command you so to do:' when instantly they all bowed, inclining their shining celestial countenances at his feet; only Eblis detained himself, obstinately refusing; proudly and arrogantly valuing himself upon his heavenly composition. To whom God sternly said, 'Prostrate thyself to Adam.' He made a show of so doing, but remained only upon his knees, and then rose up, before he had performed what God had commanded him. When the angels beheld his insolence and disobedience, they a second time prostrated themselves, to complete what the haughty and presumptuous Angel had left undone. From hence it is, that in all our prayers, at each inclination of the body, we make two prostrations, one immediately after the other. God being highly incensed against the rebellious Eblis, said unto him, 'Why didst thou not reverence this statue which I have made, as the other angels all have done?' To which Eblis replied, 'I will never lessen or disparage my grandeur so much as to humble myself to a piece of clay: I, who am an immortal Seraphim, of so apparently a greater excellency than *that:* I, whom Thou didst create out of the celestial fire, what an indignity would it be to my splendour, to pay homage to a thing composed of so vile a metal!' The irritated Monarch, with a voice of thunder, then pronounced against him this direful anathema and malediction: 'Begone, enemy; depart, rebel, from My abode! Thou no longer shalt continue in My celestial dominions.—Go, thou accursed flaming thunderbolt of fire! My curse pursue thee! My condemnation overtake thee; My torments afflict thee! And My chastisement accompany thee!' Thus fell this enemy of God and mankind, both he, and his followers and abettors, who sided or were partakers with him in his pride and presumptuous disobedience. . . . .

"God now was pleased to publish and make manifest His design of animating man, out of that beautiful and resplendent crystal; and, accordingly, commanded Gabriel to breathe into the body of clay, that it might become flesh and blood: But at the instant, as the immaculate Spirit was going to enter therein, it returned, and humbling itself before the Lord, said, 'O Merciful King! for what reason is it that Thou intendest to inclose me in this loathsome prison? I, who am Thy servant, Thou shuttest up within mine enemy, where my purity will be defiled, and where, against my will, I shall disobey Thee, without being able to resist the instigation and power of this rebellious flesh; whereby I shall become liable to suffer Thy rigorous punishment, insupportable and unequal to my strength, for having perpetrated the enormities obnoxious to the frailty of human flesh. Spare me, O Lord! spare me! suffer me not to taste of this bitter draught! To Thee it belongs to command, and to me to supplicate Thee.'

"Thus spoke the pure and unspotted Spirit, when God, to give it some satisfaction to these complaints, and that it might contentedly resign itself to obey His commands, ordered it should be conducted near His throne; where, in innumerable and infinite parts thereof, it beheld certain letters decyphered up and down, importing 'Mohammed the triumphant leader!' And over all the seven heavens, on their gates, and in all their books, he saw those words stamped, exceedingly bright and resplendent. This was the blazon which all the angels and other celestial beings carried between their beautiful eyes, and for their devices on their apparel.

"The Spirit having seen all this, returned to the throne of glory, and being very desirous to understand the signification of those cyphers and characters, he asked what name that was which shined so in every place? To which question, God answered; 'Know, that from thee, and from that flesh, shall proceed a chieftain, a leader, who shall bear that name, and use that language; by whom, and for whose sake, I, the Lord, the heavens, the earths, and the seas, shall be honoured, as shall likewise all who believe in that name.'

"The Spirit, hearing these wonders, immediately conceived so mighty a love to the body, a love not to be expressed, nor even imagined, that it longed with impatience to enter into it; which it had no sooner done, but it miraculously and artificially was influenced and distilled into every individual part and member thereof, whereby the body became animated."—*Rabadan.*

It is to be regretted, that the original of this very curious poem has not been published, and that it did not meet with a more respectable translator. How well would the erudition of Sale have been employed in elucidating it!

[26] *Where art thou, Hodeirah, now?* etc.—P. 32.

These lines contain the various opinions of the Mohammedans respecting the intermediate state of the blessed, till the day of judgment.

[27] *Is thy soul in Zemzem-well?*—P. 32.

"Hagar being near her time, and not able any longer to endure the ill-treatment she received from Sarah, resolved to run away. Abraham coming to hear of her discontent, and fearing she might make away with the child, especially if she came to be delivered without the assistance of some other women, followed her, and found her already delivered of a son; who, dancing with his little feet upon the ground, had made way for a spring to break forth. But the water of the spring came forth in such abundance, as also with such violence, that Hagar could make no use of it to quench her thirst, which was then very great Abraham coming to the place, commanded the spring to glide more gently, and to suffer that water might be drawn out of it to drink; and having thereupon stayed the course of it with a little bank of sand, he took of it, to make Hagar and her child drink. The said spring is to this day called Semsem, from Abraham making use of that word to stay it."—*Olearius.*

[28] *And with the living reptile lash'd his neck.*—P. 33.

Excepting in this line, I have avoided all resemblance to the powerful poetry of Lucan.

> "Aspicit astantem projecti corporis umbram,
> Exanimes artus, invisaque claustra timentem
> Carceris antiqui; pavet ire in pectus apertum,
> Visceraque, et ruptas letali vulnere fibras.
> Ah miser, extremum cui mortis munus iniquæ
> Eripitur, non posse mori! miratur Erichtho
> Has fatis licuisse moras, irataque morti
> Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver.
>
> . . . .
>
> Protinus astrictus caluit cruor, atraque fovit
> Vulnera, et in venas extremaque membra cucurrit.
> Percussæ gelido trepidant sub pectore fibræ;
> Et nova desuetis subrepens vita medullis,
> Miscetur morti: tunc omnis palpitat artus;
> Tenduntur nervi; nec se tellure cadaver
> Paulatim per membra levat, terraque repulsum est,

Erectumque simul. Distento lumina rictu
Nudantur. Nondum facies viventis in illo,
Jam morientis erat; remanet pallorque rigorque,
Et stupet illatus mundo."—*Lucan.*

A curious instance of French taste occurs in this part of Brebeuf's translation. The re-animated corpse is made the corpse of Burrhus, of whose wife, Octavia Sextus is enamoured. Octavia hears that her husband has fallen in battle; she seeks his body, but in vain. A light at length leads her to the scene of Erichtho's incantations, and she beholds Burrhus, to all appearance living. The witch humanely allows them time for a long conversation, which is very complimentary on the part of the husband.

Brebeuf was a man of genius. The Pharsalia is as well told in his version as it can be in the detestable French heroic couplet, which epigrammatises everything. He had courage enough, though a Frenchman, to admire Lucan,—and yet could not translate him without introducing a love-story.

[29] *They mingle the Arrows of Chance.*—P. 34.

This was one of the superstitions of the Pagan Arabs forbidden by Mohammed.

The mode of divining by arrows was seen by Pietro della Valle at Aleppo. The Mohammedan conjurer made two persons sit down, one facing the other, and gave each of them four arrows, which they were to hold perpendicularly, the point toward the ground. After questioning them concerning the business of which they wished to be informed, he muttered his invocations; and the eight arrows, by virtue of these charms, altered their posture, and placed themselves point to point. Whether those on the left, or those on the right, were above the others, decided the question.

[30] *The powerful gem,* etc.—P. 34.

"Some imagine that the crystal is snow turned to ice, which has been hardening thirty years, and is turned to a rock by age."—*Mirror of Stones, by Camillus Leonardus, physician of Pisaro, dedicated to Cæsar Borgia.*

"In the cabinet of the Prince of Monaco, among other rarities, are two pieces of crystal, each larger than both hands clenched together. In the middle of one is about a glassful of water, and in the other is some moss, naturally inclosed there when the crystals congealed. These pieces are very curious."—*Tavernier.*

"Crystal, precious stones, every stone that has a regular figure, and even flints in small masses, and consisting of con-

centric coats, whether found in the perpendicular fissures of rocks, or elsewhere, are only exudations, or the concreting juices of flint in large masses; they are, therefore, new and spurious productions, the genuine stalactites of flint or of granite."—*Buffon.*

[31] *Gem of the gem,* etc.—P. 35.

Burguillos, or Lope de Vega, makes an odd metaphor from such an illustration:

"El Verbo de Dios diamante
En el anillo de cobre
De nuestro circulo pobre."

[32] *Before the tent they spread the skin.*—P. 37.

"With the Arabs either a round skin is laid on the ground for a small company, or large coarse woollen cloths for a great number spread all over the room, and about ten dishes repeated six or seven times over, laid round at a great feast, and whole sheep and lambs boiled and roasted in the middle. When one company has done, another sits round, even to the meanest, till all is consumed. And an Arab Prince will often dine in the street before his door, and call to all that pass, even beggars, in the usual expression, 'Bisimillah,' that is, 'In the name of God;' who come and sit down, and when they have done, give their 'Hamdellilah,' that is, 'God be praised;' for the Arabs, who are great levellers, put everybody on a footing with them, and it is by such generosity and hospitality that they maintain their interest."—*Pococke.*

[33] *With no false colours,* etc.—P. 37.

"'Tis the custom of Persia to begin their feasts with fruits and preserves. We spent two hours in eating only those and drinking beer, hydromel, and aquavitæ. Then was brought up the meat in great silver dishes; they were full of rice of divers colours, and upon that, several sorts of meat boiled and roasted, as beef, mutton, tame fowl, wild ducks, fish, and other things, all very well ordered, and very delicate.

"The Persians use no knives at table, but the cooks send up the meat ready cut up into little bits, so that it was no trouble to us to accustom ourselves to their manner of eating. Rice serves them instead of bread. They take a mouthful of it, with the two fore-fingers and the thumb, and so put it into their mouths. Every table had a carver, whom they call Suffret-zi, who takes the meat brought up in the great dishes, to put it into lesser ones, which he fills with three or four sorts

of meats, so that every dish may serve two, or at most three persons. There was but little drunk till towards the end of the repast, and then the cups went about roundly, and the dinner was concluded with a vessel of porcelane, full of a hot blackish kind of drink, which they call Kahawa (Coffee"). —*Ambassador's Travels.*

"They laid upon the floor of the ambassador's a room a fine silk cloth, on which there were set one and thirty dishes of silver, filled with several sorts of conserves, dry and liquid, and raw fruits, as melons, citrons, quinces, pears, and some others not known in Europe. Some time after, that cloth was taken away, that another might be laid in the room of it, and upon this was set rice of all sorts of colours and all sorts of meat boiled and roasted in above fifty dishes of the same metal."—*Ambassador's Travels.*

"There is not anything more ordinary in Persia than rice soaked in water; they call it Plau, and eat of it at all their meals, and serve it up in all their dishes. They sometimes put thereto a little of the juice of pomegranates, or cherries and saffron, insomuch that commonly you have rice of several colours in the same dish."—*Ambassador's Travels.*

[34] *And whoso drank of the cooling draught.*—P. 37.

The tamarind is equally useful and agreeable; it has a pulp of a vinous taste, of which a wholesome refreshing liquor is prepared; its shade shelters houses from the torrid heat of the sun, and its fine figure greatly adorns the scenery of the country."—*Niebuhr.*

[35] *As out he pours its liquid*, etc.—P. 38.

"Of pumpkins and melons several sorts grow naturally in the woods, and serve for feeding camels. But the proper melons are planted in the fields, where a great variety of them is to be found, and in such abundance, that the Arabians of all ranks use them, for some part of the year, as their principal article of food. They afford a very agreeable liquor. When its fruit is nearly ripe, a hole is pierced into the pulp; this hole is then stopped with wax, and the melon left upon the stalk. Within a few days the pulp is, in consequence of this process, converted into a delicious liquor."—*Niebuhr.*

[36] *It is the hour of prayer.*—P. 39.

"The Arabians divide their day into twenty-four hours, and reckon them from one setting sun to another. As very few among them know what a watch is, and as they conceive but imperfectly the duration of an hour, they usually deter-

mine time almost as when we say, It happened about noon, about evening, etc. The moment when the sun diappears is called *Maggrib*, about two hours afterwards they call it *El ascha;* two hours later, *El märfa;* midnight, *Nus el lejl;* the dawn of morning, *El fedsjer;* sunrise, *Es subhh.* They eat about nine in the morning, and that meal is called *El ghadda;* noon, *Ed duhhr;* three hours after noon, *El asr.* Of all these divisions of time, only noon and midnight are well ascertained; they both fall upon the twelfth hour. The others are earlier or later, as the days are short or long. The five hours appointed for prayer are *Maggrib*, *Nus el lejl*, *El fedsjer*, *Duhhr*, and *El asr.*"—*Niebuhr. Desc. de l'Arabie.*

"The Turks say, in allusion to their canonical hours, that prayer is a tree which produces five sorts of fruit, two of which the sun sees, and three which he never sees."—*Pietro della Valle.*

[37] *After the law*, etc.—P. 39.

The use of the bath was forbidden the Moriscoes in Spain, as being an anti-christian custom! I recollect no superstition but the Catholic in which nastiness is accounted a virtue; as if, says Jortin, piety and filth were synonymous, and religion, like the itch, could be caught by wearing foul clothes.

[38] *Felt not the simoom pass.*—P. 39.

"The effects of the simoom are instant suffocation to every living creature that happens to be within the sphere of its activity, and immediate putrefaction of the carcasses of the dead. The Arabians discern its approach by an unusual redness in the air, and they say that they feel a smell of sulphur as it passes. The only means by which any person can preserve himself from suffering by these noxious blasts, is by throwing himself down with his face upon the earth, till this whirlwind of poisonous exhalations has blown over, which always moves at a certain height in the atmosphere. Instinct even teaches the brutes to incline their heads to the ground on these occasions."—*Niebuhr.*

"The Arabs of the desert call these winds Semoum or poison, and the Turks Shamyela, or wind of Syria, from which is formed the Samiel.

"Their heat is sometimes so excessive, that it is difficult to form any idea of its violence without having experienced it; but it may be compared to the heat of a large oven at the moment of drawing out the bread. When these winds begin to blow, the atmosphere assumes an alarming aspect. The sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and

heavy; the sun loses his splendour, and appears of a violet colour. The air is not cloudy, but gray and thick, and is in fact filled with an extremely subtile dust, which penetrates everywhere. This wind, always light and rapid, is not at first remarkably hot, but it increases in heat in proportion as it continues. All animated bodies soon discover it, by the change it produces in them. The lungs which a true rarified air no longer expands, are contracted and become painful. Respiration is short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, and the body consumed by an internal heat. In vain is recourse had to large draughts of water; nothing can restore perspiration. In vain is coolness sought for; all bodies in which it is usual to find it, deceive the hand that touches them. Marble, iron, water, notwithstanding the sun no longer appears, are hot. The streets are deserted, and the dead silence of night reigns everywhere. The inhabitants of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in their tents, or in pits they dig in the earth, where they wait the termination of this destructive heat. It usually lasts three days; but if it exceeds that time, it becomes insupportable. Woe to the traveller whom this wind surprises remote from shelter! he must suffer all its dreadful consequences, which sometimes are mortal. The danger is most imminent when it blows in squalls, for then the rapidity of the wind increases the heat to such a degree as to cause sudden death. This death is a real suffocation; the lungs, being empty, are convulsed, the circulation disordered, and the whole mass of blood driven by the heart towards the head and breast; whence that hæmorrhage at the nose and mouth which happens after death. This wind is especially fatal to persons of a plethoric habit, and those in whom fatigue has destroyed the tone of the muscles and the vessels. The corpse remains a long time warm, swells, turns blue, and is easily separated; all of which are signs of that putrid fermentation which takes place in animal bodies when the humours become stagnant. These accidents are to be avoided by stopping the nose and mouth with handkerchiefs; an efficacious method likewise is that practised by the camels, who bury their noses in the sand, and keep them there till the squall is over.

"Another quality of this wind is its extreme aridity; which is such, that water sprinkled on the floor evaporates in a few minutes. By this extreme dryness, it withers and strips all the plants; and by exhaling too suddenly the emanations from animal bodies, crisps the skin, closes the pores, and causes that feverish heat which is the invariable effect of suppressed perspiration."—*Volney.*

[39] *Every gem*, etc.—P. 42.

From the "Mirror of Stones" I extract a few specimens of the absurd ideas once prevalent respecting precious stones:—

"The Amethyst drives away drunkenness; for, being bound on the navel, it restrains the vapour of the wine, and so dissolves the ebriety.

"Alectoria is a stone of a crystalline colour, a little darkish, somewhat resembling limpid water; and sometimes it has veins of the colour of flesh. Some call it Gallinaceus, from the place of its generation, the intestines of capons, which were castrated at three years old, and had lived seven; before which time the stone ought not to be taken out, for the older it is so much the better. When the stone is become perfect in the capon, he don't drink. However, it is never found bigger than a large bean. The virtue of this stone is, to render him who carries it invisible. Being held in the mouth, it allays thirst, and therefore is proper for wrestlers; makes a woman agreeable to her husband; bestows honours, and preserves those already acquired; it frees such as are bewitched; it renders a man eloquent, constant, agreeable, and amiable: it helps to regain a lost kingdom, and acquire a foreign one.

"Borax, Nosa, Crapondinus, are names of the same stone, which is extracted from a toad. There are two species; that which is the best is rarely found; the other is black or dun, with a cerulean glow, having in the middle the similitude of an eye, and must be taken out while the dead toad is yet panting; and these are better than those which are extracted from it after a long continuance in the ground. They have a wonderful efficacy in poisons. For whoever has taken poison, let him swallow this; which being down, rolls about the bowels, and drives out every poisonous quality that is lodged in the intestines, and then passes through the fundament, and is preserved.

"Corvia, or Corvina, is a stone of a reddish colour, and accounted artificial. On the kalends of April, boil the eggs, taken out of a crow's nest, till they are hard; and, being cold, let them be placed in the nest as they were before. When the crow knows this, she flies a long way to find the stone; and, having found it, returns to the nest; and the eggs being touched with it, they become fresh and prolific. The stone must immediately be snatched out of the nest. Its virtue is to increase riches, to bestow honours, and to foretell many future events.

"Kinocetus is a stone not wholly useless—since it will cast out devils."

[40] *Conscious of poison*, etc.—P. 42.

"Giafar, the founder of the Barmecides, being obliged to fly from Persia, his native country, took refuge at Damascus, and implored the protection of the Caliph Soliman. When he was presented to that Prince, the Caliph suddenly changed colour, and commanded him to retire, suspecting that he had poison about him. Soliman had discovered it by means of ten stones which he wore upon his arm. They were fastened there like a bracelet, and never failed to strike one against the other, and make a slight noise, when any poison was near. Upon inquiry it was found, that Giafar carried poison in his ring, for the purpose of self-destruction in case he had been taken by his enemies."—*Marigny*.

These foolish old superstitions have died away, and gems are now neither pounded as poison, nor worn as antidotes. But the old absurdities respecting poisons have been renewed in our days, by authors who have revived the calumnies alleged against the Knights-Templar, with the hope of exciting a more extensive persecution.

[41] *From spells, or blunt the hostile weapon's edge.*—P. 42.

"In the country called Panten or Tathalamasin, 'there be canes called Cassan, which overspread the earth like grasse, and out of every knot of them spring foorth certaine branches, which are continued upon the ground almost for the space of a mile. In the sayd canes there are found certain stones, one of which stones whosoever carryeth about with him, cannot be wounded with any yron: and therefore the men of that country for the most part carry such stones with them, whithersoever they goe. Many also cause one of the armes of their children, while they are young, to be launced, putting one of the said stones into the wound, healing also, and closing up the said wound with the powder of a certain fish (the name whereof I do not know), which powder doth immediately consolidate and cure the said wound. And by the vertue of these stones, the people aforesaid doe for the most part triumph both on sea and land. Howbeit there is one kind of strattageme which the enemies of this nation, knowing the vertue of the sayd stones, doe practise against them: namely, they provide themselves armour of yron or steele against their arrowes, and weapons also poisoned with the poyson of trees; and they carry in their hands wooden stakes most sharp and hard-pointed, as if they were yron; likewise they shoot arrowes without yron heades, and so they confound and slay some of their unarmed foes, trusting too securely unto the vertue of their stones.'"—*Odoricus, in Hakluyt.*

We are obliged to jewellers for our best accounts of the East. In Tavernier there is a passage curiously characteristic of his profession. A European at Delhi complained to him that he had polished and set a large diamond for Oreng-zebe, who had never paid him for his work. "But he did not understand his trade," says Tavernier; "for if he had been a skilful jeweller, he would have known how to take two or three pieces out of the stone, and pay himself better than the Mogul would have done."

[42] *With a convulsive effort shakes it out.*—P. 43.

"And Elisha died, and they buried him. And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year.

"And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha, and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood up on his feet."—2 *Kings* xiii. 20, 21.

I must remind my readers, that an allusion to the Old Testament is no ways improper in a Mohammedan.

"It happened the dead corpse of a man was cast ashore at Chatham, and, being taken up, was buried decently in the churchyard Now there was an image or rood in the church, called our Lady of Chatham. This Lady, say the Monks, went the next night and roused up the clerk, telling him that a sinful person was buried near the place where she was worshipped, who offended her eyes with his ghastly grinning; and unless he were removed, to the great grief of good people she must remove from thence, and could work no more miracles. Therefore she desired him to go with her to take him up, and throw him into the river again: which being done, soon after the body floated again, and was taken up and buried in the churchyard; but from that time all miracles ceased, and the place where he was buried did continually sink downwards. This tale is still remembered by some aged people, receiving it by tradition from the Popish times of darkness and idolatry."—*Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England.*

"When Alboquerque wintered at the Isle of Camaram, in the Red Sea, a man-at-arms, who died suddenly, was thrown into the sea. In the night the watch felt several shocks, as though the ship were striking on a sand bank. They put out the boat, and found the dead body clinging to the keel, by the rudder. It was taken up and buried on shore; and, in the morning, it was seen lying on the grave. Frey Francisco was then consulted. He conjectured, that the deceased had died under excommunication, and therefore absolved him. They

interred him again, and then he rested in the grave.'—*Joam de Barros. Dec.* 2.8.3.

[43] *The Earth*, etc.—P. 44.

"Matthew of Westminster says, the History of the Old Woman of Berkeley will not appear incredible, if we read the dialogue of St. Gregory, in which he relates how the body of a man buried in the church was thrown out by the Devils. Charles Martel also, because he had appropriated great part of the tythes to pay his soldiers, was most miserably, by the wicked Spirits, taken bodily out of his grave.

"The Turks report, as a certain truth, that the corpse of Heyradin Barbarossa was found four or five times out of the ground, lying by his sepulchre, after he had been there inhumed: nor could they possibly make him lie quiet in his grave, till a Greek wizard counselled them to bury a black dog together with the body; which done, he lay still and gave them no farther trouble."—*Morgan's History of Algiers.*

"In supernatural affairs, dogs seem to possess a sedative virtue. When peace was made, about the year 1170, between the Earls of Holland and Flanders, 'it was concluded that Count Floris should send unto Count Philip, a thousand men, expert in making of ditches, to stop the hole which had beene made neere unto Dam, or the Sluce, whereby the countrey was drowned round about at everie high sea; the which the Flemings could by no means fill up, neither with wood, nor any other matter, for that all sunke as in a gulfe without any bottome; whereby, in succession of time, Bruges and all that jurisdiction, had been in daunger to have bin lost by inundation, and to become all sea, if it were not speedily repaired. Count Floris having taken possession of the isle of Walchran, returned into Holland, from whence hee sent the best workmen he could find in all his countries, into Flanders, to make dikes and causeies, and to stop the hole neere unto this Dam, or Sluce, and to recover the drowned land. These diggers being come to the place, they found at the entrie of this bottomless hole a Sea-dog, the which for six days together did nothing but crie out and howle very fearefully. They, not knowing what it might signifie, having consulted of this accident, they resolved to cast this dog into the hole. There was a mad-headed Hollander among the rest, who going into the bottome of the dike, tooke the dogge by the taile, and cast him into the middest of the gulfe; then speedily they cast earth and torfe into it, so as they found a bottome, and by little and little filled it up. And for that many workmen came to the repairing of this dike, who for that they would not be far from their worke, coucht in Cabines, which seemed to be a pretie towne, Count

Philip gave unto all these Hollanders, Zeelanders, and others, that would inhabit there, as much land as they could recover from Dam to Ardenbourg, for them and their successors for ever, with many other immunities and freedoms. By reason whereof many planted themselves there, and in succession of time, made a good towne there, the which by reason of this dog, which they cast into the hole, they named Hondtsdam, that is to say, a dog's sluce; Dam in Flemish signifying a sluce, and Hondt a dog; and therefore at this day, the said towne (which is simply called Dam) carrieth a dog in their arms and blason.'"—*Grimstone's Historie of the Netherlands*, 1608.

[44] *The vulture hovers yonder*, etc.—P. 44.

"The vulture is very serviceable in Arabia, clearing the earth of all carcasses, which corrupt very rapidly in hot countries. He also destroys the field mice, which multiply so prodigiously in some provinces, that, were it not for this assistance, the peasant might cease from the culture of the fields as absolutely vain. Their performance of these important services induced the ancient Egyptians to pay those birds divine honours, and even at present it is held unlawful to kill them in all the countries which they frequent."—*Niebuhr.*

[45] *His dog beside him*, etc.—P. 48.

"The Bedouins, who, at all points, are less superstitious than the Turks, have a breed of very tall grayhounds, which likewise mount guard around their tents; but they take great care of these useful servants, and have such an affection for them, that to kill the dog of a Bedouin would be to endanger your own life."—*Sonnini.*

[46] *Or comes the Father*, etc.—P. 48.

"The Arabs call the west and south-west winds which prevail from November to February, *the fathers of the rains.*" —*Volney.*

[47] *Entwines the strong palm-fibres*, etc.—P. 48.

"Of the palm leaves they make mattresses, baskets, and brooms; and of the branches all sorts of cage-work, square baskets for packing, that serve for many uses instead of boxes; and the ends of the boughs that grow next to the trunk being beaten like flax, the fibres separate, and being tied together at the narrow end, they serve for brooms."—*Pococke.*

[48] *Shapes the green basket*, etc.—P. 48.

"The doum, or wild palm-tree, grows in abundance, from which these people, when necessity renders them industrious, find great advantage. The shepherds, mule-drivers, camel-

drivers, and travellers, gather the leaves, of which they make mats, fringes, baskets, hats, *shooaris* or large wallets to carry corn, twine, ropes, girths, and covers for their pack saddles. This plant, with which also they heat their ovens, produces a mild and resinous fruit, that ripens in September and October. It is in form like the raisin, contains a kernel, and is astringent, and very proper to temper and counteract the effects of the watery and laxative fruits, of which these people in summer make an immoderate use. That Power which is ever provident to all, has spread this wild plant over their deserts to supply an infinity of wants that would otherwise heavily burthen a people so poor."—*Chenier*.

[49] *Or lingers it a vernal brook.*—P. 49.

"We passed two of those valleys so common in Arabia, which, when heavy rains fall, are filled with water, and are then called *wadi* or rivers, although perfectly dry at other times of the year. We now drew nearer to the river, of which a branch was dry, and having its channel filled with reeds, growing to the height of twenty feet, served as a line of road, which was agreeably shaded by the reeds."—*Niebuhr*.

"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away.

"Which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid:

"What time they wax warm they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place.

"The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing, and perish."—*Job* vi. 15.

[50] *Nor rich, nor poor*, etc.—P. 49.

"The simplicity, or perhaps more properly the poverty, of the lower class of the Bedouins, is proportionate to that of their chiefs. All the wealth of a family consists of moveables, of which the following is a pretty exact inventory. A few male and female camels, some goats and poultry, a mare and her bridle and saddle, a tent, a lance sixteen feet long, a crooked sabre, a rusty musket, with a flint or matchlock; a pipe, a portable mill, a pot for cooking, a leathern bucket, a small coffee roaster; a mat, some clothes, a mantle of black woollen, and a few glass or silver rings, which the women wear upon their legs and arms; if none of these are wanting, their furniture is complete. But what the poor man stands most in need of, and what he takes most pleasure in, is his mare; for this animal is his principal support. With his mare the Bedouin makes his excursions against hostile tribes, or seeks

plunder in the country, and on the highways. The mare is preferred to the horse because she does not neigh, is more docile, and yields milk, which, on occasions, satisfies the thirst and even the hunger of her master."—*Volney.*

"The Shaik," says Volney, "with whom I resided in the country of Gaza, about the end of 1784, passed for one of the most powerful of those districts; yet it did not appear to me that his expenditure was greater than that of an opulent farmer. His personal effects—consisting in a few pelisses, carpets, arms, horses, and camels—could not be estimated at more than fifty thousand livres (a little above two thousand pounds); and it must be observed, that in this calculation, four mares of the breed of racers are valued at six thousand livres (two hundred and fifty pounds), and each camel at ten pounds sterling. We must not, therefore, when we speak of the Bedouins, affix to the words Prince and Lord, the idea they usually convey; we should come nearer the truth by comparing them to substantial farmers, in mountainous countries, whose simplicity they resemble in their dress, as well as in their domestic life and manners. A Shaik, who has the command of five hundred horse, does not disdain to saddle and bridle his own, nor to give him his barley and chopped straw. In his tent, his wife makes the coffee, kneads the dough, and superintends the dressing of the victuals. His daughters and kinswomen wash the linen, and go with pitchers on their heads, and veils over their faces, to draw water from the fountain. These manners agree precisely with the descriptions in Homer, and the history of Abraham, in Genesis. But it must be owned that it is difficult to form a just idea of them without having ourselves been eye witnesses."—*Volney.*

[51] *No hoarded gold*, etc.—P. 49.

"Thus confined to the most absolute necessaries of life, the Arabs have as little industry as their wants are few; all their arts consist in weaving their clumsy tents, and in making mats and butter. Their whole commerce only extends to the exchanging camels, kids, stallions, and milk; for arms, clothing, a little rice or corn, and *money, which they bury.*"—*Volney.*

[52] *Grow in Oneiza's loom.*—P. 49.

"The chief manufacture among the Arabs is the making of *Hykes*, as they call woollen blankets, and webs of goats' hair for their tents. The women alone are employed in this work, as Andromache and Penelope were of old; who make no use of a shuttle, but conduct every thread of the woof with their fingers."—*Shaw.*

[54] *Or at the hand-mill*, etc.—P. 49.

"If mine heart have been deceived by a woman, or if I have laid wait at my neighbour's door,

"Then let my wife grind unto another."—*Job* xxxi. 9. 10.

[55] *With bare, wet arm*, etc.—P. 50.

"I was much amused by observing the dexterity of the Arab women in baking their bread. They have a small place built with clay, between two and three feet high, having a hole at the bottom for the convenience of drawing out the ashes, something similar to that of a lime-kiln. The oven (which I think is the most proper name for this place) is usually about fifteen inches wide at the top, and gradually grows wider to the bottom. It is heated with wood, and when sufficiently hot and perfectly clear from smoke, having nothing but clear embers at bottom (which continue to reflect great heat), they prepare the dough in a large bowl, and mould the cakes to the desired size on a board or stone placed near the oven. After they have kneaded the cake to a proper consistence, they pat it a little, then toss it about with great dexterity in one hand, till it is as thin as they choose to make it. They then wet one side of it with water, at the same time wetting the hand and arm with which they put it into the oven. The wet side of the cake adheres fast to the side of the oven till it is sufficiently baked, when, if not paid sufficient attention to, it would fall down among the embers. If they were not exceedingly quick at this work, the heat of the oven would burn the skin from off their hands and arms; but with such amazing dexterity do they perform it, that one woman will continue keeping three or four cakes at a time in the oven till she has done baking. This mode, let me add, does not require half the fuel that is made use of in Europe."—*Jackson*.

[56] *Sheaths its young fruit, yet green*.—P. 50.

"Tamarinds grow on great trees, full of branches, whereof the leaves are not bigger than, nor unlike to, the leaves of pimpernel, only something longer. The flower at first is like the peach's, but at last turns white, and puts forth its fruit at the end of certain strings; as soon as the sun is set, the leaves close up the fruit, to preserve it from the dew, and open as soon as that luminary appears again. The fruit at first is green, but ripening it becomes of a dark gray, drawing towards a red, inclosed in husks, brown or tawny, of taste a little bitter, like our prunelloes. The tree is as big as a walnut-tree, full of leaves, bearing its fruit at the branches, like the sheath of a knife, but not so straight, rather bent like a bow."
—*Mandelslo*.

[56] *Intones the holy Book.*—P. 50.

"I have often," says Niebuhr, "heard the Sheiks sing passages from the Koran. They never strain the voice by attempting to raise it too high, and this natural music pleased me very much.

"The airs of the Orientals are all grave and simple. They chuse their singers to sing so distinctly, that every word may be comprehended. When several instruments are played at once, and accompanied by the voice, you hear them all render the same melody, unless some one mingles a running bass, either singing or playing, always in the same key. If this music is not greatly to our taste, ours is as little to the taste of the Orientals."—*Niebuhr. Description.*

[57] *Its marble walls*, etc.—P. 50.

"The Mosques, which they pronounce Mesg-jid, are built exactly in the fashion of our churches, where, instead of such seats and benches as we make use of, they only strew the floor with mats, upon which they perform the several sittings and prostrations that are enjoined in their religion. Near the middle, particularly of the principal Mosque of each city, there is a large pulpit erected, which is ballustraded round, with about half a dozen steps leading up to it. Upon these (for I am told none are permitted to enter the pulpit), the Mufty, or one of the Im-ams, placeth himself every Friday, the day of the congregation, as they call it, and from thence either explaineth some part or other of the Koran, or else exhorteth the people to piety and good works. That end of these Mosques which regards Mecca, whither they direct themselves throughout the whole course of their devotions, is called the Kiblah, in which there is commonly a niche, representing, as a judicious writer conjectures, the presence, and at the same time the invisibility, of the Deity. There is usually a square tower erected at the other end, with a flag-staff upon the top of it. Hither the crier ascends at the appointed times, and, displaying a small flag, advertiseth the people, with a loud voice, from each side of the battlements, of the hour of prayer. These places of the Mohammedan worship, together with the Mufty, Im-ams, and other persons belonging to them, are maintained out of certain revenues arising from the rents of lands and houses, either left by will, or set apart by the public for that use."—*Shaw.*

"All the Mosques are built nearly in the same style. They are of an oblong square form, and covered in the middle with a large dome, on the top of which is fixed a gilt crescent. In front there is a handsome portico covered with

several small cupolas, and raised one step above the pavement of the court. The Turks, sometimes in the hot season, perform their devotions there; and between the columns, upon cross iron bars, are suspended a number of lamps, for illuminations on Thursday nights, and on all festivals. The entrance into the Mosque is by one large door. All these edifices are solidly built of freestone, and in several the domes are covered with lead. The minarets stand on one side, adjoining to the body of the Mosque. They are sometimes square, but more commonly round, and taper. The gallery for the *maazeen*, or criers, projecting a little from the column near the top, has some resemblance to a rude capital; and from this the spire, tapering more in proportion than before, soon terminates in a point crowned with a crescent."—*Russel's Aleppo.*

[58] *The Stars of heaven their point of prayer.*—P. 50.

"The Keabê is the point of direction and the centre of union for the prayers of the whole human race, as the Beïth-mâmour* is for those of all the celestial beings; the Kursy † for those of the four archangels, and the Arsch ‡ for those of the cherubims and seraphims who guard the throne of the Almighty. The inhabitants of Mecca, who enjoy the happiness of contemplating the Keabê, are obliged, when they pray, to fix their eyes upon the sanctuary; but they who are at a distance from this valuable privilege, are required only, during prayer, to direct their attention towards that hallowed edifice. The believer who is ignorant of the position of the Keabê, must use every endeavour to gain a knowledge of it; and after he has shown great solicitude, whatever be his success, his prayer is valid."—*D'Ohsson.*

[59] *Rest on the pillar of the tent.*—P. 50.

"The Bedoweens live in tents, called *Hhymas*, from the shade they afford the inhabitants, and *Beet el Shar*, Houses of hair, from the matter they are made of. They are the same with what the ancients called Mapalia, which being then, as they are to this day, secured from the heat and inclemency of the weather, by a covering only of such hair-cloth as our

* Beïth-mâmour, which means the house of prosperity and felicity, is the ancient Keaba of Mecca; which, according to tradition, was taken up into heaven by the angels at the deluge, where it was placed perpendicularly over the present sanctuary.

† Kursy, which signifies a seat, is the eighth firmament.

‡ Arsch is the throne of the Almighty, which is thought to be placed on the ninth, which is the highest of the firmaments.

coal sacks are made of, might very justly be described by Virgil to have thin roofs. When we find any number of them together (and I have seen from three to three hundred), then they are usually placed in a circle, and constitute a Douwar. The fashion of each tent is the same, being of an oblong figure, not unlike the bottom of a ship turned upside down, as Sallust hath long ago described them. However, they differ in bigness, according to the number of people who live in them: and are accordingly supported, some with one pillar, others with two or three: whilst a curtain or carpet placed, upon occasion, at each of these divisions, separateth the whole into so many apartments. The pillar which I have mentioned, is a straight pole, eight or ten feet high, and three or four inches in thickness, serving not only to support the tent, but being full of hooks fixed there for the purpose, the Arabs hang upon it their clothes, baskets, saddles, and accoutrements of war. Holofernes, as we read in Judith 13. 16., made the like use of the pillar of his tent, by hanging his fauchin upon it: it is there called the *pillar of the bed*, from the custom, perhaps, that hath always prevailed, of having the upper end of the carpet, matrass, or whatever else they lie upon, turned from the skirts of the tent that way. But the Canopy, as we render it (verse 9) should, I presume, be rather called the gnat or muskeeta net, which is a close curtain of gauze or fine linen, used all over the Levant, by people of better fashion, to keep out the flies. The Arabs have nothing of this kind; who, in taking their rest, lie horizontally upon the ground, without bed, matrass, or pillow, wrapping themselves up only in their *Hykes*, and lying, as they find room, upon a mat or carpet, in the middle or corner of the tent. Those who are married, have each of them a corner of the tent, cantoned off with a curtain."—*Shaw.*

"The tents of the Moors are somewhat of a conic form, are seldom more than eight or ten feet in the centre, and from twenty to twenty-five in length. Like those of the remotest antiquity, their figure is that of a ship overset, the keel of which is only seen. These tents are made of twine, composed of goats' hair, camels' wool, and the leaves of the wild palm, so that they keep out water; but, being black, they produce a disagreeable effect at a distant view."—*Chenier.*

[60] *Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow.*—P. 50.

"In the kingdom of Imam, the men of all ranks shave their heads. In some other countries of Yemen, all the Arabs, even the sheiks themselves, let their hair grow, and wear neither bonnet nor *Sasch*, but a handkerchief instead, in which

they tie their hair behind. Some let it fall upon their shoulders, and bind a small cord round their heads instead of a turban. The Bedouins, upon the frontiers of Hedsjas and of Yemen, wear a bonnet of palm-leaves, neatly platted."—*Niebuhr.*

[61] *So listen they the reed*, etc.—P. 50.

"The music of the Bedoweens rarely consists of more than one strain, suitable to their homely instruments, and to their simple invention. The Arabebbah, as they call the bladder and string, is in the highest vogue, and doubtless of great antiquity; as is also the Gaspah, which is only a common reed, open at each end, having the side of it bored, with three or more holes, according to the ability of the person who is to touch it: though the compass of their tunes rarely or never exceeds an octave. Yet sometimes, even in this simplicity of harmony, they observe something of method and ceremony; for in their historical *Cantatas* especially, they have their preludes and symphonies; each stanza being introduced with a flourish from the Arabebbah, while the narration itself is accompanied with the softest touches they are able to make, upon the Gaspah. The Tarr, another of their instruments, is made like a sieve, consisting (as Isidore describeth the Tympanum) of a thin rim or hoop of wood, with a skin of parchment stretched over the top of it. This serves for the bass in all their concerts, which they accordingly touch very artfully with their fingers, and the knuckles or palms of their hands, as the time and measure require, or as force and softness are to be communicated to the several parts of the performance. The Tarr is undoubtedly the Tympanum of the ancients, which appears as well from the general use of it all over Barbary, Egypt, and the Levant, as from the method of playing upon it, and the figure of the instrument itself, being exactly of the same fashion with what we find in the hands of Cybele and the Bacchanals among the basso-relievos and statues of the ancients."—*Shaw.*

"The Arabs have the *Cussuba*, or cane, which is only a piece of large cane, or reed, with stops, or holes, like a flute, and somewhat longer, which they adorn with tassels of black silk, and play upon like the German flute.

"The young fellows, in several towns, play prettily enough on pipes, made, and sounding very much like our flageolet, of the thigh-bone of cranes, storks, or such large fowl.

"How great soever may have been the reputation the Libyans once had, of being famous musicians, and of having invented the pipe or flute, called by Greek authors *Hippophorbos*, I fancy few of them would be now much liked at our opera. As for this *tibicen*, flute or pipe, it is certainly lost, except it be

the *gayta*, somewhat like the hautbois, called *surna*, in Turkish, a martial instrument. Julius Pollux, in a chapter entitled *De tibiarum specie*, says, *Hippophorbos quam quidem Libyes Scenetes invenerunt;* and, again, showing the use and quality thereof, *hæc verò apud equorum pascua utuntur, ejusque materia decorticata laurus est, cor enim ligni extractum acutissimam dat sonum.* The sound of the *gayta* agrees well with this description, though not the make. Several poets mention the *tibicen Libycus* and *Arabicus:* and Athenæus quotes Duris, and says, *Libycas tibia Poetæ appellant, ut inquit Duris, libro secundo de rebus gestis Agathoclis, quod Scirites, primus, ut credunt, tibicinum artis inventor, é gente Nomadum Libycorum fuerit, primusque tibia Cercalium hymnorum cantor."—Morgan's History of Algiers.*

[62] *Or if he strung the pearls of Poesy.*—P. 50.

Persæ "pulcherrimâ usi translatione, pro *versûs facere* dicunt *margaritas nectere;* quemadmodum in illo Ferdusii versiculo '*Siquidem calami acumine adamantino*' margaritas nexi, *in scientiæ mare penitus me immersi.*"—*Poeseos Asiatiæ Commentarii.*

This is a favourite Oriental figure. "After a little time, lifting his head from the collar of reflection, he removed the talisman of silence from the treasure of speech, and scattered skirts-full of brilliant gems and princely pearls before the company in his mirth-exciting deliveries."—*Buhar-Danush.*

Again, in the same work—"he began to weigh his stored pearls in the scales of delivery."

Abu Temam, who was a celebrated poet himself, used to say, that "fine sentiments, delivered in prose, were like gems scattered at random; but that when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets and strings of pearls."—*Sir W. Jones. Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.*

In Mr. Carlyle's translations from the Arabic, a poet says of his friends and himself,

> "They are a row of Pearls, and I
> The silken thread on which they lie."

I quote from memory, and recollect not the author's name. It is somewhat remarkable, that the same metaphor is among the quaintnesses of Fuller. "Benevolence is the silken thread, that should run through the pearl chain of our virtues."—*Holy State.*

"It seems the Arabs are still great rhymers, and their verses are sometimes rewarded; but I should not venture to say, that there are great poets among them. Yet I was assured in Yemen, that it is not uncommon to find them among the

wandering Arabs in the country of Dejâf. It is some few years since a Sheik of these Arabs was in prison at Sana: seeing by chance a bird upon a roof opposite to him, he recollected that the devout Mohammedans believe they perform an action agreeable to God in giving liberty to a bird encaged. He thought, therefore, he had as much right to liberty as a bird, and made a poem upon the subject, which was first learnt by his guards, and then became so popular, that at last it reached the Imam. He was so pleased with it, that he liberated the Sheik, whom he had arrested for his robberies."—*Niebuhr. Des. de l'Arabie.*

[63] *A tale of love and woe.*—P. 50.

"They are fond of singing with a forced voice in the high tones, and one must have lungs like theirs to support the effort for a quarter of an hour. Their airs, in point of character and execution, resemble nothing we have heard in Europe, except the Seguidillas of the Spaniards. They have divisions more laboured even than those of the Italians, and cadences and inflections of tone impossible to be imitated by European throats. Their performance is accompanied with sighs and gestures, which paint the passions in a more lively manner than we should venture to allow. They may be said to excel most in the melancholy strain. To behold an Arab with his head inclined, his hand applied to his ear, his eye-brows knit, his eyes languishing; to hear his plaintive tones, his lengthened notes, his sighs and sobs, it is almost impossible to refrain from tears, which, as their expression is, are far from bitter: and, indeed, they must certainly find a pleasure in shedding them, since among all their songs they constantly prefer that which excites them most, as among all accomplishments singing is that they most admire."—*Volney.*

"All their literature consists in reciting tales and histories, in the manner of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' They have a peculiar passion for such stories; and employ in them almost all their leisure, of which they have a great deal. In the evening they seat themselves on the ground at the door of their tents, or under cover if it be cold, and there, ranged in a circle, round a little fire of dung, their pipes in their mouths, and their legs crossed, they sit awhile in silent meditation, till, on a sudden, one of them breaks forth with, *Once upon a time,*—and continues to recite the adventures of some young Sheik and female Bedouin: he relates in what manner the youth first got a secret glimpse of his mistress, and how he became desperately enamoured of her: he minutely describes the lovely fair, extols her black eyes, as large and soft as those of the gazelle; her languid and impassioned looks; her arched eye-brows, resembling two bows of ebony; her waist, straight and supple as a

lance; he forgets not her steps, light as those of the *young filley*, nor her eye-lashes blackened with *kohl*, nor her lips painted blue, nor her nails, tinged with the golden-coloured *henna*, nor her breasts, resembling two pomegranates, nor her words, sweet as honey. He recounts the sufferings of the young lover, *so wasted with desire and passion, that his body no longer yields any shadow.* At length, after detailing his various attempts to see his mistress, the obstacles on the part of the parents, the invasions of the enemy, the captivity of the two lovers, etc., he terminates, to the satisfaction of the audience, by restoring them, united and happy, to the paternal tent, and by receiving the tribute paid to his eloquence, in the *ma sha alla* * he has merited. The Bedouins have likewise their love songs, which have more sentiment and nature in them than those of the Turks, and inhabitants of the towns; doubtless, because the former, whose manners are chaste, know what love is; while the latter, abandoned to debauchery, are acquainted only with enjoyment."—*Volney.*

[64] *The mother ostrich fixes on her egg.*—P. 51.

"We read in an old Arabian manuscript, that when the ostrich would hatch her eggs, she does not cover them as other fowls do, but both the male and female contribute to hatch them by the efficacy of their looks only; and, therefore, when one has occasion to go to look for food, it advertises its companion by its cry, and the other never stirs during its absence, but remains with its eyes fixed upon the eggs, till the return of its mate, and then goes in its turn to look for food: and this care of theirs is so necessary, that it cannot be suspended for a moment; for, if it should, their eggs would immediately become addle."—*Vanslebe. Harris's Collection.*

This is said to emblem the perpetual attention of the Creator to the universe.

[65] *Round her smooth ankles, and her tawny arms.*—P. 51.

"She had laid aside the rings which used to grace her ankles, lest the sound of them should expose her to calamity." —*Asiatic Researches.*

"Most of the Indian women have on each arm, and also above the ankle, ten or twelve rings of gold, silver, ivory, or coral. They spring on the leg, and, when they walk, make a noise, with which they are much pleased. Their hands and toes are generally adorned with large rings."—*Sonnerat.*

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their

* An exclamation of praise equivalent to *admirably well!*

tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon.

"The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers,
The bonnets, and *the ornaments of the legs*," etc.
—*Isaiah* iii. 18.

[66] *Were her long fingers tinged.*—P. 51.

"His fingers, in beauty and slenderness appearing as the *Yed Bieza*,* or the rays of the sun, being tinged with Hinna, seemed branches of transparent red coral."—*Bahar-Danush.*

"She dispenses gifts with small delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of Dabia, or dentifrices made of esel wood."—*Moallakat. Poem of Amriolkais.*

"The Hinna, says the translator of the 'Bahar-Danush,' is esteemed not merely ornamental, but medicinal: and I have myself often experienced in India, a most refreshing coolness through the whole habit, from an embrocation, or rather plaster of Hinna, applied to the soles of my feet, by prescription of a native physician. The effect lasted for some days. Bruce says it is used not only for ornament, but as an astringent to keep the hands and feet dry."

This unnatural fashion is extended to animals.

"Departing from the town of Anna, we met, about five hundred paces from the gate, a young man of good family, followed by two servants, and mounted, in the fashion of the country, upon an ass, whose rump was painted red."—*Tavernier.*

In Persia, "they dye the tails of those horses which are of a light colour with red or orange."—*Hanway.*

Ali, the Moor, to whose capricious cruelty Mungo Park was so long exposed, "always rode upon a milk-white horse, with its tail dyed red."

When Pietro della Valle went to Jerusalem, all his camels were made orange-colour with henna. He says he had seen in Rome the manes and tails of certain horses which came from Poland and Hungary, coloured in like manner. He conceived it to be the same plant, which was sold in a dry or pulverised state, at Naples, to old women to die their gray hairs flaxen.

Alfenado, a word derived from Alfena, the Portuguese or Moorish name of this plant, is still used in Portugal as a phrase of contempt for a fop.

[67] *The light shone rosy? that the darkened lids*, etc.—P. 51.

The blackened eye-lids and the reddened fingers were Eastern customs, in use among the Greeks. They are still among

* The miraculously shining hand of Moses.

the tricks of the Grecian toilette. The females of the rest of Europe have never added them to their list of ornaments.

[68] *Wreathed the red flower-crown round*, etc.—P. 51.

"The Mimosa Selam produces splendid flowers of a beautiful red colour, with which the Arabians crown their heads on their days of festival."—*Niebuhr.*

[69] *Their work was done, their path of ruin past.*—P. 52.

"The large locusts, which are nearly three inches long, are not the most destructive; as they fly, they yield to the current of the wind, which hurries them into the sea, or into sandy deserts, where they perish with hunger or fatigue. The young locusts, that cannot fly, are the most ruinous; they are about fifteen lines in length, and the thickness of a goose quill. They creep over the country in such multitudes, that they leave not a blade of grass behind; and the noise of their feeding announces their approach at some distance. The devastations of locusts increase the price of provisions, and often occasion famines; but the Moors find a kind of compensation in making food of these insects; prodigious quantities are brought to the market salted and dried like red herrings. They have an oily and rancid taste, which habit only can render agreeable; they are eat here, however, with pleasure.

"In 1778, the empire of Morocco was ravaged by these insects. In the summer of that year, such clouds of locusts came from the south, that they darkened the air, and devoured a part of the harvest. Their offspring, which they left on the ground, committed still much greater mischief. Locusts appeared, and bred anew in the following year, so that in the spring the country was wholly covered, and they crawled one over the other in search of their subsistence.

"It has been remarked, in speaking of the climate of Morocco, that the young locusts are those which are the most mischievous; and that it seems almost impossible to rid the land of these insects and their ravages, when the country once becomes thus afflicted. In order to preserve the houses and gardens in the neighbourhood of cities, they dig a ditch two feet in depth, and as much in width. This they pallisade with reeds close to each other, and inclined inward toward the ditch; so that the insects, unable to climb up the slippery reed, fall back into the ditch, where they devour one another.

"This was the means by which the gardens and vineyards of Rabat, and the city itself, were delivered from this scourge, in 1779. The intrenchment, which was at least a league in ex-

tent, formed a semicircle from the sea to the river, which separates Rabat from Sallee. The quantity of young locusts here assembled was so prodigious, that, on the third day, the ditch could not be approached because of the stench. The whole country was eaten up, the very bark of the fig, pomegranate, and orange-tree, bitter, hard, and corrosive as it was, could not escape the voracity of these insects.

"The lands, ravaged throughout all the western provinces, produced no harvest; and the Moors being obliged to live on their stores, which the exportation of corn (permitted till 1774) had drained, began to feel a dearth. Their cattle, for which they make no provision, and which, in these climates, have no other subsistence than than of daily grazing, died with hunger; nor could any be preserved but those which were in the neighbourhood of mountains, or in marshy grounds, where the regrowth of pasturage is more rapid.

"In 1780, the distress was still farther increased. The dry winter had checked the products of the earth, and given birth to a new generation of locusts, who devoured whatever had escaped from the inclemency of the season. The husbandman did not reap even what he had sowed, and found himself destitute of food, cattle, or seed corn. In this time of extreme wretchedness, the poor felt all the horrors of famine. They were seen wandering over the country to devour roots, and, perhaps, abridged their days, by digging into the entrails of the earth in search of the crude means by which they might be preserved.

"Vast numbers perished of indigestible food and want. I have beheld country people in the roads, and in the streets, who had died of hunger, and who were thrown across asses to be taken and buried. Fathers sold their children. The husband, with the consent of his wife, would take her into another province, there to bestow her in marriage, as if she were his sister, and afterwards come and reclaim her when his wants were no longer so great. I have seen women and children run after camels, and rake in their dung, to seek for some indigested grain of barley, which, if they found, they devoured with avidity."—*Chenier.*

40 *From far Khorassan?*—P. 53.

"The Ahmelec, or eater of locusts, or grasshoppers, is a bird which better deserves to be described, perhaps, than most others of which travellers have given us an account, because the facts relating to it are not only strange in themselves, but so well and distinctly attested, that, however surprising they may seem, we cannot but afford them our belief. The food of

this creature is the locust, or the grasshopper; it is of the size of an ordinary hen, its feathers black, its wings large, and its flesh of a grayish colour. They fly generally in great flocks, as the starlings are wont to do with us. But the thing which renders these birds wonderful, is that they are so fond of the water of a certain fountain in Corasson, or Bactria, that wherever that water is carried they follow; on which account it is carefully preserved; for wherever the locusts fall, the Armenian priests, who are provided with this water, bring a quantity of it and place it in jars, or pour it into little channels in the fields; the next day whole troops of these birds arrive, and quickly deliver the people from the locusts."—*Universal History.*

Sir John Chardin has given us the following passage, from an ancient traveller, in relation to this bird:—"In Cyprus, about the time that the corn was ripe for the sickle, the earth produced such a quantity of cavalettes, or locusts, that they obscured sometimes the splendour of the sun. Wherever these came, they burnt and eat up all. For this there was no remedy, since, as fast as they were destroyed, the earth produced more; God, however, raised them up a means for their deliverance, which happened thus:—In Persia, near the city of Cuerch, there is a fountain of water, which has a wonderful property of destroying these insects; for a pitcher full of this being carried in the open air, without passing through house or vault, and being set on an high place, certain birds which follow it, and fly and cry after the men who carry it from the fountain, come to the place where it is fixed. These birds are red and black, and fly in great flocks together, like starlings; the Turks and Persians call them Musulmans. These birds no sooner came to Cyprus, but they destroyed the locusts with which the island was infested; but if the water be spilt or lost, these creatures immediately disappear; which accident fell out when the Turks took this island; for one of them going up into the steeple of Famagusta, and finding there a pitcher of this water, he, fancying that it contained gold or silver, or some precious thing, broke it and spilt what was therein; since which the Cypriots have been as much tormented as ever by the locusts."

"On the confines of the Medes and of Armenia, at certain times a great quantity of birds are seen who resemble our blackbirds, and they have a property sufficiently curious to make me mention it. When the corn in these parts begins to grow, it is astonishing to see the number of locusts with which all the fields are covered. The Armenians have no other method of delivering themselves from these insects, than by going in procession round the fields, and sprinkling them with a particular water, which they take care to preserve in their houses; for this water comes from a great distance. They fetch it from a

well belonging to one of their convents near the frontiers, and they say that the bodies of many Christian martyrs were formerly thrown into this well. These processions, and the sprinkling, continue three or four days; after which the birds that I have mentioned come in great flights; and whether it be that they eat the locusts, or drive them away, in two or three days the country is cleared of them."—*Tavernier.*

"At Mosul and at Haleb," says Niebuhr, "I heard much of the Locust Bird, without seeing it. They there call it *Samarmar*, or, as others pronounce it, *Samarmog.* It is said to be black, larger than a sparrow, and no ways pleasant to the palate. I am assured that it every day destroys an incredible number of locusts; they pretend, nevertheless, that the locusts sometimes defend themselves, and devour the bird with its feathers, when they have overpowered it by numbers. When the children in the frontier towns of Arabia catch a live locust, they place it before them, and cry *Samarmog!* And because it stoops down terrified at the noise, or at the motion of the child, or clings more closely to its place, the children believe that it fears the name of its enemy, that it hides itself, and attempts to throw stones. The *Samarmog* is not a native of Mosul or Haleb, but they go to seek it in Khorassan with much ceremony. When the locusts multiply very greatly, the government sends persons worthy of trust to a spring near the village of *Samarun*, situated in a plain between four mountains, by *Mesched*, or *Musa er ridda*, in that province of Persia. The deputies, with the ceremonies prescribed, fill a chest with this water, and pitch the chest so that the water may neither evaporate nor be spilt before their return. From the spring to the town whence they were sent, the chest must always be between heaven and earth; they must neither place it on the ground, nor under any roof, lest it should lose all its virtue. Mosul being surrounded with a wall, the water must not pass under the gate-way, but it is received over the wall, and the chest placed upon the Mosque *Nebbi-Gurgis*, a building which was formerly a church, and which, in preference to all the other buildings, has had from time immemorial the honour to possess this chest upon its roof. When this precious water has been brought from Khorassan with the requisite precautions, the common Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews of Mosul, believe that the *Samarmog* follows the water, and remains in the country as long as there is a single drop left in the chest of *Nebbi-Gurgis.* Seeing one day a large stork's nest upon this vessel, I told a Christian of some eminence in the town how much I admired the quick smell of the *Samarmog*, who perceived the smell of the water through such a quantity of ordure; he did not

answer me, but was very much scandalised that the government should have permitted the stork to make her nest upon so rare a treasure, and still more angry, that, for more than nine years, the government had not sent to procure fresh water."—*Niebuhr. Desc. de l'Arabie.*

Dr. Russel describes this bird as about the size of a starling; the body of a flesh colour, the rest of its plumage black, the bill and legs black also.

[71] *For these mysterious lines were legible.*—P. 54.

"The locusts are remarkable for the hieroglyphics that they bear upon the forehead; their colour is green throughout the whole body, excepting a little yellow rim that surrounds their head, which is lost at their eyes. This insect has two upper wings pretty solid; they are green like the rest of the body, except that there is in each a little white spot. The locust keeps them extended like great sails of a ship going before the wind; it has besides two other wings underneath the former, and which resemble a light transparent stuff pretty much like a cobweb, and which it makes use of in the manner of smack sails that are along a vessel; but when the locust reposes herself, she does so like a vessel that lies at anchor, for she keeps the second sails furled under the first."—*Norden.*

The Mohammedans believe some mysterious meaning is contained in the lines upon the locust's forehead.

I compared the description in the poem with a locust which was caught in Leicestershire. It is remarkable that a single insect should have found its way so far inland.

[72] *Flies the large-headed screamer of the night.*—P. 55.

An Arabian expression from the Moallakat:—"She turns her right side, as if she were in fear of some large-headed screamer of the night."—*Poem of Antara.*

[73] *Glare in the darkness of that dreadful noon.*—P. 55.

In the ninth volume of the "Spectator" is an account of the total eclipse of the sun, Friday, April 22, 1715. It is in a strain of vile bombast; yet some circumstances are so fine, that even such a writer could not spoil them:—"The different modifications of the light formed colours the eye of man has been five hundred years unacquainted with, and for which I can find no name, unless I may be allowed to call it a dark gloomy sort of light, that scattered about a more sensible and genuine horror than the most consummate darkness. All the birds were struck dumb, and hung their wings in moody sorrow; some few pigeons, that were on the wing, were afraid

of being benighted even in the morn, alighted, and took shelter in the houses. The heat went away by degrees with the light. But when the rays of the sun broke out afresh, the joy and the thanks that were in me, that God made to us these signs and marks of His power before He exercised it, were exquisite, and such as never worked upon me so sensibly before. With my own ears I heard a cock crow as at the dawn of day, and he welcomed with a strange gladness, which was plainly discoverable by the cheerful notes of his voice, the sun at its second rising, and the returning light."

The paper is signed B., and is perhaps by Sir Richard Blackmore.

[74] *How great our fathers were, how little we.*—P. 59.

"The Mussulmans are immutably prepossessed, that as the earth approaches its dissolution, its sons and daughters gradually decrease in their dimensions. As for Dagjial, they say, he will find the race of mankind dwindled into such diminutive pigmies, that their habitations in cities, and all the best towns, will be of no other fabric than the shoes and slippers made in these present ages, placed in rank and file, in seemly and regular order; allowing one pair for two round families."—*Morgan's History of Algiers.*

"The Cady then asked me, 'If I knew when Hagiuge was to come?' 'I have no wish to know any thing about him,' said I; 'I hope those days are far off, and will not happen in my time.' 'What do your books say concerning him?' says he, affecting a look of great wisdom. 'Do they agree with ours?' 'I don't know that,' said I, 'till I hear what is written in your books.' 'Hagiuge Magiuge,' says he, 'are little people not so big as bees, or like the zimb, or fly of Sennaar, that come in great swarms out of the earth, ay, in multitudes that cannot be counted; two of their chiefs are to ride upon an ass, and every hair of that ass is to be a pipe, and every pipe is to play a different kind of music, and all that hear and follow them are to be carried to hell.' 'I know them not,' said I; 'and, in the name of the Lord, I fear them not, were they twice as little as you say they are, and twice as numerous. I trust in God I shall never be so fond of music as to go to hell after an ass, for all the tunes that he or they can play.'"—*Bruce.*

These very little people, according to Thevenot, are to be great drinkers, and will drink the sea dry.

[75] *In the mild lustre,* etc.—P. 60.

The story of Haruth and Maruth, as in the Poem, may be

found in D'Herbelot, and in Sale's notes to the Koran. Of the different accounts, I have preferred that which makes Zohara originally a woman, and metamorphoses her into the planet Venus, to that which says the planet Venus descended as Zohara to tempt the angels.

The Arabians have so childish a love of rhyme, that when two names are usually coupled they make them jingle, as in the case of Haruth and Maruth. Thus they call Cain and Abel, Abel and Kabel. I am informed that the Koran is crowded with rhymes, more particularly at the conclusion of the chapters.

[76] *A precious price, the knowledge of the name*
Of God.—P. 60.

"Tho Ism-Allah—the Science of the Name of God.

"They pretend that God is the lock of this science, and Mohammed the key; that consequently none but Mohammedans can attain it; that it discovers what passes in distant countries; that it familiarises the possessors with the Genii, who are at the command of the initiated, and who instruct them; that it places the winds and the seasons at their disposal; that it heals the bite of serpents, the lame, the maimed, and the blind. They say, that some of their greatest saints, such as *Abdulkadir Cheilani* of Bagdad, and *Ibn Alwan*, who resided in the south of Yemen, were so far advanced in this science by their devotion, that they said their prayers every noon in the Kaba of Mecca, and were not absent from their own houses any other part of the day. A merchant of Mecca, who had learnt it in all its forms from Mohammed el Dsjanâdsjeni (at present so famous in that city), pretended that he himself being in danger of perishing at sea, had fastened a billet to the mast with the usual ceremonies, and that immediately the tempest ceased. He showed me at Bombay, but at a distance, a book which contained all sorts of figures and mathematical tables, with instructions how to arrange the billets and the appropriate prayers for every circumstance. But he would neither suffer me to touch the book, nor copy the title.

"There are some Mohammedans who shut themselves up in a dark place without eating and drinking for a long time, and there with a loud voice repeat certain short prayers till they faint. When they recover, they pretend to have seen not only a crowd of spirits, but God Himself, and even the Devil. But the true initiated in the Ism-Allah do not seek these visions. The secret of discovering hidden treasures belongs also, if I mistake not, to the Ism-Allah."—*Niebuhr.*

[77] *Huge as the giant race of elder times.*—P. 61.

"One of the Arabs whom we saw from afar, and who was mounted upon a camel, seemed higher than a tower, and to be moving in the air; at first this was to me a strange appearance, however it was only the effect of refraction. The camel which the Arab was upon touched the ground like all others. There was nothing then extraordinary in this phenomenon, and I afterwards saw many appearances exactly similar in the dry countries."—*Niebuhr.*

"They surprised you, not indeed by a sudden assault; but they advanced, and the sultry vapour of noon, through which you saw them, increased their magnitude."—*Moallakat. Poem of Hareth.*

[78] *So in his loosen'd cloak*
The Old Man wrapt himself.—P. 62.

"One of these *hykes* is usually six yards long and five or six feet broad, serving the Arab for a complete dress in the day, and for his bed and covering in the night. It is a loose but troublesome kind of garment, being frequently disconcerted and falling upon the ground, so that the person who wears it is every moment obliged to tuck it up, and fold it anew about his body. This shows the great use there is for a girdle in attending any active employment; and in consequence thereof, the force of the Scripture injunction alluding thereunto, of *having our loins girded.* The method of wearing these garments, with the use they are at other times put to, in serving for coverlets to their beds, should induce us to take the finer sort of them at least, such as are wore by the ladies and persons of distinction, to be the *peplus* of the ancients. It is very probable, likewise, that the loose folding garment (the *toga* I take it to be) of the Romans, was of this kind; for if the drapery of their statues is to instruct us, this is actually no other than what the Arabs appear in, when they are folded up in their *hykes.* Instead of the *fibula*, they join together, with thread or a wooden bodkin, the two upper corners of this garment, which, being first placed over one of their shoulders, they fold the rest of it afterwards round their bodies."—*Shaw.*

"The employment of the women is to prepare their wool, spin, and weave in looms hung lengthways in their tents. These looms are formed by a list of an ell and a half long, to which the threads of the warp are fixed at one end, and at the other on a roller of equal length; the weight of which, being suspended, keeps them stretched. The threads of the warp are so hung as to be readily intersected. Instead of shuttles,

the women pass the thread of the woof through the warp with their fingers, and with an iron coomb, having a handle, press the woof to give a body to their cloth. Each piece, of about five ells long, and an ell and a half wide, is called a *haick;* it receives neither dressing, milling, nor dying, but is immediately fit for use. It is the constant dress of the Moors of the country, is without seam, and incapable of varying, according to the caprices of fashion: when dirty it is washed. The Moor is wrapped up in it day and night; and this *haick* is the living model of the drapery of the ancients."—*Chenier.*

"If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down.

"For that is his covering only, it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep?"—*Exodus*, xxii. 26, 27.

[79] *Consuming still in flames, and still renew'd.*—P. 65.

"Fear the fire, whose fuel is men and stones prepared for the unbelievers."—*Koran*, chapter 2.

"Verily, those who disbelieve our signs, we will surely cast to be broiled in hell fire; so often as their skins shall be well burned, we will give them other skins in exchange, that they may take the sharper torment."—*Koran*, chapter 4.

[80] *Their waving wings his sun-shield.*—P. 66.

"The Arabians attribute to Solomon a perpetual enmity and warfare against wicked genii and giants; on the subject of his wonder-working ring, their tales are innumerable. They have even invented a whole race of Pre-Adamite Solomons, who, according to them, governed the world successively, to the number of forty, or, as others affirm, as many as seventy-two. All these made the evil genii their unwilling drudges." —*D'Herbelot.*

"Anchieta was going in a canoe to the mouth of the river Aldea, a delightful spot, surrounded with mango trees, and usually abounding with birds called goarazes, that breed there. These birds are about the size of a hen, their colour a rich purple, inclining to red. They are white when hatched, and soon become black; but as they grow larger, lose that colour, and take this rich and beautiful purple. Our navigators had reached the place, but when they should have enjoyed the fine prospect which delights all who pass it, the sun was excessively hot; and this eye-pleasure was purchased dearly, when the whole body was in a profuse perspiration, and the rowers were in a fever. Their distress called upon Joseph, and the remedy was no new one to him. He saw three or four of these birds perched upon a mango, and calling to them in the Brazilian language, which the rowers understood, said, 'Go you, call

your companions, and come to shade these hot servants of the Lord.' The birds stretched out their necks, as if in obedience, and away they went to seek for others, and in a short time they came flying in the shape of an elegant cloud, and they shadowed the canoe a good league out to sea, till the fresh sea-breeze sprung up. Then he told them they might go about their business; and they separated with a clamour of rude but joyful sounds, which were only understood by the Author of Nature, who created them. This was a greater miracle than that of the cloud with which God defended His chosen people in the wilderness from the heat of the sun, inasmuch as it was a more elegant and fanciful parasol."

This was one of Anchieta's common miracles. Jacob Biderman has an epigram upon the subject, quoted in the Jesuit's life.

The Jesuits probably stole this miracle from the Arabian story of Solomon; not that they are by any means deficient in invention; but they cannot be suspected of ignorance.

In a very old book, the *Margarita Philosophica*, is an account of a parasol more convenient, though not in so *elegant a taste*, as that of the wonder-worker Anchieta. There is said to be a nation of one legged-men; and one of these unipeds is represented in a print, lying on his back, under the shade of his own great foot. It is probably a classical lie.

The most quaint account of Solomon's wisdom is in Du Bartas:—

"Hee knowes . . . . .
Whether the Heavens sweet-sweating kisse appear
To be Pearls parent, and the Oysters pheer,
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall,
Cleer breeds the cleer, and stormy brings the pale:
Whether from sea the amber-greece be sent,
Or be some fishes pleasant excrement.
He knowes why the earth's immoveable and round,
The lees of Nature, centre of the mound;
Hee knows her mesure; and hee knows beside
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd),
Within the darknesse of the Conduit-pipes,
Amid the winding of our inward tripes,
Can so discreetly the *white humour* take."

—*Sylvester's Du Bartas.*

[81] *He rode the winds*, etc.—F: 66.

"And we made the wind* subject unto Solomon; it blew in the morning for a month, and in the evening for a month.

* They say that he had a carpet of green silk, on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for

And we made a fountain of molten brass to flow for him.* And some of the genii were obliged to work in his presence, by the will of his Lord; and whoever of them turned aside from our command, we will cause him to taste the pain of hell-fire.† They made for him whatever he pleased, of palaces and statues,‡ and large dishes, like fish-ponds,§ and cauldrons standing firm on their trovets.‖ And we said, 'Work righteousness, O family of David, with thanksgiving, for few of my servants are thankful. And when we had decreed that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death unto them, except the creeping thing of the earth, which gnawed his staff.' ¶

"And when his body fell down, the genii plainly perceived,

all his forces to stand on, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wheresoever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun.

* A fountain of molten brass. This fountain, they say, was in Yeman, and flowed three days in a month.

† We will cause him to taste the pain of hell-fire; or, as some expound the words, we caused him to taste the pain of burning; by which they understood the correction of the disobedient genii received at the hands of the angel set over them, who whipped them with a whip of fire.

‡ Statues. Some suppose these were images of the angels and prophets, and that the making of them was not forbidden, or else that they were not such images as were forbidden by the law. Some say these spirits made him two lions, which were placed at the foot of his throne, and two eagles, which were set above it; and that when he mounted it, the lions stretched out their paws, and that when he sat down, the eagles shaded him with their wings.

§ Dishes like fish-ponds; being so monstrously large, that a thousand men might eat out of each of them at once.

‖ And cauldrons standing firm on their trevets.—These cauldrons, they say, were cut out of the mountains of Yeman, and were so vastly big, that they could not be moved, and people went up to them by steps.

¶ Nothing discovered his death but the creeping thing of the earth, which gnawed his staff.—The commentators, to explain this passage, tells us, that David, having laid the foundations of the temple of Jerusalem, which was to be in lieu of the tabernacle of Moses, when he died, left it to be finished by his son Solomon, who employed the genii in the work; that Solomon, before the edifice was completed, perceiving his end drew nigh, begged of God that his death might be concealed from the genii, till they had entirely finished it; that God, therefore, so ordered it, that Solomon died as he stood at his prayers, leaning on his staff, which supported the body in that posture a full year; and the genii, supposing him to be alive, continued their work during that term; at the expiration whereof, the temple being perfectly completed, a worm, which had gotten into the staff, eat it through, and the corpse fell to the ground, and discovered the king's death.

Possibly this fable of the temple being built by genii, and not by men, might take its rise from what is mentioned in Scripture, that the house was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor tool of iron heard in the house, while it was building.

that if they had known that which is secret, they had not continued in a vile punishment."

[82] *Oh for the plover's pleasant cry.*—P. 69.

"In places where there was water, we found a beautiful variety of the plover."—*Niebuhr.*

[83] *Oh for the camel-driver's song.*—P. 69.

"The camels of the hot countries are not fastened one to the tail of the other as in cold climates, but suffered to go at their will like herds of cows. The camel-driver follows singing, and from time to time giving a sudden whistle. The louder he sings and whistles, the faster the camels go, and they stop as soon as he ceases to sing. The camel-drivers, to relieve each other, sing alternately; and when they wish their beasts to brouse for half an hour on what they can find, they amuse themselves by smoking a pipe, after which beginning again to sing, the camels immediately proceed."—*Tavernier.*

[84] *Even frantic famine loath'd.*—P. 70.

"At four in the afternoon we had an unexpected entertainment, which filled our hearts with a very short-lived joy. The whole plain before us seemed thick covered with green grass and yellow daisies. We advanced to the place with as much speed as our lame condition would suffer us; but how terrible was our disappointment, when we found the whole of that verdure to consist in senna and coloquintida, the most nauseous of plants, and the most incapable of being substituted as food for man or beast!"—*Bruce.*

[85] *Then from his girdle Thalaba took the knife.*—P. 71.

"The girdles of these people are usually of worsted, very artfully woven into a variety of figures, and made to wrap several times about their bodies; one end of them, by being doubled and sewn along the edges, serves them for a purse. The Turks and Arabs make a further use of their girdles, by fixing their knives and poniards in them; whilst the Hojias, *i. e.* the writers and secretaries, are distinguished by having an inkhorn, the badge of their office, suspended in the like situation."—*Shaw.*

[86] *Across the camel's throat.*—P. 71.

"On the road we passed the skeleton of a camel, which now and then happens in the desert. These are poor creatures

that have perished with fatigue: for those which are killed for the sustenance of the Arabs, are carried away, bones and altogether. Of the hides are made the soles of the slippers which are worn in Egypt, without any dressing but what the sun can give them. The circumstances of this animal's death, when his strength fails him on the road, have something in them affecting to humanity. Such are his patience and perseverance, that he pursues his journey without flagging, as he has power to support its weight; and such are his fortitude and spirit, that he will never give out, until nature sinks beneath the complicated ills which press upon him. Then, and then only, will he resign his burden and body to the ground. Nor stripes, nor caresses, nor food, nor rest, will make him rise again! His vigour is exhausted, and life ebbs out apace! This the Arabs are very sensible of, and kindly plunge a sword into the breast of the dying beast, to shorten his pangs. Even the Arab feels remorse when he commits this deed; his hardened heart is moved at the loss of a faithful servant."—*Eyles Irwin.*

In the *Monthly Magazine* for January, 1800, is a letter from Professor Heering recommending the introduction of these animals at the Cape; but the camel is made only for level countries. "This animal is very ill qualified to travel upon the snow or wet ground; the breadth in which they carry their legs, when they slip, often occasions their splitting themselves; so that when they fall with great burdens they seldom rise again."—*Jonas Hanway.*

"The African Arabs say, if one should put the question, *which is best for you, O camel, to go up hill or down?* he will make answer, *God's curse light on'em both, wheresoever they are to be met with.*"—*Morgan's History of Algiers.*

"No creature seems so peculiarly fitted to the climate in which it exists. We cannot doubt the nature of the one has been adapted to that of the other by some *disposing intelligence.* Designing the camel to dwell in a country where he can find little nourishment, nature has been sparing of her materials in the whole of his formation. She has not bestowed upon him the plump fleshiness of the ox, horse, or elephant; but limiting herself to what is strictly necessary, she has given him a small head without ears, at the end of a long neck without flesh. She has taken from his legs and thighs every muscle not immediately requisite for motion; and, in short, has bestowed on his withered body only the vessels and tendons necessary to connect his frame together. She has furnished him with a strong jaw, that he may grind the hardest aliments; but lest he should consume too much, she has contracted his stomach, and obliged him to chew the cud.

She has lined his foot with a lump of flesh, which, sliding in the mud, and being no way adapted for climbing, fits him only for a dry, level, and sandy soil, like that of Arabia. She has evidently destined him likewise to slavery, by refusing him every sort of defence against his enemies. Destitute of the horns of the bull, the hoofs of the horse, the tooth of the elephant, and the swiftness of the stag, how can the camel resist or avoid the attacks of the lion, the tiger, or even the wolf? To preserve the species, therefore, nature has concealed him in the depths of the vast deserts, where the want of vegetables can attract no game, and whence the want of game repels every voracious animal. Tyranny must have expelled man from the habitable parts of the earth, before the camel could have lost his liberty. Become domestic, he has rendered habitable the most barren soil the world contains. He alone supplies all his master's wants. The milk of the camel nourishes the family of the Arab, under the various forms of curds, cheese, and butter; and they often feed upon his flesh. Slippers and harness are made of his skin, and tents and clothing of his hair. Heavy burthens are transported by his means, and when the earth denies forage to the horse, so valuable to the Bedouin, the she-camel supplies that deficiency by her milk, at no other cost, for so many advantages, than a few stalks of brambles or wormwood, and pounded date kernels. So great is the importance of the camel to the desert, that were it deprived of that useful animal, it must infallibly lose every inhabitant."—*Volney.*

[37] *Of distant waters*, etc.—P. 71.

"Where any part of these deserts is sandy and level, the horizon is as fit for astronomical observations as the sea, and appears, at a small distance, to be no less a collection of water. It was likewise equally surprising to observe, in what an extraordinary manner every object appeared to be magnified within it; insomuch, that a shrub seemed as big as a tree, and a flock of Achbobbas might be mistaken for a caravan of camels. This seeming collection of water always advances about a quarter of a mile before us, whilst the intermediate space appears to be in one continued glow, occasioned by the quivering undulating motion of that quick succession of vapours and exhalations, which are extracted by the powerful influence of the sun."—*Shaw.*

In the "Bahar-Danush" is a metaphor drawn from this optical deception. "It is the ancient custom of Fortune, and time has long established the habit, that she at first bewilders the thirsty travellers in the path of desire, by the misty vapour of

disappointment; but when their distress and misery has reached extremity, suddenly relieving them from the dark windings of confusion and error, she conducts them to the fountains of enjoyment."

"The burning heat of the sun was reflected with double violence from the hot sand, and the distant ridges of the hills, seen through the ascending vapour, seemed to wave and fluctuate like the unsettled sea."—*Mungo Park.*

"I shake the lash over my camel, and she quickens her pace, while the sultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs."—*Moallakat. Poem of Tarafa.*

[88] *His tongue was dry and rough.*—P. 71.

Perhaps no traveller but Mr. Park ever survived to relate similar sufferings.

"I pushed on as fast as possible, in hopes of reaching some watering-place in the course of the night. My thirst was by this time become insufferable; my mouth was parched and inflamed; a sudden dimness would frequently come over my eyes, with other symptoms of fainting; and my horse being very much fatigued, I began seriously to apprehend that I should perish of thirst. To relieve the burning pain in my mouth and throat, I chewed the leaves of different shrubs, but found them all bitter, and of no service to me.

"A little before sunset, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climbed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dwelling. The same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand everywhere presents itself, and the horizon was as level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

"Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brushwood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself; in doing which I was suddenly affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here then, thought I, after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end.—I cast (as I believed) a last look on the surrounding scene, and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world, with its enjoyments, seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length resumed its functions; and on recovering my senses, I

found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence. And as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering-place. With this view I put the bridle on my horse, and, driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the north-east, a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly; and in less than an hour I heard the wind roaring among the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected, but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms, and I was obliged to mount my horse and stop under a bush, to prevent being suffocated. The sand continued to fly in amazing quantities for near an hour, after which I again set forward, and travelled with difficulty, until ten o'clock. About this time I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. In a little time the sand ceased to fly, and I alighted, and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall.—For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes."—*Park's Travels in the Interior of Africa.*

89 *Could they have back'd the dromedary then.*—P. 72.

"All the time I was in Barbary I could never get sight of above three or four dromedaries. These the Arabs call Mehera, the singular is Meheri. They are of several sorts and degrees of value, some worth many common camels, others scarce worth two or three. To look on, they seem little different from the rest of that species, only I think the excrescence on a dromedary's back is somewhat less than that of a camel. What is reported of their sleeping, or rather seeming scarce alive, for some time after coming into this world, is no fable. The longer they lie so, the more excellent they prove in their kind, and consequently of higher price and esteem. None lie in that trance more than ten days and nights. Those that do, are pretty rare, and are called Aashari, which signifies ten in Arabic. I saw one such, perfectly white all over, belonging to Lella Oumane, Princess of that noble Arab Neja, named Heyl ben Ali, I spoke of, and upon which she put a very great value, never sending it abroad but upon some extraordinary occasion, when the greatest expedi-

tion was required; having others, inferior in swiftness, for more ordinary messages. They say that one of these asharies will, in one night, and through a level country, traverse as much ground as any single horse can perform in ten, which is no exaggeration of the matter, since many have affirmed to me, that it makes nothing of holding its rapid pace, which is a most violent hard trot, for four-and-twenty hours upon a stretch, without showing the least sign of weariness, or inclination to bait; and that having then swallowed a ball or two of a sort of paste, made up of barley-meal, and maybe a little powder of dates among it, with a bowl of water, or camel's milk, if to be had, and which the courier seldom forgets to be provided with, in skins, as well for the sustenance of himself as of his Pegasus, the indefatigable animal will seem as fresh as at first setting out, and ready to continue running at the same scarce credible rate, for as many hours longer, and so on from one extremity of the African Deserts to the other; provided its rider could hold out without sleep, and other refreshment. This has been averred to me, by, I believe, more than a thousand Arabs and Moors, all agreeing in every particular.

"I happened to be, once in particular, at the tent of that Princess, with Ali ben Mahamoud, the Bey, or Vice-Roy of the Algerine Eastern Province, when he went thither to celebrate his nuptials with Ambarca, her only daughter, if I mistake not. Among other entertainments she gave her guests, the favourite white dromedary was brought forth, ready saddled and bridled. I say bridled, because the thong, which serves instead of a bridle, was put through the hole purposely made in the gristle of the creature's nose. The Arab appointed to mount, was straitly laced, from the very loins quite to his throat, in a strong leathern jacket; they never riding these animals any otherwise accoutred; so impetuously violent are the concussions the rider undergoes, during that rapid motion, that were he to be loose, I much question whether a few hours such unintermitting agitation would not endanger the bursting of some of his entrails; and this the Arabs scruple not to acknowledge. We were to be diverted with seeing this fine ashari run against some of the swiftest barbs in the whole Neja, which is famed for having good ones, of the true Libyan breed, shaped like grayhounds, and which will sometimes run down an ostridge; which few of the very best can pretend to do, especially upon a hard ground, perfectly level. We all started like racers, and for the first spurt, most of the best mounted among us kept up pretty well, but our grass fed horses soon flagged: several of the Libyan and Numidian runners held pace till we, who still

followed upon a good round hand-gallop, could no longer discern them, and then gave out; as we were told after their return. When the dromedary had been out of our sight about half an hour, we again espied it flying towards us with an amazing velocity, and in a very few moments was among us, and seemingly nothing concerned; while the horses and mares were all in a foam, and scarce able to breathe, as was, likewise, a fleet, tall grayhound bitch, of the young Prince's, who had followed and kept pace the whole time, and was no sooner got back to us, but lay down panting as if ready to expire. I cannot tell how many miles we went; but we were nearly three hours in coming leisurely back to the tents, yet made no stop in the way. The young Prince Hamet ben al Guydom ben Sakhari, and his younger brother Messoud, told their new brother-in-law, that they defied all the potentates of Africa to show him such an ashari; and the Arab who rode it, challenged the Bey to lay his lady a wager of 1000 ducats, that he did not bring him an answer to a letter from the Prince of Wargala, in less than four days, though Leo Africanus, Marmol, and several others, assure us, that it is no less than forty Spanish leagues, of four miles each, south of Tuggurt, to which place, upon another occasion, as I shall observe, we made six tedious days' march from the neighbourhood of Biscara, north of which we were then, at least thirty hours' riding, if I remember rightly. However, the Bey, who was a native of Biscara, and consequently well acquainted with the Sahara, durst not take him up. By all circumstances, and the description given us, besides what I know of the matter myself, it could not be much less than 400 miles, and as many back again, the fellow offered to ride, in so short a time; nay, many other Arabs boldly proffered to venture all they were worth in the world, that he would perform it with all the ease imaginable."—*Morgan's History of Algiers.*

Chenier says "the dromedary can travel sixty leagues in a day; his motion is so rapid, that the rider is obliged to be girthed to the saddle, and to have a handkerchief before his mouth to break the current of the wind." These accounts are probably much exaggerated.

"The royal couriers in Persia wear a white sash girded from the shoulders to their waist many times around their bodies, by which means they are enabled to ride for many days without great fatigue."—*Hanway.*

90. *The dreadful sand-spouts mov'd.*—P. 72.

"We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight surely the most magnificent in the world. In that vast

expanse of desert, from west and to north-west of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity. at others stalking with a majestic slowness: at intervals, we thought they were coming in a very few moments to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually, more than once, reach us. Again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies, and these once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon shot. About noon, they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven of them ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me, at that distance, as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name; though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse, or fastest sailing ship, could be of no use to carry us out of this danger, and the full persuasion of this rivetted me as if to the spot where I stood.

"On the 15th, the same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us, only they seemed to be more in number, and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sun-rise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate: the Greeks shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment. Ismael pronounced it to be hell, and the Tucorories that the world was on fire."—*Bruce.*

[91] *Laps the cool wave,* etc.—P. 76.

"The pelican makes choice of dry and desert places to lay her eggs; when her young are hatched, she is obliged to bring water to them from great distances. To enable her to perform this necessary office, nature has provided her with a large sack, which extends from the tip of the upper mandible of her bill to the throat, and holds as much water as will supply her brood for several days. This water she pours into the nest, to cool her young, to allay their thirst, and to teach them to swim. Lions, tigers, and other rapacious animals, resort to these nests, and drink the water, and are said not to injure the young."—*Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History.*

It is perhaps from this power of carrying a supply of water that the pelican is called *Jimmel el Bahar*, the Camel of the River. Bruce notices a curious blunder upon this subject in the translation of Norden's Travels. "On looking into Mr. Norden's Voyage," says he, "I was struck at first sight with this paragraph: 'We saw, this day, abundance of camels; but they did not come near enough for us to shoot them.' I thought with myself, to shoot camels in Egypt, would be very little better than to shoot men, and that it was very lucky for him the camels did not come near, if that was the only thing that prevented him. Upon looking at the note, I see it is a small mistake of the translator, who says, that in the original it is *Chameaux d'eau*, Water Camels; but whether they are a particular species of camels, or a different kind of animal, he does not know."

[92] *Every where scattered*, etc.—P. 77.

These prominent features of an Oriental city will be found in all the views of Sir John Chardin.

"The mosques, the minarets, and numerous cupolas, form a splendid spectacle, and the flat roofs of the houses, which are situated on the hills, rising one behind another, present a succession of hanging terraces, interspersed with cypress and poplar trees."—*Russel's Nat. Hist. of Aleppo.*

"The circuit of Ispahan, taking in the suburbs, is not less than that of Paris; but Paris contains ten times the number of its inhabitants. It is not, however, astonishing that this city is so extensive and so thinly peopled, because every family has its own house, and almost every house its garden; so that there is much void ground. From whatever side you arrive, you first discover the towers of the mosques, and then the trees which surround the houses; at a distance, Ispahan resembles a forest more than a town."—*Tavernier.*

Of Alexandria, Volney says, "the spreading palm-trees, the terraced houses, which seem to have no roof, the lofty slender minarets, all announce to the traveller that he is in another world."

[93] *Thou too art fallen, Bagdad! City of Peace.*—P. 77.

"Almanzor, riding one day with his courtiers along the banks of the Tigris, where Seleucia formerly stood, was so delighted with the beauty of the country, that he resolved there to build his new capital. Whilst he was conversing with his attendants upon this project, one of them, separating from the rest, met a hermit, whose cell was near, and entered into talk with him, and communicated the design of the

Caliph. The hermit replied, he well knew, by a tradition of the country, that a city would one day be built in that plain, but that its founder would be a man called Moclas, a name very different from both those of the Caliph, Giaffar and Almanzor.

"The officer rejoined Almanzor, and repeated his conversation with the hermit. As soon as the Caliph heard the name of Moclas, he descended from his horse, prostrated himself, and returned thanks to God, for that he was chosen to execute his orders. His courtiers waited for an explanation of this conduct with eagerness, and the Caliph told them thus: During the Caliphate of the Ommiades, my brothers and myself being very young, and possessing very little, were obliged to live in the country, where each in rotation was to provide sustenance for the whole. On one of my days, as I was without money, and had no means of procuring food, I took a bracelet belonging to my nurse and pawned it. This woman made a great outcry, and, after much search, discovered that I had been the thief. In her anger she abused me plentifully, and, among other terms of reproach, she called me Moclas, the name of a famous robber in those days; and during the rest of her life, she never called me by any other name. Therefore I know that God has destined me to perform this work."—*Marigny.*

Almanzor named his new city Dar-al-Salam, the City of Peace; but it obtained the name of Bagdad, from that of this hermit, who dwelt upon its site.

94 *Thy founder the Victorious*, etc.—P. 77.

"Almanzor signifies the Victorious.

"Bagdad was founded in consequence of a singular superstition. A sect called Ravendiens conceived, that they ought to render those honours to the Caliphs which the Moslem hold should only be paid to the Deity. They, therefore, came in great numbers to Haschemia, where the Caliph Almanzor usually resided, and made around his palace the same processions and ceremonies which the Moslem make around the temple at Mecca. The Caliph prohibited this, commanding them not to profane a religious ceremony which ought to be reserved solely to the temple at Mecca. The Ravendiens did not regard the prohibition, and continued to act as before.

"Almanzor, seeing their obstinacy, resolved to conquer it, and began by arresting a hundred of these fanatics. This astonished them; but they soon recovered their courage, took arms, marched to the prison, forced the doors, delivered their friends, and then returned to make their procession round the palace in reverence of the Caliph.

"Enraged at this insolence, the Caliph put himself at the head of his guards, and advanced against the Ravendiens, expecting that his appearance would immediately disperse them. Instead of this, they resisted and repulsed him so vigorously, that he had nearly fallen a victim. But timely succours arrived, and, after a great slaughter, these fanatics were expelled the town. This singular rebellion, arising from excess of loyalty, so disgusted Almanzor, that he determined to forsake the town which had witnessed it, and accordingly laid the foundation of Bagdad."—*Marigny.*

[95] *Met in her arch'd bazaars.*—P. 77.

"The houses in Persia are not in the same place with their shops, which stand for the most part in long and large arched streets, forty or fifty feet high; which streets are called basar, or the market, and make the heart of the city, the houses being in the out-parts, and having almost all gardens belonging to them."—*Chardin.*

"At Tauris," he says, "there are the fairest basars that are in any place of Asia; and it is a lovely sight to see their vast extent, their largeness, their beautiful duomos, and the arches over them."

"At Bagdad the bazars are all vaulted, otherwise the merchants could not remain in them on account of the heat. They are also watered two or three times a day, and a number of the poor are paid for rendering this service to the public." —*Tavernier.*

Exeter Change is a bazar.

[96] *And Tigris on his tameless current bore.*—P. 77.

"On the other side of the river, towards Arabia, over against the city, there is a faire place, or towne, and in it a fair bazarro for marchants, with very many lodgings, where the greatest part of the marchants strangers which come to Babylon do lie with their marchandize. The passing over Tygris from Babylon to this borough is by a long bridge, made of boates, chained together with great chaines: provided, that when the river waxeth great with the abundance of raine that falleth, then they open the bridge in the middle, where the one halfe of the bridge falleth to the walles of Babylon, and the other to the brinks of this borough, on the other side of the river; and as long as the bridge is open, they passe the river in small boats, with great danger, because of the smallnesse of the boats, and the overlading of them, that with the fierceness of the stream they be overthrowen, or els

the streame doth cary them away; so that by this meanes many people are lost and drowned."—*Cæsar Frederick, in Hakluyt.*

"Here are great store of victuals, which come from Armenia down the river of Tygris. They are brought upon raftes made of goates' skinnes blown full of wind, and bordes layde upon them; which being discharged, they open their skinnes, and carry them backe by camels."—*Ralph Fitch, in Hakluyt.*

[97] *The many-colour'd domes.*—P. 77.

In Tavernier's time there were five mosques at Bagdad, two of them fine, their large domes covered with varnished tiles of different colours.

[98] *Kept their night-clatter still.*—P. 78.

"At Bagdad are many cranes, who built their nests upon the tops of the minarets, and the loftiest houses.

"At Adanaqui, cranes are so abundant, that there is scarcely a house which has not several nests upon it. They are very tame, and the inhabitants never molest them. When any thing disturbs these birds, they make a violent clatter with their beaks, which is sometimes repeated by the others all over the town; and this noise will sometimes continue for several minutes. It is as loud as a watchman's rattle, and not much unlike it in sound."—*Jackson.*

"The cranes were now arrived at their respective quarters, and a couple had made their nest, which is bigger in circumference than a bushel, on a dome close by our chamber. This pair stood, side by side, with great gravity, showing no concern at what was transacting beneath them, but at intervals twisting about their long necks, and clattering with their beaks, turned behind them upon their backs, as it were in concert. This was continued the whole night. An owl, a bird also unmolested, was perched hard by, and as frequently hooted. The crane is tall, like a heron, but much larger; the body white, with black pinions, the neck and legs very long, the head small, and the bill thick. The Turks call it friend and brother, believing it has an affection for their nation, and will accompany them into the countries they shall conquer. In the course of our journey we saw one hopping on a wall with a single leg, the maimed stump wrapped in linen."—*Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor.*

[99] *The bittern's boom came far.*—P. 78.

"I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of Hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name and remnant, and son and

nephew, saith the Lord. I will also make it a possession for the bittern and pools of water."—*Isaiah*, xiv. 22, 23.

[100] *Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer.*—P. 78.

"————Walls, within
Whose large inclosure the rude hind, or guides
His plough or binds his sheaves, while shepherds guard
Their flocks, secure of ill: On the broad top
Six chariots rattle in extended front.
Each side in length, in height, in solid bulk,
Reflects its opposite a perfect square;
Scarce sixty thousand paces can mete out
The vast circumference. An hundred gates
Of polished brass lead to that central point
Where through the midst, bridged o'er with wondrous art,
Euphrates leads a navigable stream,
Branch'd from the current of his roaring flood."
—*Roberts's Judah Restored.*

[101] *Hath been the aerial gardens*, etc.—P. 78.

"Within the walls
Of Babylon was raised a lofty mound,
Where flowers and aromatic shrubs adorn'd
The pensile garden. For Nebassar's queen,
Fatigued with Babylonia's level plains,
Sigh'd for her Median home, where nature's hand
Had scoop'd the vale, and cloth'd the mountain's side
With many a verdant wood; nor long she pin'd
Till that uxorious monarch called on art
To rival nature's sweet variety.
Forthwith two hundred thousand slaves uprear'd
This hill, egregious work; rich fruits o'erhang
The slooping walks, and odorous shrubs entwine
Their undulating branches."
—*Roberts's Judah Restored.*

[102] *Of Belus?* etc.—P. 78.

Our early travellers have given us strange and circumstantial accounts of what they conceive to have been the temple of Belus.

"The tower of Nimrod, or Babel, is situate on that side of Tygris that Arabia is, and in a very great plaine distant from Babylon seven or eight miles: which tower is ruinated on every side; and with the falling of it there is made a great mountaine, so that it hath no forme at all; yet there is a great part of it standing, which is compassed, and almost covered

with the aforesayd fallings. This tower was builded and made of foure-square brickes; which brickes were made of earth, and dried in the sunne in manner and forme following: First they layed a lay of brickes, then a mat made of canes, square as the brickes, and, instead of lime, they daubed it with earth. These mats of canes are at this time so strong, that it is a thing wonderfull to beholde, being of such great antiquity. I have gone round about it, and have not found any place where there hath bene any door of entrance. It may be, in my judgment, in circuit about a mile, and rather less than more.

"This tower, in effect, is contrary to all other things which are seene afar off; for they seme small, and the more nere a man commeth to them the bigger they be: but this tower, afar off, seemeth a very great thing, and the nerer you come to it the lesser. My judgment and reason of this is, that because the tower is set in a very great plaine, and hath nothing more about to make any shew saving the ruins of it, which it hath made round about; and for this respect, descrying it afarre off, that piece of the tower which yet standeth with the mountaine that is made of the substance that hath fallen from it, maketh a greater shew than you will finde coming neerer to it."—*Cæsar Frederick.*

John Eldred mentions the same deception: "Being upon a plaine grounde, it seemeth afare off very great; but the nerer you come to it, the lesser and lesser it appeareth. Sundry times I have gone thither to see it, and found the remnants yet standing, about a quarter of a mile in compasse, and almost as high as the stone-worke of St. Paul's steeple in London, but it sheweth much bigger."—*Hakluyt.*

"In the middle of a vast and level plain, about a quarter of a league from Euphrates, which in that place runs westward, appears a heap of ruined buildings, like a huge mountain, the materials of which are so confounded together, that one knows not what to make of it. Its figure is square, and rises in form of a figure, or pyramid, with four fronts, which answer to the four quarters of the compass; but it seems longer from north to south than from east to west, and is, as far as I could judge by my pacing, a large quarter of a league. Its situation and form correspond with that pyramid which Strabo calls the tower of Belus; and is, in all likelihood, the tower of Nimrod in Babylon, or Babel, as that place is still called. In that author's time it had nothing remaining of the stairs, and other ornaments mentioned by Herodotus, the greatest part of it having been ruined by Xerxes; and Alexander, who designed to have restored it to its former lustre, was prevented by death. There appear no marks of ruins without the compass of that

huge mass, to convince one that so great a city as Babylon had ever stood there; all one discovers within fifty or sixty paces of it, being only the remains, here and there, of some foundations of buildings; and the country round about it is so flat and level, that one can hardly believe it should be chosen for the situation of so great and noble a city as Babylon, or that there were ever any remarkable buildings on it. But, for my part, I am astonished there appears so much as there does, considering it is at least four thousand years since that city was built; and that Diodorus Siculus tells us, it was reduced almost to nothing in his time. The height of this mountain of ruins is not in every part equal, but exceeds the highest palace in Naples; it is a mishapen mass, where there is no appearance of regularity; in some places it rises in points, is craggy and inaccessible; in others it is smoother, and is of easier ascent; there are also tracks of torrents from the top to the bottom, caused by the rains; and both withinside, and upon it, one sees parts some higher and some lower. It is not to be discovered whether ever there were any steps to ascend it, or any door to enter into it; whence one may easily judge that the stairs ran winding about on the outside; and that being the less solid parts, they were soonest demolished, so that not the least sign of any appears at present.

"Withinside one finds some grottos, but so ruined that one can make nothing of them, whether they were built at the same time with that work, or made since by the peasants for shelter; which last seems to be the most likely. The Mohammedans believe that these caverns were appointed by God as places of punishment for Harut and Marut, two angels, who they suppose were sent from heaven to judge the crimes of men, but did not execute their commissions as they ought. It is evident from these ruins, that the tower of Nimrod was built with great and thick bricks, as I carefully observed, causing holes to be dug in several places for the purpose; but they do not appear to have been burnt, but dried in the sun, which is extreme hot in those parts. In laying these bricks, neither lime nor sand was employed, but only earth tempered and petrified; and in those parts which made the floors, there had been mingled with that earth, which served instead of lime, bruised reeds, or hard straw, such as large mats are made of, to strengthen the work. Afterwards one perceives at certain distances, in diverse places, especially where the strongest buttresses were to be, several other bricks of the same size, but more solid, and burnt in a kiln, and set in good lime, or bitumen; nevertheless the greatest number consists of those which are only dried in the sun.

I make no doubt but this ruin was the ancient Babel, and

the tower of Nimrod; for, besides the evidence of its situation, it is acknowledged to be such by the people of the country, being vulgarly called Babil by the Arabs.

Pietro delle Valle. Universal Hist.

"Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument, at once, of Eastern pride
And slavish superstition. Round, a scale
Of circling steps entwines the conic pile;
And at the bottom, on vast hinges grate
Four brazen gates, towards the four winds of heaven,
Placed in the solid square."—*Roberts's Judah Restored.*

103 *The wandering Arab never sets his tent*
Within her walls, etc.—P. 79.

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.

"It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their folds there." —*Isaiah*, xiii. 19, 20.

104 *Disclose their secret wealth.*—P. 80.

The stupid superstition of the Turks, with regard to hidden treasures, is well known: It is difficult, or even dangerous, for a traveller to copy an inscription in sight of those barbarians.

"On a rising ground, at a league's distance from the river Shelliff, is *Memoun-turroy*, as they call an old square tower, formerly a sepulchral monument of the Romans. This, like many more ancient edifices, is supposed by the Arabs to have been built over a treasure; agreeably to which account, they tell us, these mystical lines were inscribed upon it. Prince *Maimoun Tizai* wrote this upon his tower:—

"'My Treasure is in my Shade,
And my shade is in my Treasure.
Search for it; despair not:
Nay despair; do not search.'

—*Shaw.*

So of the ruins of the ancient Tubuna.

"The Treasure of Tubnah lieth under the shade of what is shaded. Dig for it: alas! it is not there."—*Shaw.*

[105] *From Ait's bitumen lake*, etc.—P. 82.

"The springs of bitumen called *Oyun Hit*, the *fountains of Hit*, are much celebrated by the *Arabs* and *Persians;* the latter call it *Cheshmeh kir*, the *fountain of pitch.* This liquid bitumen they call *Nafta;* and the *Turks*, to distinguish it from pitch, give it the name of *hara sakiz*, or *black mastich.* A *Persian* geographer says, that *Nafta* issues out of the springs of the earth, as ambergrise issues out of those of the sea. All the modern travellers, except Rauwolf, who went to *Persia* and the *Indies* by the way of the *Euphrates*, before the discovery of the *Cape of Good Hope*, mention this fountain of liquid bitumen as a strange thing. Some of them take notice of the river mentioned by *Herodotus*, and assure us, that the people of the country have a tradition, that, when the tower of *Babel* was building, they brought the bitumen from hence; which is confirmed by the *Arab* and *Persian* historians.

"*Hit*, *Heit*, *Eit*, *Ait*, or *Idt*, as it is variously written by travellers, is a great *Turkish* town, situate upon the right or west side of the *Euphrates*, and has a castle; to the south-west of which, and three miles from the town, in a valley, are many springs of this black substance; each of which makes a noise like a smith's forge, incessantly puffing and blowing out the matter so loud, that it may be heard a mile off: wherefore the *Moors* and *Arabs* call it *Bab al Jahennam*, that is *hell-gate.* It swallows up all heavy things; and many camels, from time to time, fall into the pits, and are irrecoverably lost. It issues from a certain lake, sending forth a filthy smoke, and continually boiling over with the pitch, which spreads itself over a great field that is always full of it. It is free for every one to take: they use it to caulk or pitch their boats, laying it on two or three inches thick; which keeps out the water: with it also they pitch their houses, made of palm-tree branches. If it was not that the inundations of the *Euphrates* carry away the pitch, which covers all the sands from the place where it rises to the river, there would have been mountains of it long since. The very ground and stones thereabouts afford bitumen; and the fields abundance of saltpetre." — *Universal History.*

[106] *And dropping their beads fast*, etc.—P. 83.

"The Mussulmans use, like the Roman Catholics, a rosary of beads, called Tusbah, or implement of praise. It consists, if I recollect aright, of ninety-nine beads; in dropping which through the fingers, they repeat the attributes of God, as 'O Creator, O Merciful, O Forgiving, O Omnipotent, O Omniscient,' etc., etc. This act of devotion is called Taleel, from

the repetition of the letter L, or Laum, which occurs in the word Allah (God), always joined to the epithet or attribute, as Ya Allah Khalick, O God, the Creator; Ya Allah Kerreem, O God, the Merciful, etc., etc. The devotees may be seen muttering their beads as they walk the streets, and in the intervals of conversation in company. The rosaries of persons of fortune and rank have the beads of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds. Those of the humble are strung with berries, coral, or glass-beads."—*Note to the Bahar-Danush.*

"The ninety-nine beads of the Mohammedan rosary are divided into three equal lengths, by a little string, at the end of which hang a long piece of coral, and a large bead of the same. The more devout, or hypocritical Turks, like the Catholics, have usually their bead-string in their hands."—*Tavernier.*

107 *Young Arab! when she wrote upon thy brow*, etc.—P. 83.

"The Mohammedans believe, that the decreed events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye. Hence they use the word Nusseeb, *anglicé* stamped, for destiny. Most probably the idea was taken up by Mohammed from the sealing of the elect, mentioned in the Revelations."—*Note to the Bahar-Danush.*

"The scribe of decree chose to ornament the edicts on my forehead with these flourishes of disgrace."—*Bahar-Danush.*

The Spanish physiognomical phrase, *traérlo escrito en la frente*, to have it written on the forehead, is perhaps of Arabian origin.

"Rajah Chunder, of Cashmeer, was blest with a vizier, endowed with wisdom and fidelity; but the wicked, envying his virtues, propagated unfavourable reports regarding him. On these occasions the great are generally staggered in their opinions, and make no use of their reason; forgetting every thing which they have read in history, on the direful effects of envy. Thus *Rajah Burjin* gave ear to the stories fabricated against his vizier, and dismissed him from his office. The faithful vizier bore his disgrace with the utmost submission; but his enemies, not satisfied with what they compassed against him, represented to the rajah that he was plotting to raise himself to the throne; and the deluded prince ordered him to be crucified. A short time after the execution, the vizier's peer (his spiritual guide) passed the corpse, and read it decreed in his forehead, as follows: 'That he should be dismissed from his office, be sent to prison, and then crucified; but that, after all, he should be restored to life, and obtain the kingdom.' Astonished at what he beheld, he took down the

body from the cross, and carried it to a secret place. Here he was incessantly offering up prayers to heaven for the restoration of his life, till one night the aërial spirits assembled together, and restored the body to life by repeating incantations. He shortly after mounted the throne, but despising worldly pomp, soon abdicated it."—*Ayein Akbery.*

[108] *Zohak keeps the cave*, etc.—P. 83.

"Zohak was the fifth king of the Pischdadian dynasty, lineally descended from Shedâd, who perished with the tribe of Ad. Zohak murdered his predecessor, and invented the punishments of the cross and of fleaing alive. The Devil, who had long served him, requested at last, as a recompence, permission to kiss his shoulders; immediately two serpents grew there, who fed upon his flesh, and endeavoured to get at his brain. The Devil now suggested a remedy, which was to quiet them by giving them every day the brains of two men, killed for that purpose: this tyranny lasted long; till a blacksmith of Ispahan, whose children had been nearly all slain to feed the king's serpents, raised his leathern apron as the standard of revolt, and deposed Zohak. Zohak, say the Persians, is still living in the cave of his punishment: a sulphureous vapour issues from the place; and, if a stone be flung in, there comes out a voice and cries, 'Why dost thou fling stones at me?' This cavern is in the mountain of Demawend, which reaches from that of Elwend, towards Teheran" —*D'Herbelot. Olearius.*

[109] *The salutary spell*, etc.—P. 84.

I shall transcribe a foreign piece of superstition, firmly believed in many parts of France, Germany, and Spain. The account of it, and the mode of preparation, appears to have been given by a judge: in the latter there is a striking resemblance to the charm in Macbeth:—

Of the Hand of Glory, which is made use of by house-breakers, to enter into houses at night, without fear of opposition.

"I acknowledge that I never tried the secret of the Hand of Glory, but I have thrice assisted at the definitive judgment of certain criminals, who, under the torture, confessed having used it. Being asked what it was, how they procured it, and what were its uses and properties? They answered, first, that the use of the Hand of Glory, was to stupify those to whom it was presented, and to render them motionless, insomuch that they could not stir, any more than if they were

dead; secondly, that it was the hand of a hanged man; and thirdly, that it must be prepared in the manner following:—

"Take the hand, left or right, of a person hanged, and exposed on the highway; wrap it up in a piece of a shroud, or winding sheet, in which let it be well squeezed, to get out any small quantity of blood that may have remained in it; then put it into an earthen vessel with Zimat saltpetre, salt, and long pepper, the whole well powdered; leave it fifteen days in that vessel; afterwards take it out, and expose it to the noontide sun in the dog days, till it is thoroughly dry; and if the sun is not sufficient, put it into an oven heated with fern and vervain. Then compose a kind of candle with the fat of a hanged man, virgin wax, and a sisame of Lapland. The Hand of Glory is used as a candlestick to hold this candle, when lighted. Its properties are, that wheresoever any one goes with this dreadful instrument, the person to whom it is presented will be deprived of all power of motion. On being asked if there was no remedy, or antidote, to counteract this charm, they said, the Hand of Glory would cease to take effect, and thieves could not make use of it, if the threshold of the door of the house, and other places by which they might enter, were anointed with an unguent composed of the gall of a black cat, the fat of a white hen, and the blood of a screech owl; which mixture must necessarily be prepared during the dog days."—*Grose. Provincial Glossary and Popular Superstitions*

"Something similar is recorded by Torquemada of the Mexican thieves: they carried with them the left hand and arm of a woman who had died in her first childbed; with this they twice struck the ground before the house which they designed to rob, and the door twice; and the threshold twice; and the inhabitants, if asleep, were hindered from waking by this charm; and, if awake, stupified and deprived of speech and motion while the fatal arm was in the house."—*Lib.* 14. *c.* 22

[110] *Some camel-kneed prayer-monger through the cave!*—P. 87.

I knew not, when I used this epithet in derision, that the likeness had been seriously applied to St. James. "His knees were, after the guise of a camel's knee, benumbed and bereft of the sense of feeling, by reason of his continual kneeling in supplication to God, and petition for the people."—*Hegesippus, as quoted by Eusebius.*

[111] *By some saint's grave beside the public way*, etc.—P. 87.

"The habitations of the Saints are always beside the sanctuary, or tomb, of their ancestors, which they take care to

adorn. Some of them possess, close to their houses, gardens, trees, or cultivated grounds, and particularly some spring or well of water. I was once travelling in the south in the beginning of October, when the season happened to be exceedingly hot, and the wells and rivulets of the country were all dried up. We had neither water for ourselves, nor for our horses; and after having taken much fruitless trouble to obtain some, we went and paid homage to a Saint, who at first pretended a variety of scruples before he would suffer infidels to approach; but, on promising to give him ten or twelve shillings, he became exceedingly humane, and supplied us with as much water as we wanted; still, however, vaunting highly of his charity, and particularly of his disinterestedness."—*Chenier.*

[112] *Retail thy Koran scraps.*—P. 87.

"No nation in the world is so much given to superstition as the Arabs, or even as the Mohammedans in general. They hang about their children's necks the figure of an open hand, which the Turks and Moors paint upon their ships and houses, as an antidote and counter-charm to an evil eye; for five is with them an unlucky number; and five (fingers perhaps) in your eyes, is their proverb of cursing and defiance. Those who are grown up, carry always about with them some paragraph or other of their Koran, which, like as the Jews did their phylacteries, they place upon their breasts, or sew under their caps, to prevent fascination and witchcraft, and to secure themselves from sickness and misfortunes. The virtue of these charms and scrolls is supposed likewise to be so far universal, that they suspend them upon the necks of their cattle, horses, and other beasts of burden."—*Shaw.*

The hand-spell is still common in Portugal: it is called the *figa;* and thus probably our vulgar phrase—"*a fig for him,*" is derived from a Moorish amulet.

[113] *Their robe of glory, purified of stain,* etc.—P. 89.

"In the Vision of Thurcillus, Adam is described as beholding the events of the world with mingled grief and joy; his original garment of glory gradually recovering its lustre, as the number of the elect increases, till it be fulfilled."—*Matthew Paris.*

"This is more beautifully conceived than what the Archbishop of Toledo describes in his account of Mohammed's journey to heaven: "Also in the first heaven I found a venerable man sitting upon a seat, and to him were shown the souls of the dead; and when he beheld souls that did not

please him, he turned away his eyes, saying, 'A sinful soul thou hast departed from an unhappy body;' and when a soul appeared which pleased him, then he said with applause, 'O happy Spirit, thou art come from a good body.' I asked the Angel concerning a man so excellent, and of such reverence, who he should be; and he said it was Adam, who rejoiced in the good of his generation, but turned away his face from the evil."—*Roder. Ximenes.*

[114] *Of Solomon came down.*—P. 91.

"The Arabian horses are divided into two great branches; the *Kadischi*, whose descent is unknown, and the *Kochlani*, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for two thousand years. These last are reserved for riding solely; they are highly esteemed and consequently very dear; they are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's studs; however this may be, they are fit to bear the greatest fatigues, and can pass whole days without food; they are also said to show uncommon courage against an enemy; it is even asserted, that when a horse of this race finds himself wounded, and unable to bear his rider much longer, he retires from the fray, and conveys him to a place of security. If the rider falls upon the ground, his horse remains beside him, and neighs till assistance is brought. The *Kochlani* are neither large nor handsome, but amazingly swift; the whole race is divided into several families, each of which has its proper name. Some of these have a higher reputation than others, on account of their more ancient and uncontaminated nobility."—*Niebuhr.*

[115] *And now emerging*, etc.—92.

"In travelling by night through the valleys of Mount Ephrahim, we were attended, for above the space of an hour, with an Ignis Fatuus, that displayed itself in a variety of extraordinary appearances. For it was sometimes globular, or like the flame of a candle; immediately after it would spread itself, and involve our whole company in its pale inoffensive light, then at once contract itself and then disappear. But in less than a minute, it would again exert itself as at other times; or else, running along from one place to another with a swift progressive motion, would expand itself, at certain intervals, over more than two or three acres of the adjacent mountains. The atmosphere, from the beginning of the evening, had been remarkably thick and hazy, and the dew, as we felt it upon our bridles, was unusually clammy and unctuous. In the like disposition of the weather, I have observed those

luminous bodies, which at sea skip about the masts and yards of ships, and are called Corpusânse* by the mariners."—*Shaw.*

[116] *They in their endless flow*, etc.—P. 93.

"The *Hammam Meskouteen*, the silent or enchanted baths, are situated on a low ground, surrounded with mountains. There are several fountains that furnish the water, which is of intense heat, and falls afterwards into the Zenati. At a small distance from these hot fountains, we have others, which, upon comparison, are of as intense a coldness; and a little below them, somewhat near the banks of the Zenati, there are the ruins of a few houses, built perhaps for the conveniency of such persons who came hither for the benefit of the waters.

"Besides the strong sulphureous steams of the Hammam Meskouteen,† we are to observe farther of them, that their water is of so intense a heat, that the rocky ground it runs over, to the distance sometimes of a hundred feet, is dissolved, or rather calcined by it. When the substance of these rocks is soft and uniform, then the water, by making every way equal impressions, leaveth them in the shape of cones or hemispheres; which being six feet high, and a little more or less of the same diameter, the Arabs maintain to be so many tents of their predecessors turned into stone. But when these rocks, besides their ususual soft chalky substance, contain likewise some layers of harder matter, not so easy to be dissolved; then, in proportion to the resistance the water is thereby to meet with, we are entertained with a confusion of traces and channels, distinguished by the Arabs into sheep, camels, nay into men, women, and children, whom they suppose to have undergone the like fate with their habitations. I observed that the fountain which afforded the water, had been frequently stopped up, or rather ceasing to run at one place, broke out immediately in another; which circumstance seems not only to account for the number of cones, but for that variety likewise of traces, that are continued from one or other of these cones or fountains, quite down to the river Zenati.

"This place, in riding over it, giveth back such a hollow sound, that we were afraid every moment of sinking through it. It is probable, therefore, that the ground below us was hollow; and may not the air then, which is pent up within these caverns, afford, as we may suppose, in escaping continually through these fountains, that mixture of shrill, murmuring, and deed

* A corruption of Cuerpo Santo, as this meteor is called by the Spaniards.

† They call the *Thermæ* of this country Hammams, from whence our Hummums.

sounds, which, according to the direction of the winds and the motion of the external air, issue out along with the water?"—*Shaw.*

[117] *By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars.*—P. 94.

"In the place where the Whang-ho rises, there are more than an hundred springs which sparkle like stars, whence it is called Hotun Nor, the Sea of Stars. These sources form two great lakes called Hala Nor, the black sea or lake. Afterwards there appear three or four little rivers, which, joined, form the Whang-ho, which has eight or nine branches. These sources of the river are called also Oton-tala. It is in Thibet."—*Guabil. Astley's Collection of Voyages and Travels.*

[118] *Beyond the same ascending straits,* etc.—P. 94.

"Among the mountains of the *Beni Abbess,* four leagues to the S.E. of the *Welled Mansoure,* we pass through a narrow winding defile, which, for the space of near half a mile, lyeth on each side under an exceeding high precipice. At every winding, the rock or stratum that originally went across it, and thereby separated one valley from another, is cut into the fashion of a door-case six or seven feet wide, giving thereby the Arabs an occasion to call them *Beeban,* the gates; whilst the Turks, in consideration of their strength and ruggedness, know them by the additional appellation of *Dammer Cappy,* the gates of iron. Few persons pass them without horror, a handful of men being able to dispute the passage with a whole army. The rivulet of salt water which glides through this valley, might possibly first point out the way which art and necessity would afterwards improve."—*Shaw.*

[119] *No rich pavilions, bright with woven gold.*—P. 96.

"In 1568 the Persian Sultan gave the Grand Seigneur two most stately pavilions made of one piece, the curtains being interlaced with gold, and the supporters embroidered with the same; also nine fair canopies to hang over the ports of their pavilions, things not used among the Christians."—*Knolles.*

[120] *And broad-leav'd palm-trees in long colonnades.*—P. 96.

"The expenses the Persians are at in their gardens is that wherein they make greatest ostentation of their wealth. Not that they much mind furnishing of them with delightful flowers as we do in Europe; but these they slight as an excessive liberality of Nature, by whom their common fields

are strewed with an infinite number of tulips and other flowers; but they are rather desirous to have their gardens full of all sorts of fruit trees, and especially to dispose them into pleasant walks of a kind of plane or poplar, a tree not known in Europe, which the Persians call Tzinnar. These trees grow up to the height of the pine, and have very broad leaves, not much unlike those of the vine. Their fruit hath some resemblance to the chestnut, while the outer coat is about it, but there is no kernel within it, so that it is not to be eaten. The wood thereof is very brown, and full of veins; and the Persians use it in doors and shutters for windows, which, being rubbed with oil, look incomparably better than any thing made of walnut tree, nay indeed than the root of it, which is *now* (1637) so very much esteemed."—*Ambassador's Travels.*

[121] *With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd.*—P. 97.

Major Scott informs us, that scars and wounds by Persian writers are compared to the streaky tints of the tulip. The simile here employed is equally obvious, and more suited to its place.

[122] *And here amid her sable cup.*—P. 97.

"We pitched our tents among some little hills where there was a prodigious number of lilies of many colours, with which the ground was quite covered. None were white, they were mostly either of a rich violet, with a red spot in the midst of each leaf, or of a fine black, and these were the most esteemed. In form they were like our lilies, but much larger."—*Tavernier.*

[123] *Her paradise of leaves.*—P. 97.

This expression is borrowed from one of Ariosto's smaller poems.

[124] *Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody.*—P. 97.

"The Thracians say that the nightingales which build their nests about the sepulchre of Orpheus, sing sweeter and louder than other nightingales."—*Pausanias.*

[125] *Inhales her fragrant food.*—P. 98.

"In the *Caherman Nameh*, the Dives having taken in war some of the Peris, imprisoned them in iron cages, which they hung from the highest trees they could find. There, from time to time, their companions visited them with the most precious odours. These odours were the usual food of the

Peris, and procured them also another advantage, for they prevented the Dives from approaching or molesting them. The Dives could not bear the perfumes, which rendered them gloomy and melancholy whenever they drew near the cage in which a Peri was suspended."—*D'Herbelot.*

[126] *On silken carpets sate the festive train.*—P. 98.

"Selymus II. received the ambassadors sitting upon a pallat which the Turks call *Mastabe*, used by them in their chambers to sleep and feed upon, covered with carpets of silk, as was the whole floor of the chamber also."—*Knolles.*

"Among the presents that were exchanged between the Persian and Ottoman sovereigns in 1586, were carpets of silk, of camels' hair, lesser ones of silk and gold, and some called *Teftich;* made of the finest lawn, and so large that seven men could scarcely carry one of them."—*Knolles.*

"In the beautiful story of Ali Beg, it is said Cha Sei, when he examined the house of his father's favourite, was much surprised at seeing it so badly furnished with plain skins and coarse carpets, whereas the other nobles in their houses trod only upon carpets of silk and gold."—*Tavernier.*

[127] *Of pearly shell*, etc.—P. 98.

"On the way from Macao to Canton, in the rivers and channels, there is taken a vast quantity of oysters, of whose shells they make glass for windows."—*Gemelli Careri.*

In the Chinese novel *Hau Kiou Choaan*, we read, "Shuey-ping-sin ordered her servants to hang up a curtain of mother-of-pearl across the hall. She commanded the first table to be set for her guest without the curtain, and two lighted tapers to be placed upon it. Afterwards she ordered a second table, but without any light, to be set for herself within the curtain, so that *she could see everything through it*, unseen herself."

Master George Tubervile, in his letters from Muscovy, 1568, describes the Russian Windows:—

"They have no Englishe glasse; of slices of a rocke
Hight Sluda they their windows make, that English glasse doth mocke.
They cut it very thinne, and sow it with a thred
In pretie order like to panes, to serve their present need.
No other glasse, good faith, doth give a better light,
And sure the rock is nothing rich, the cost is very slight."—
Hakluyt.

"The Indians of Malabar use mother-of-pearl for window panes."—*Fra. Paolino da San Batolomeo.*

[128] *Or where the wine-vase*, etc.—P. 98.

"The king and the great lords have a sort of cellar for magnificence, where they sometimes drink with persons whom they wish to regale. These cellars are square rooms, to which you descend by only two or three steps. In the middle is a small cistern of water, and a rich carpet covers the ground from the walls to the cistern. At the four corners of the cistern are four large glass bottles, each containing about twenty quarts of wine, one white, another red. From one to the other of these, smaller bottles are ranged of the same material and form, that is, round with a long neck, holding about four or five quarts, white and red alternately. Round the cellar are several rows of niches in the wall, and in each nich is a bottle also of red and white alternately. Some niches are made to hold two. Some windows give light to the apartment, and all these bottles so well ranged with their various colours, have a very fine effect to the eye. They are always kept full, the wine preserving better, and therefore are replenished as fast as they are emptied."—*Tavernier.*

[129] *From golden goblets there*, etc.—P. 98.

"The Cuptzi, or king of Persia's merchant, treated us with a collation, which was served in, in plate vermilion gilt.

"The Persians having left us, the ambassadors sent to the chief Weywode a present, which was a large drinking cup, vermilion gilt."—*Ambassador's Travels.*

At Ispahan, the king's horses were watered with silver pails thus coloured.

The Turks and Persians seem wonderfully fond of gilding; we read of their gilt stirrups, gilt bridles, gilt maces, gilt scimetars, etc. etc.

[130] *That fragrant from its dewy vase*, etc.—P. 99.

"They export from Com earthenware both white and varnished; and this is peculiar to the white ware which is then transported, that in the summer it cools the water wonderfully and very suddenly, by reason of continual transpiration. So that they who desire to drink cool and deliciously, never drink in the same pot above five or six days at most. They wash it with rose water the first time, to take away the ill smell of the earth, and they hang it in the air full of water, wrapped up in a moist linen cloth. A fourth part of the water transpires in six hours the first time; after that, still less from day to day, till at last the pores are closed up by the thick matter contained in the water which stops in the pores. But so soon as the pores

are stopped, the water stinks in the pots, and you must take new ones."—*Chardin.*

"In Egypt people of fortune burn *Scio mastic* in their cups; the penetrating odour of which pervades the porous substance, which remains impregnated with it a long time, and imparts to the water a perfume which requires the aid of habit to render it pleasing."—*Sonnini.*

[131] *And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue.*—P. 99.

"Casbin produces the fairest grape in Persia, which they call Shahoni, or the royal grape, being of a gold colour, transparent, and as big as a small olive. These grapes are dried and transported all over the kingdom. They also make the strongest wine in the world, and the most luscious, but very thick, as all strong and sweet wines usually are. This incomparable grape grows only upon the young branches, which they never water. So that, for five months together, they grow in the heat of summer, and under a scorching sun, without receiving a drop of water, either from the sky or otherwise. When the vintage is over, they let in their cattle to browse in the vineyards; afterwards they cut off all the great wood, and leave only the young stocks about three feet high, which need no propping up with poles as in other places, and therefore they never make use of any such supporters."—*Chardin.*

[132] *Here cased in ice, the apricot,* etc.—P. 99.

Dr. Fryer received a present from the Caun of Bunder-Abassæ, of apples candied in snow.

When Tavernier made his first visit to the Kan of Erivan, he found him with several of his officers regaling in the Chambers of the Bridge. They had wine which they cooled with ice, and all kinds of fruit and melons in large plates, under each of which was a plate of ice.

A great number of camels were laden with snow to cool the liquors and fruit of the Caliph Mahadi, when he made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

[133] *Their ancles bound with bracelet-bells,* etc.—P. 99.

Of the Indian dancing women who danced before the ambassadors at Ispahan, "some were shod after a very strange manner. They had above the instep of the foot a string tied, with little bells fastened thereto, whereby they discovered the exactness of their cadence, and sometimes corrected the music itself; as they did also by the Tzarpanes or Castagnets, which they had in their hands, in the managing whereof they were very expert."

At Koojar, Mungo Park saw a dance "in which many performers assisted, all of whom were provided with little bells, which were fastened to their legs and arms."

[134] *Transparent garments to the greedy eye*, etc.—P. 99.

"At Seronge, a sort of cloth is made so fine, that the skin may be seen through it, as though it were naked. Merchants are not permitted to export this, the governor sending all that is made to the seraglio of the Great Mogul, and the chief lords of his court. C'est de quoy les Sultanes et les femmes des Grands Seigneurs, se font des chemises, et des robes pour la chaleur, et le Roy et les Grands se plaisent a les voir au travers de ces chemises fines, et a les faire danser."—*Tavernier*.

[135] *Loud from the chambers of the bridge below*.—P. 100.

"I came to a village called Cupri-Kent, or the Village of the Bridge, because there is a very fair bridge that stands not far from it, built upon a river called Tabadi. This bridge is placed between two mountains, separated only by the river, and supported by four arches, unequal both in their height and breadth. They are built after an irregular form, in regard of two great heaps of a rock that stand in the river, upon which they laid so many arches. Those at the two ends are hollowed on both sides, and serve to lodge passengers, wherein they have made to that purpose little chambers and porticos, with every one a chimney. The arch in the middle of the river is hollowed quite through, from one part to the other, with two chambers at the ends, and two large balconies covered, where they take the cool air in the summer with great delight, and to which there is a descent of two pair of stairs hewn out of the rock. There is not a fairer bridge in all Georgia."—*Chardin*.

Over the river Isperuth "there is a very fair bridge, built on six arches, each whereof hath a spacious room, a kitchen, and several other conveniences, lying even with water. The going down into it is by a stone pair of stairs, so that this bridge is able to find entertainment for a whole caravanne."—*Amb. Tr.*

The most magnificent of these bridges is the bridge of Zulpha, at Ispahan.

[136] *Within its door the lizard's track is left*, etc.—P. 103.

"The dust which overspreads these beds of sand is so fine, that the lightest animal, the smallest insect, leaves there, as on snow, the vestiges of its track. The varieties of these impressions produce a pleasing effect, in spots where the

saddened soul expects to meet with nothing but symptoms of the proscriptions of nature.—*It is impossible to see anything more beautiful* than the traces of the passage of a species of very small lizards, extremely common in these deserts. The extremity of their tail forms regular sinuosities, in the middle of two rows of delineations, also regularly imprinted by their four feet, with their five slender toes. These traces are multiplied and interwoven near the subterranean retreats of these little animals, and present a singular assemblage which *is not void of beauty*."—*Sonnini.*

[137] *In the world's foundations,* etc.—P. 104.

These lines are feebly adapted from a passage in Burnet's Theory of the Earth.

[138] *Of Zaccoum, cursed tree.*—P. 107.

"The Zaccoum is a tree which issueth from the bottom of hell; the fruit thereof resembleth the heads of devils; and the damned shall eat of the same, and shall fill their bellies therewith; and there shall be given them thereon a mixture of boiling water to drink; afterwards shall they return to hell.' —*Koran*, chapter 37.

"This hellish Zaccoum has its name from a thorny tree in Tehama, which bears fruit like an almond, but extremely bitter; therefore the same name is given to the infernal tree." —*Sale.*

[139] *Some daughter of the Homerites.*—P. 107.

When the sister of the famous Derar was made prisoner before Damascus, with many other Arabian women, she excited them to mutiny, they seized the poles of the tents, and attacked their captors. "This bold resolution," says Marginy, "was not inspired by impotent anger. Most of these women had military inclinations already; particularly those who were of the tribe of Himiar, or of the Homerites, where they are early exercised in riding the horse, and in using the bow, the lance, and the javelin. The revolt was successful, for, during the engagement, Derar came up to their assistance."—*Marigny.*

[140] *The Paradise of Sin.*—P. 109.

"In the N.E. parts of Persia there was an old man named Aloadin, a Mahumetan, which had inclosed a goodly vally, situate between two hilles, and furnished it with all variety which nature and art could yield; as fruits, pictures, rilles of milk, wine, honey, water, pallaces, and beautiful damosells,

richly attired, and called it paradise. To this was no passage, but by an impregnable castle; and daily preaching the pleasures of this paradise to the youth which he kept in his court, sometimes would minister a sleepy drinke to some of them, and then conveigh them thither, where, being entertained with these pleasures four or five days, they supposed themselves rapt into paradise, and then being again caste into a trance by the said drink, he caused them to be carried forth, and then would examine them of what they had seene, and by this delusion would make them resolute for any enterprise which he should appoint them; as to murther any prince his enemy, for they feared not death in hope of their Mahumetical paradise. But Haslor or Ulan, after three years siege, destroyed him, and this his fool's paradise."—*Purchas.*

In another place, Purchas tells the same tale, but calls the imposture Aladeules, and says that Selim, the Ottoman Emperor, destroyed his paradise.

The story is told by many writers, but with such difference of time and place, as wholly to invalidate its truth, even were the circumstances more probable.

[141] *The man who serves him well!*—P. 111.

"Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head.

"And let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honour, and bring him on horseback through the streets of the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour.'"—*Esther*, vi. 8, 9.

[142] *Take me then to Mecca!*—P. 113.

"The Sheik Kotbeddin discusses the question, whether it be, upon the whole, an advantage or disadvantage to live at Mecca? For all doctors agree, that good works performed there have double the merit which they would have any where else. He therefore enquires, 'Whether the guilt of sins must not be augmented in a like proportion?'"—*Notices des MSS. de la Bibl. Nat. t.* 4, 541.

[143] *But when the cryer from the minaret,* etc.—P. 118.

"As the celestial Apostle, at his retreat from Medina, did not perform always the five canonical prayers at the precise time, his disciples, who often neglected to join with him in the Namaz, assembled one day to fix upon some method of

announcing to the public those moments of the day and night when their master discharged this first of religious duties. Flags, bells, trumpets, and fire, were successively proposed as signals. None of these, however, were admitted. The flags were rejected as unsuited to the sanctity of the object; the bells, on account of their being used by Christians; the trumpets, as appropriated to the Hebrew worship; the fire, as having too near an analogy to the religion of the pyrolators. From this contrariety of opinions, the disciples separated without any determination. But one of them, Abdullah ibn Zeid Abderiyê, saw the night following, in a dream, a celestial being clothed in green: he immediately requested his advice, with the most zealous earnestness, respecting the object in dispute. 'I am come to inform you,' replied the heavenly visitor, 'how to discharge this important duty of your religion.' He then ascended to the roof of the house, and declared the Ezann with a loud voice, and in the same words which have been ever since used to declare the canonical periods. When he awoke, Abdullah ran to declare his vision to the prophet, who loaded him with blessings, and authorised that moment Bilal Habeschy, another of his disciples, to discharge, on the top of his house, that august office, by the title of Muezzinn.

"These are the words of the Ezann: 'Most high God! most high God! most high God! I acknowledge that there is no other except God; I acknowledge that there is no other except God! I acknowledge that Mohammed is the Prophet of God! Come to prayer! come to prayer! come to the temple of salvation! Great God! great God! there is no God except God.'

"This declaration must be the same for each of the five canonical periods, except that of the morning, when the Muezzin ought to add, after the words, 'Come to the temple of salvation,' the following: 'Prayer is to be preferred to sleep, prayer is to be preferred to sleep.'

"The words must be chanted, but with deliberation and gravity, those particularly which constitute the profession of the faith. The Muezzinn must pronounce them distinctly; he must pay more attention to the articulation of the words, than to the melody of his voice; he must make proper intervals and pauses, and not precipitate his words, but let them be clearly understood by the people. He must be interrupted by no other object whatever. During the whole Ezann, he must stand with a finger in each ear, and his face turned, as in prayer, towards the Keabe of Mecca. As he utters these words, 'Come to prayer, come to the temple of salvation,' he must turn his face to the right and left, because he is supposed to address all the nations of the world, the whole expanded

universe. At this time the auditors must recite, with a low voice, the Tchhlill, 'There is no strength, there is no power, but what is in God, in that supreme Being, in that powerful Being.' "—*D'Ohsson.*

[144] *In the Meidan now*, etc.—P. 118.

"In the Meidan, or Great Place of the city of Tauris, there are people appointed every evening when the sun sets, and every morning when he rises, to make during half an hour a terrible concert of trumpets and drums. They are placed on one side of the square, in a gallery somewhat elevated; and the same practice is established in every city in Persia."—*Tavernier.*

[145] *Into the chamber of the tomb*, etc.—P. 118.

"If we except a few persons who are buried within the precincts of some sanctuary, the rest are carried out at a distance from their cities and villages, where a great extent of ground is allotted for that purpose. Each family hath a particular portion of it, walled in like a garden, where the bones of their ancestors have remained undisturbed for many generations. For in these enclosures the graves are all distinct and separate; having each of them a stone, placed upright, both at the head and feet, inscribed with the name of the person who lieth there interred; whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved all over with tiles. The graves of the principal citizens are further distinguished by some square chambers or cupolas * that are built over them.

"Now, as all these different sorts of tombs and sepulchres, with the very walls likewise of the enclosures, are constantly kept clean, white-washed, and beautified, they continue, to this day, to be an excellent comment upon that expression of our Saviour's where He mentions the 'garnishing of the sepulchres,' and again where He compares the scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites, to 'whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.' For the space of two or three months after any person is interred, the female relations go once a week to weep over the grave, and perform their parentalia upon it."—*Shaw.*

"About a quarter of a mile from the town of Mylasa, is a sepulchre of the species called by the encients *Distego*, or *Double-roofed.* It consisted of two square rooms. In

* Such places probably as these are to be understood, when the demoniac is said to have his dwelling among the tombs.

the lower, which has a door-way, were deposited the urns, with the ashes of the deceased. In the upper, the relations and friends solemnized the anniversary of the funeral, and performed stated rites. A hole made through the floor was designed for pouring libations of honey, milk, or wine, with which it was usual to gratify the manes or spirits."—*Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor.*

"The Egyptian saints frequently inhabited sepulchres. St. James the hermit found an old sepulchre, made in the form of a cave, wherein many bones of the dead had been deposited, which, by length of time, were now become as dust. Entering there, he collected the bones into a heap, and laid them in a corner of the monument, and closed upon himself the old door of the cave."—*Acta Sanc. tom.* 2. *Jan.* 28. P. 872. *Vita S. Jacobi Eremitæ, apud Metaphrasten.*

116 *The vampire corpse*, etc.—P. 119.

In the *Lettres Juives*, is the following extract from the *Mercure Historique et Politique.* October 1736.

"We have had in this country a new scene of Vampirism, which is duly attested by two officers of the Tribunal of Belgrade, who took cognizance of the affair on the spot, and by an officer in his Imperial Majesty's troops at Gradisch (in Sclavonia) who was an eye-witness of the proceedings.

"In the beginning of September, there died at the village of Kisilova, three leagues from Gradisch, an old man of above threescore and two: three days after he was buried, he appeared in the night to his son, and desired he would give him somewhat to eat, and then disappeared. The next day the son told his neighbours these particulars. That night the father did not come, but the next evening he made him another visit, and desired something to eat. It is not known whether his son gave him anything or not, but the next morning the young man was found dead in his bed. The magistrate or bailiff of the place had notice of this; as also that the same day five or six persons fell sick in the village, and died one after the other. He sent an exact account of this to the tribunal of Belgrade, and thereupon two commissioners were despatched to the village, attended by an executioner, with instructions to examine closely into the affair. An officer in the Imperial service, from whom we have this relation, went also from Gradisch, in order to examine personally an affair of which he had heard so much. They opened in the first place the graves of all who had been buried in six weeks. When they came to that of the old man, they found his eyes open, his colour fresh, his respiration quick and strong, yet he appeared to be stiff and insensible. From these signs, they con-

cluded him to be a notorious vampire. The executioner thereupon, by the command of the commissioners, struck a stake through his heart; and when he had so done, they made a bonfire, and therein consumed the carcass to ashes. There were no marks of Vampirism found on his son, or on the bodies of the other persons who died so suddenly.

"Thanks be to God, we are as far as any people can be from giving into credulity; we acknowledge that all the lights of physic do not enable us to give any account of this fact, nor do we pretend to enter into its causes. However, we cannot avoid giving credit to a matter of fact juridically attested by competent and unsuspected witnesses, especially since it is far from being the only one of the kind. An instance of the same sort, occurring in 1732, will be found in the 'Gleaner,' No. 18."

"In a certain town of Hungary, which is called in Latin Oppida Heidonum, on the other side Tibiscus, vulgarly called the Teysse, that is to say, the river which washes the celebrated territory of Tokay, as also a part of Transylvania, the people known by the name of Heydukes believe that certain dead persons, whom they call Vampires, suck the blood of the living, insomuch that these people appear like skeletons, while the dead bodies of the suckers are so full of blood, that it runs out at all the passages of their bodies, and even at their very pores. This old opinion of theirs they support by a multitude of facts, attested in such a manner, that they leave no room for doubt."

This superstition extends to Greece. Tavernier gives a detailed account of an instance he witnessed, and of the steps deemed necessary to obviate the evil.

"In Dalmatia, the Morlachians, before a funeral, cut the hamstrings of the corpse, and mark certain characters upon the body with a hot iron; they then drive nails or pins into different parts of it, and the Sorcerers finish the ceremony by repeating certain mysterious words; after which, they are confident that the deceased cannot return to the earth to shed the blood of the living."—*Cassas.*

[147] *That Heaven has chasten'd thee. Behold this vine.*—P. 121.

In these lines I have versified a passage in Bishop Taylor's Sermons, altering as little as possible his unimprovable language.

"For so have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed

with a full vintage; but when the Lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made accounts of that loss of blood, by the return of fruit."

[148] *And difficult the way, of danger full.*—P. 122.

It appears from Hafiz, that the way is not easily found out. He says, "Do not expect faith from any one; if you do, deceive yourself in searching for the Simorg and the philosopher's stone."

[149] *And away! away! away!*—P. 127.

My readers will recollect the Lenora. The unwilling resemblance has been forced upon me by the subject. I could not turn aside from the road, because Burger had travelled it before. "The old woman of Berkely" has been foolishly called an imitation of that inimitable ballad: the likeness is of the same kind as between Macedon and Monmouth. Both are ballads, and there is a horse in both.

[150] *Mohareb in the robes of royalty*, etc.—P. 128.

How came Mohareb to be Sultan of this Island? Every one who has read Don Quixote, knows that there are always islands to be had by adventurers. He killed the former Sultan, and reigned in his stead. What could not a Domdanielite perform? The narration would have interrupted the flow of the main story.

[151] *His fragrant food the horned viper there*, etc.—P. 133.

"In this valley we found plenty of provender for our cattle: rosemary bushes, and other shrubs of uncommon fragrance, which, being natives of the desert, are still perhaps without a name. Though these scented plants are the usual food of the camel, it is remarkable that his breath is insufferably nauseous. But when he is pushed by hunger, he devours thistles and prickles indiscriminately, without the least damage to his mouth, which seems proof to the sharpest thorns."—*Eyles Irwin.*

[152] *Hovers with hostile wings*, etc.—P. 136.

The hawk is used at Aleppo in taking the hare. "As soon as the hare is put up, one, or a brace of the nearest grayhounds are slipped, and the falconer, galloping after them,

throws off his hawk. The hare cannot run long, where the hawk behaves properly; but sometimes getting the start of the dogs, she gains the next hill, and escapes. It now and then happens, when the hawk is fierce and voracious in an unusual degree, that the hare is struck dead at the first stroke, but that is very uncommon; for the hawks preferred for hare-hunting are taught to pounce and buffet the game, not to seize it; and they rise a little between each attack, to descend again with fresh force. In this manner the game is confused and retarded, till the grayhounds come in."—*Russell.*

Shaheen, or Falcon-gentle, flies at a more dangerous game. "Were there not," says the elder Russell, "several gentlemen now in England to bear witness to the truth of what I am going to relate, I should hardly venture to assert, that, with this bird, which is about the size of a pigeon, they sometimes take large eagles. The hawk, in former times, was taught to seize the eagle under his pinion, and thus, depriving him of the use of one wing, both birds fell to the ground together. But I am informed, the present mode is to teach the hawk to fix on the back between the wings, which has the same effect, only that the bird tumbling down more slowly, the falconer has more time to come in to his hawk's assistance; but, in either case, if he be not expeditious, the falcon is inevitably destroyed."

Dr. Patrick Russell says, this sport was disused in his time, probably from its ending more frequently in the death of the falcon than of the eagle. But he had often seen the shaheen take herons and storks. "The hawk, when thrown off, flies for some time in a horizontal line, not six feet from the ground, then mounting perpendicularly with astonishing swiftness, he seizes his prey under the wing, and both together come tumbling to the ground. If the falconer is not expeditious, the game soon disengages itself.

"We saw about twenty antelopes, which, however, were so very shy, that we could not get near enough to have a shot, nor do I think it possible to take them without hawks, the mode usually practised in those countries. The swiftest grayhounds would be of no use, for the antelopes are much swifter of foot than any animal I ever saw before."—*Jackson's Journey over Land.*

"The Persians train their hawks thus: They take the whole skin of a stag, of the head, body, and legs, and stuff it with straw to the shape of the animal. After fixing it in the place where they usually train the bird, they place his food upon the head of the stuffed stag, and chiefly in the two cavities of the eyes, that the bird may strike there. Having accustomed him for several days to eat in this manner, they fasten the

feet of the stag to a plank which runs upon wheels, which is drawn by cords from a distance; and from day to day they draw it faster, insensibly to accustom the bird not to quit his prey; and at last they draw the stag by a horse at full speed. They do the same with the wild boar, the ass, the ox, the hare, and other beasts of chase. They are even taught to stop a horseman at full speed, nor will they quit him till the falconer recals them, and shows them their food."—*Tavernier.*

As the Persians are very patient, and not deterred by difficulty, they delight in training the crow in the same manner as the hawk.—*Tavernier.*

I do not recollect in what history or romance there is a tale of two dogs trained in this manner to destroy a tyrant; but I believe it is an historical fiction. The same stratagem is found in Chao-shi-cu-el, the Orphan of the House of Chao.

"The farmers in Norway believe that the eagle will sometimes attack a deer. In this enterprise, he makes use of this stratagem: he soaks his wings in water, and then covers them with sand and gravel, with which he flies against the deer's face, and blinds him for a time; the pain of this sets him running about like a distracted creature, and frequently he tumbles down a rock or some steep place, and breaks his neck; thus he becomes a prey to the eagle."—*Pontoppidan.*

[153] *And now the death-sweat darkens his dun hide!*—P. 136.

I saw this appearance of death at a bull-fight, the detestable amusement of the Spaniards and Portuguese. To the honour of our country, few English visit these spectacles a second time.

[154] *The ounce is freed; one spring*, etc.—P. 137.

"They have a beast called an ounce, spotted like a tiger, but very gentle and tame. A horseman carries it, and on perceiving the gazelle, lets it loose; and though the gazelle is incredibly swift, it is so nimble, that in three bounds it leaps upon the neck of its prey. The gazelle is a sort of small antelope, of which the country is full. The ounce immediately strangles it with its sharp talons; but if it unluckily misses its blow, and the gazelle escapes, it remains upon the spot ashamed and confused, and at that moment a child might take or kill it without it attempting to defend itself."—*Tavernier.*

[155] *Waste on the wind his baffled witchery.*—P. 138.

"A serpent which that aspidis
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this.
That he the stone, noblest of all,

> The whiche that men carbuncle call,
> Bereth in his head above on hight.
> For whiche, whan that a man by slight
> The stone to wynne, and him to dante,
> With his carecte him wolde enchante,
> Anone as he perceiveth that
> He leyth downe his one ear all plat
> Unto the ground and halt it fast,
> And eke that other eare als faste
> He stoppeth with his taille so sore,
> That he the wordes, lasse or more
> Of his enchantement ne hereth.
> And in this wise himself he skiereth,
> So that he hath the wordes wayved,
> And thus his eare is nought deceived."—*Gower.*

Does not the "deaf adder that heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," allude to some snake that cannot be enticed by music, as they catch them in Egypt?

[156] *That from the perforated tree forced out.*—P. 138.

"As for the wax, it is the finest and whitest that may be had, though of bees: and there is such plenty as serves the whole empire. Several provinces produce it, but that of Huquam exceeds all the others, as well in quantity as whiteness. It is gathered in the province of Xantung, upon little trees; but in that of Huquam, upon large ones, as big as those of the Indian pagods, or chestnut trees in Europe. The way nature has found to produce it, to us appears strange enough. There is in this province, a creature or insect, of the bigness of a flea, so sharp at stinging, that it not only pierces the skins of men and beasts, but the boughs and bodies of the trees. Those of the province of Xantung are much valued, where the inhabitants gather their eggs from the trees, and carry them to sell in the province of Huquam. In the spring, there comes from these eggs certain worms, which, about the beginning of the summer, they place at the foot of the tree, whence they creep up, spreading themselves wonderfully over all the branches. Having placed themselves there, they gnaw, pierce, and bore to the very pith, and their nourishment they convert into wax, as white as snow, which they drive out to the mouth of the hole they have made, where it remains congealed in drops by the wind and cold. Then the owners of the trees gather it, and make it into cakes as we do, which are sold about China."—*Gemelli Careri.*

Du Halde's account is somewhat different from this; the worms, he says, fasten on the leaves of the tree, and in a short time form combs of wax, much smaller than the honey combs.

[157] *A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.*—138.

"It being notorious that fire enters into the composition of a devil, because he breathes smoke and flames, there is an obvious propriety in supposing every witch her own tinder-box, as they approximate to diabolic nature. I am sorry that I have not the hierarchie of the blessed angels to refer to; otherwise, by the best authorities, I could show that it is the trick of Beelzebub to parody the costume of religion. The inflammability of saints may be abundantly exemplified.

"It happened upon a tyme, before St. Elfield was chosen Abbesse, that being in the church, at mattins, before day, with the rest of her sisters, and going into the middest, according to the custome, to read a lesson, the candle wherewith she saw to read, chanced to be put out, and, thereupon wanting a light, there came from the fingers of her right hand such an exceeding brightnesse upon the suddaine, that not only herselfe, but all the rest of the quire, also might read by it."—*English Martyrologe.* 1608.

"When the nurse of Mohammed first entered the chamber of Amena, his mother, she saw a coruscating splendour, which was the light of the infant prophet, so that Amena never kindled her light at night."—*Maracci.*

"After Affonso de Castro had been martyred in one of the Molucca islands, his body was thrown into the sea. But it was in a few days brought back by Providence to the spot where he had suffered, the wounds fresh as if just opened, and so strange and beautiful a splendour flowing from them, that it was evident the fountain of such a light must be that body, whose spirit was in the enjoyment of eternal happiness.

"The Moors interpreted one of these *phosphoric* miracles with equal ingenuity, to favour their own creed. A light was seen every night over the tomb of a Maronite whom they had martyred; and they said the priest was not only tortured with fire in hell, but his very body burnt in the grave."—*Vasconcellos.*

[158] "*There waste away!*" *the Enchantress cried.*—P. 138.

A well-known ceremony of witchcraft, old as classical superstition, and probably not yet wholly disbelieved.

[159] *It lay amid the flames*, etc.—P. 139.

Beautifully hath Milton painted this legend. "The fire, when it came to proof, would not do his work; but, *starting off like a full sail from the mast*, did but reflect a golden light upon his unviolated limbs, exhaling such a sweet odour, as if

all the incense of Arabia had been burning."—*Of Prelatical Episcopacy.*

[160] *The fore-world's wood to build the magic pile.*—P. 140.

"On Mount Ararat, which is called *Lubar*, or the descending place, is an abbey of St. Gregorie's monks. These monks, if any list to believe them, say that there remaineth yet some part of the arke, kept by angels; which, if any seeke to ascende, carrie them back as farre in the night, as they have climbed in the day."—*Purchas.*

[161] *Wreathes the Cerastes round her playful child.*—P. 140.

"A thicket of balm trees is said to have sprung up from the blood of the Moslem slain at Beder.

"Ælianus avoucheth, that those vipers which breed in the provinces of Arabia, although they do bite, yet their biting is not venomous, because they doe feede on the baulme tree, and sleepe under the shadow thereof."—*Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times.*

"The inhabitants of Helicon say, that none of the herbs or roots which are produced in this mountain, are destructive to mankind. They add, that the pastures here even debilitate the venom of the serpents; so that those who are frequently bit by serpents in this part, escape the danger with greater ease than if they were of the nation of the Psylli, or had discovered an antidote against poison."—*Pausanias.*

[162] *There is a grave-wax—I have seen the ghouls*, etc.—P. 140.

The common people of England have long been acquainted with this change which muscular fibre undergoes. Before the circumstance was known to philosophers, I have heard them express a dislike and loathing to spermaceti, "because it was dead men's fat."

[163] *Feel feet unholy trampling over them.*—P. 141.

"The Persians are strangely superstitious about the burial of their kings. For, fearing lest by some magical art, any enchantment should be practised upon their bodies to the prejudice of their children, they conceal, as much as in them lies, the real place of interment.

"To this end, they send to several places several coffins of lead, with others of wood, which they call Taboat, and bury all alike with the same magnificence. In this manner they delude the curiosity of the people, who cannot discern by the

outside, in which of the coffins the real body should be. Not but it might be discovered by such as would put themselves to the expense and trouble of doing it. And thus it shall be related in the life of Habas the Great, that twelve of these coffins were conveyed to twelve of the principal Mosques, not for the sake of their riches, but of the person which they enclosed; and yet nobody knew in which of the twelve the king's body was laid, though the common belief is, that it was deposited at Ardevil.

"It is also said in the life of Sefie I., that there were three coffins carried to three several places, as if there had been a triple production from one body, though it were a thing almost certainly known, that the coffin where the body was laid, was carried to this same city of Kom, and to the same place where the deceased king commanded the body of his deceased father to be carried."—*Chardin.*

"They imagine the dead are capable of pain. A Portuguese gentleman had one day ignorantly strayed among the tombs, and a Moor, after much wrangling, obliged him to go before the Cadi. The gentleman complained of violence, and asserted he had committed no crime; but the judge informed him he was mistaken, for that the poor dead suffered when trodden on by Christian feet. Muley Ishmael once had occasion to bring one of his wives through a burial ground, and the people removed the bones of their relations, and, murmuring, said he would neither suffer the living nor the dead to rest in peace."—*Chenier. Additional Chapter by the Translator.*

[161] *The gnawing of his hundred poison-mouths!* etc.—P. 142.

"The Mohammedan tradition is even more horrible than this. The corpse of the wicked is gnawed and stung till the resurrection by ninety-nine dragons, with seven heads each; or, as others say, their sins will become venomous beasts, the grievous ones stinging like dragons, the smaller like scorpions, and the others like serpents; circumstances which some understand in a figurative sense."—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse.*

This Mohammedan tale may be traced to the Scripture "whose worm dieth not."

[165] *For this was that most holy night*, etc.—P. 142.

"The night, Léileth-ul-cadr, is considered as being particularly consecrated to ineffable mysteries. There is a prevailing opinion, that a thousand secret and invisible prodigies are performed on this night: that all the inanimate beings

then pay their adoration to God; that all the waters of the sea lose their saltness, and become fresh at these mysterious moments; that such, in fine, is its sanctity, that prayers said during this night, are equal in value to all those which can be said in a thousand successive months. It has not, however, pleased God, says the author of the celebrated theological work entitled 'Ferkann,' to reveal it to the faithful: no prophet, no saint, has been able to discover it; hence this night, so august, so mysterious, so favoured by Heaven, has hitherto remained undiscovered."—*D'Ohsson.*

According to Francklin, "it is believed, that whatever Moslem die during the month of Ramadan, will most assuredly enter into paradise, because the gates of heaven then stand open, by command of God."—*Tour from Bengal to Persia*, p. 136.

"During the Asciur, the ten days of festive ceremony for Hosein, the Persians believe that the gates of paradise are thrown open, and that all the Moslem who die, find immediate admittance."—*Pietro delle Valle.*

166 *And the good angel that abandoned her*, etc.—P. 143.

"The Turks also acknowledge guardian angels, but in far greater number than we do; for they say, that God hath appointed threescore and ten angels, though they be invisible, for the guard of every Mussulman, and nothing befals anybody but what they attribute to them. They have all their several offices, one to guard one member, and another another; one to serve him in such an affair, and another in another.

"There are, among all these angels, two who are dictators over the rest; they sit one on the right side, and the other on the left; these they call Kerim Kiatib, that is to say, the merciful scribes. He on the right side, writes down the good actions of the man whom he has in tuition, and the other, on the left hand, the bad. They are so merciful, that they spare him if he commit a sin before he goes to sleep, hoping he'll repent; and if he does not repent, they mark it down; if he does repent, they write down, 'Estig fourillah,' that is to say, 'God pardons.'

"They wait upon him in all places, except when he does his needs, where they let him go alone, staying for him at the door till he come out, and then they take him into possession again; wherefore when the Turks go to the house-of-office, they put the left foot foremost, to the end the angel who writes down their good works, may have them first under his protection."—*Thevenot.*

[167] *No faithful crowded round her bier.*—P. 146.

"When any person is to be buried, it is usual to bring the corpse at mid-day, or afternoon prayers, to one or other of these Mosques, from whence it is accompanied by the greatest part of the congregation to the grave. Their processions, at these times, are not so slow and solemn as in most parts of Christendom; for the whole company make what haste they can, singing, as they go along, some select verses of their Koran. That absolute submission which they pay to the will of God, allows them not to use any consolatory words upon these occasions; no loss or misfortune is to be hereupon regretted or complained of: instead likewise of such expressions of sorrow and condolence, as may regard the deceased, the compliments turn upon the person who is the nearest concerned, a blessing (says his friends) be upon your head." —*Shaw.*

"All Mohammedans inter the dead at the hour set apart for prayer; the defunct is not kept in the house, except he expires after sunset; but the body is transported to the Mosque, whither it is carried by those who are going to prayer; each, from a spirit of devotion, is desirous to carry in his turn. Women regularly go on Friday to weep over, and pray at the sepulchres of the dead, whose memory they hold dear."—*Chenier.*

This custom of crowding about a funeral contributes to spread the plague in Turkey. It is not many years since, in some parts of Worcestershire, the mourners were accustomed to kneel with their heads upon the coffin during the burial service.

The fullest account of a Mohammedan funeral is in the *Lettres sur la Grece*, of M. Guys. Chance made him the spectator of a ceremony which the Moslem will not suffer an infidel to profane by his presence.

"The graves are not dug deep, but separated from each other carefully, that two bodies may not be placed together. The earth is raised, to prevent an unhallowed foot from treading upon it; and, instead of a plain flat stone being placed over it, one which is perforated in the centre is most commonly used, to allow of cypress trees, or odoriferous herbs, being planted immediately over the corpse. Occasionally a square stone, hollowed out and without a cover, is preferred; which being filled with mould, the trees or herbs are cultivated in it."—*Griffiths.*

[168] *No column raised by the way side*, etc.—P. 146.

"The Turks bury not at all within the walls of the city, but

the great Turkish Emperors themselves, with their wives and children about them, and some few other of their great Bassaes, and those only in chapels by themselves, built for that purpose. All the rest of the Turks are buried in the fields; some of the better sort, in tombs of marble; but the rest, with tomb-stones laid upon them, or with two great stones, one set up at the head, and the other at the feet of every grave; the greatest part of them being of white marble, brought from the Isle of Marmora.

"They will not bury any man where another hath been buried, accounting it impiety to dig up another man's bones; by reason whereof they cover all the best ground about the city with such great white stones; which, for the infinite number of them, are thought sufficient to make another wall about the city."—*Knolles.*

"The Turks bury by the way-side, believing that the passengers will pray for the souls of the dead."—*Tavernier.*

[169] *His eyes are aching with the snow.*—P. 147.

"All that day we travelled over plains all covered with snow, as the day before; and indeed it is not only troublesome but very dangerous to travel through these deep snows. The mischief is, that the beams of the sun, which lie all day long upon it, molest the eyes and face with such a scorching heat, as very much weakens the sight, whatever remedy a man can apply, by wearing, as the people of the country do, a thin handkerchief of green or black silk, which no way abates the annoyance."—*Chardin.*

"When they have to travel many days through a country covered with snow, travellers, to preserve their sight, cover the face with a silk kerchief, made on purpose, like a sort of black crape. Others have large furred bonnets, bordered with goat skin, and the long goat-hair hanging over the face, is as serviceable as the crape."—*Tavernier.*

[170] *Its broad, round-spreading branches, when they felt.*—P. 147.

A strange account of the cedars of Lebanon is given by De la Roque,—"*Voyage de Syrie et du Mont Liban,*" 1722.

[171] *Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves,* etc.—P. 148.

The coffee plant is about the size of the orange tree. The flower, in colour, size, and smell, resembles the white jessamine. The berry is first green, then red, in which ripe state it is gathered.

[172] *Fatherly fear and love. He reads the stars*, etc.—P. 153.

It is well known how much the Orientalists are addicted to this pretended science. There is a curious instance of public folly in Sir John Chardin's Travels.

"Sephie-Mirza was born in the year of the *Egire* 1057; for the superstition of the Persians will not let us know the month or the day. Their addiction to astrology is such, that they carefully conceal the moments of their princes' birth, to prevent the casting their nativities, where they might meet perhaps with something they should be unwilling to know.

"At the coronation of this prince, two astrologers were to be present, with an astrolabe in their hands, to take the fortunate hour, as they term it, and observe the lucky moments that a happy constellation should point out for proceedings of that importance.

"Sephie-Mirza having by debauchery materially injured his health, the chief physician was greatly alarmed, in regard his life depended upon the king's; or if his life were spared, yet he was sure to lose his estate and his liberty, as happens to all those who attend the Asiatic sovereigns, when they die under their care. The queen mother too accused him of treason or ignorance, believing that since he was her son's physician, he was obliged to cure him. This made the physician at his wits' end, so that all his receipts failing him, he bethought himself of one that was peculiarly his own invention, and which few physicians would ever have found out, as not being to be met with neither in Galen nor Hippocrates. What does he then do, but out of an extraordinary fetch of his wit, he begins to lay the fault upon the stars and the king's astrologers, crying out, that they were altogether in the wrong. That if the king lay in a languishing condition, and could not recover his health, it was because they had failed to observe the happy hour, or the aspect of a fortunate constellation at the time of his coronation.' The stratagem succeeded, the king was recrowned, and by the new name of Solyman!"—*Chardin.*

[173] *It was a brazen image, every limb*, etc.—P. 155.

"We have now to refute their error, who are persuaded that brazen heads, made under certain constellations, may give answers, and be as it were guides and counsellors, upon all occasions, to those that had them in their possession. Among them is one Yepes, who affirms, that Henry de Villena made such a one at Madrid, broken to pieces afterwards by order of John II., king of Castile. The same thing is affirmed by Bartholomew Sibillus, and the author of the 'Image of

the World,' of Virgil; by William of Malmsbury, of Sylvester; by John Gower, of Robert of Lincoln; by the common people of England, of Roger Bacon; and by Tostatus, bishop of Avila, George of Venice, Delrio, Sibillus, Raguseus, Delancre, and others, too many to mention, of Albertus Magnus; who, as the most expert, had made an entire man of the same metal, and had spent thirty years without any interruption in forming him under several aspects and constellations. For example, he formed the eyes, according to the said Tostatus, in his Commentaries upon Exodus, when the sun was in a sign of the Zodiac, correspondent to that part, casting them out of divers metals mixed together, and marked with the characters of the same signs and planets, and their several and necessary aspects. The same method he observed in the head, neck, shoulders, thighs, and legs, all which were fashioned at several times, and being put and fastened together in the form of a man, had the faculty to reveal to the said Albertus the solutions of all his principal difficulties. To which they add (that nothing be lost of the story of the statue) that it was battered to pieces by St. Thomas, merely because he could not endure its excess of prating.

" But, to give a more rational account of this Androides of Albertus, as also of all these miraculous heads, I conceive the original of this fable may well be deduced from the Teraph of the Hebrews, by which, as Mr. Selden affirms, many are of opinion that we must understand what is said in Genesis concerning Laban's gods, and in the first book of Kings concerning the image which Michol put into the bed in David's place. For R. Eleazar holds that it was made of the head of a male child, the first-born, and that dead born, under whose tongue they applied a lamen of gold, whereon were engraved the characters and inscriptions of certain planets, which the Jews superstitiously wandered up and down with, instead of the Urim and Thummim, or the Ephod of the high-priest. And that this original is true and well deduced, there is a manifest indicium, in that Henry D'Assia, and Bartholomæus Sibillus affirm, that the Androides of Albertus, and the head made by Virgil, were composed of flesh and bone; yet not by nature, but by art. But this being judged impossible by modern authors, and the virtue of images, amulets, and planetary Sigills being in great reputation, men have thought ever since (taking their opinion from Trismegistus affirming in his Asclepion, that of the gods, some were made by the Sovereign God, and others by men, who, by some art, had the power to unite the invisible spirits to things visible and corporeal, as is explained at large by St. Augustine) that such figures were made of copper or some other metal, whereon

men had wrought under some favourable aspects of Heaven and the planets.

"My design is not absolutely to deny that he might compose some head or statue of a man, like that of Memnon, from which proceeded a small sound and pleasant noise; when the rising sun came by his heat to rarify and force out, by certain small conduits, the air which, in the cold of the night, was condensed within it. Or, haply, they might be like those statues of Boetius, whereof Cassiodorus speaking, said, 'Metalla mugiunt Diomedis in ære grues buccinant, æneus anguis insibilat, aves simulatæ fritinniunt, et quæ propriam vocem nesciunt, ab ære dulcedinem probantur emittere cantilenæ;' for such, I doubt not, but may be made by the help of that part of natural magic which depends on the mathematics."—*Davies's History of Magic.*

[174] *And on the everlasting table there*, etc.—P. 158.

"This table is suspended in the Seventh Heaven, and guarded from the demons, lest they should change or corrupt anything thereon. Its length is so great as is the space between heaven and earth, its breadth equal to the distance from the east to the west, and it is made of one pearl. The Divine pen was created by the finger of God; and also is of pearls, and of such length and breadth that a swift horse could scarcely gallop round it in five hundred years. It is so endowed that, self-moved, it writes all things, past, present, and to come. Light is its ink, and the language which it uses only the angel Seraphael understands."—*Maracci.*

[175] *The yearly scroll of fate*, etc.—P. 158.

"They celebrate the night Léileth-ul-beraeth, on the 15th of the month of Schabann, with great apprehension and terror; because they consider it as the tremendous night on which the angels Kiramenn-keatibinn, placed on each side of mankind to write down their good and bad actions, deliver up their books, and receive fresh ones for the continuance of the same employment. It is believed, also, that on that night the archangel Azrail, the angel of death, gives up also his records, and receives another book, in which are written the names of all those destined to die in the following year."—*D'Ohsson.*

[176] *Her leaf hath withered on the tree of life.*—P. 158.

"Here, in the fourth heaven, I beheld a most prodigious angel, of an admirable presence and aspect, in whose awful countenance there appeared neither mirth nor sorrow; but an undescribable mixture of both. He neither smiled in my face, nor did he, indeed, scarce turn his eyes towards me to look

upon me, as all the rest did; yet he returned my salutation, after a very courteous, obliging manner, and said, 'Welcome to these mansions, O Mohammed; thou art the person whom the Almighty hath endowed with all the united perfections of nature; and upon whom He, of His immense goodness, hath been pleased to bestow the utmost of His Divine graces.'

"There stood before him a most beautiful table, of a vast magnitude and extent, written all over, almost from the top to the bottom, in a very close, and scarce distinguishable character, upon which written table his eyes were continually fixed; and so exceedingly intent he was upon that his occupation, that, though I stood steadfastly observing his countenance, I could not perceive his eyelids once to move. Casting my eyes towards the left side of him, I beheld a prodigious large shady tree, the leaves whereof were as innumerable as the sands of the ocean, and upon every one of which were certain characters inscribed. Being extremely desirous of knowing the secret of this wonderful mystery, I enquired of Gabriel the meaning of what I was examining with my eyes with so anxious a curiosity. The obliging angel, to satisfy my longing, said, 'That person, concerning whom thou art so very inquisitive, is the redoubtable Azarael, the Angel of Death, who was never yet known either to laugh, smile, or be merry; for, depend upon it, my beloved Mohammed, had he been capable of smiling, or looking pleasant upon any creature in nature, it would assuredly have been upon thee alone. This table, upon which thou beholdest him so attentively fixing his looks, is called *El Lough El Mahofoud*, and is the register upon which are engraven the names of every individual soul breathing; and, notwithstanding the inspection of that register taketh up the greater part of his time, yet he more particularly looketh it all over five times a day, which are at those very same instants wherein the true believers are obliged to offer up their adorations to our Omnipotent Lord. The means whereby he understandeth when the thread of each individual life is run out and expired, is to look upon the branches of that vast tree thou there beholdest, upon the leaves whereof are written the names of all mortals, every one having his peculiar leaf: there, forty days before the time of any person's life is expired, his respective leaf beginning to fade, wither, and grow dry, and the letters of his name to disappear; at the end of the fortieth day, they are quite blotted out, and the leaf falleth to the ground, by which Azarael certainly knoweth that the breath of its owner is ready to leave the body, and hasteneth away to take possession of the departing soul.

"The size or stature of this formidable angel was so incomprehensibly stupendous, so immeasurably great, that if this

earthly globe of ours, with all that is thereon contained, were to be placed in the palm of his hand, it would seem no more than one single grain of mustard-seed (though the smallest of all seeds) would do, if laid upon the surface of the earth."—*Rabadan.*

[177] *In the balance of thy trial must be weigh'd!*—P. 159.

The balance of the dead is an article in almost every creed. Mohammed borrowed it from the Persians. I know not from whence the monks introduced it; probably they were ignorant enough to have invented the obvious fiction.

In the Vision of Thurcillus, the ceremony is accurately described. "At the end of the north wall, within the church, sate St. Paul, and opposite him, without, was the devil and his angels. At the feet of the devil, a burning pit flamed up, which was the mouth of the pit of hell. A balance, equally poised, was fixed upon the wall, between the devil and the apostle, one scale hanging before each. The apostle had two weights. a greater and a less, all shining, and like gold, and the devil also had two smoky and black ones. Therefore, the souls that were all black, came one after another, with great fear and trembling, to behold the weighing of their good and evil works; for these weights weighed the works of all the souls, according to the good or evil which they had done. When the scale inclined to the apostle, he took the soul, and introduced it through the eastern gate, into the fire of Purgatory, that there it might expiate its crimes. But when the scale inclined and sunk towards the devil, then he and his angels snatched the soul, miserably howling and cursing the father and mother that begot it to eternal torments, and cast it with laughter and grinning into the deep and fiery pit which was at the feet of the devil. Of this balance of good and evil, much may be found in the writings of the Holy Fathers."—*Matthew Paris.*

[178] *And Azrael from the hands of Thalaba,* etc.—P. 160.

This double meaning is in the spirit of oracular prediction. The classical reader will remember the equivocations of Apollo. The fable of the Young Man and the Lion in the Tapestry will be more generally recollected. We have many buildings in England to which this story has been applied. Cook's Folly, near Bristol, derives its name from a similar tradition.

[179] *Green Warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.*—P. 160.

The souls of the blessed are supposed by some of the Mohammedans to animate green birds in the groves of paradise.

Was this opinion invented to conciliate the Pagan Arabs, who believed, that of the blood near the dead person's brain was formed a bird named Hamah, which once in a hundred years visited the sepulchre?

To this there is an allusion in the Moallakat. "Then I knew with certainty, that, in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull."—*Poem of Antara.*

The grave of Francisco Jorge, the Maronite martyr. was visited by two strange birds of unusual size. No one knew whence they came. They emblemed, says Vasconcellos, the purity and the indefatigable activity of his soul.

[180] *Had borne the healing fruit.*—164.

"When Hosein, the son of Ali, was sick of a grievous disorder, he longed for a pomegranate, though that fruit was not then in season. Ali went out, and diligently inquiring, found a single one in the possession of a Jew. As he returned with it, a sick man met him and begged half the pomegranate, saying it would restore his health. Ali gave him half, and when he had eaten it, the man requested he would give him the other half, the sooner to complete his recovery. Ali benignantly complied, returned to his son, and told him what had happened, and Hosein approved what his father had done.

"Immediately behold a miracle! as they were talking together, the door was gently knocked at. He ordered the woman servant to go there, and she found a man, of all men the most beautiful, who had a plate in his hand, covered with green silk, in which were ten pomegranates. The woman was astonished at the beauty of the man and of the pomegranates, and she took one of them and hid it, and carried the other nine to Ali, who kissed the present. When he had counted them, he found that one was wanting, and said so to the servant; she confessed that she had taken it on account of its excellence, and Ali gave her her liberty. The pomegranates were from paradise; Hosein was cured of his disease only by the odour, and rose up immediately, recovered, and in full strength."—*Maracci.*

[181] *From the birthday of the world,* etc.—P. 164.

The birthday of the world was logically ascertained in a provincial council held at Jerusalem, against the Quartodecimans, by command of Pope Victor, about the year 200. Venerable Bede (*Comm. de Æquinoct. Vern.*) supplies the mode of proof.

According to the form of a Border-oath, the work of creation began by night) "You shall swear by Heaven above you,

Hell beneath you, and by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having or recetting of any of the goods and chattells named in this bill. So help you God." (Nicolson and Burn, 1. xxv.) This, however, is assertion without proof, and would not have been admitted by Theophylus and his bishops.

[182] *That old and only Bird.*—164.

Simorg Anka, says my friend Mr. Fox, in a note to his Achmed Ardebeili, is a bird or griffon of extraordinary strength and size (as its name imports, signifying as large as thirty eagles), which, according to the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Dives. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech. The *Caherman Nameh* relates, that Simorg Anka being asked his age, replied, this world is very ancient, for it has already been seven times replenished with beings different from man, and as often depopulated. That the age of Adam, in which we now are, is to endure seven thousand years, making a great cycle; that himself had seen twelve of these revolutions, and knew not how many more he had to see.

I am afraid that Mr. Fox and myself have fallen into a grievous heresy, both respecting the unity and the sex of the Simorg. For this great bird is a hen; there is indeed a cock also, but he seems to be of some inferior species, a sort of Prince George of Denmark, the Simorg's consort, not the cock Simorg.

In that portion of the 'Shah-Nameh' which has been put into English rhyme by Mr. Champion, some anecdotes may be found concerning this all-knowing bird, who is there represented as possessing one species of knowledge, of which she would not be readily suspected. Zalzer, the father of Rustam, is exposed in his infancy by his own father, Saum, who takes him for a young deviling, because his body is black, and hair white. The infant is laid at the foot of Mount Elbers, where the Simorg has her nest, and she takes him up, and breeds him with her young, who are very desirous of eating him, but she preserves him. When Zalzer is grown up, and leaves the nest, the Simorg gives him one of her feathers, telling him, whenever he is in great distress to burn it, and she will immediately come to his assistance. Zalzer marries Rodahver, who is likely to die in childing; he then burns the feather, and the Simorg appears and orders the Cæsarean operation to be performed. As

these stories are not Ferdusi's invention, but the old traditions of the Persians, collected and arranged by him, this is, perhaps, the earliest fact concerning that operation which is to be met with, earlier probably than the fable of Semele. Zalzer was ordered first to give her wine, which acts as a powerful opiate, and after sewing up the incision, to anoint it with a mixture of milk, musk, and grass, pounded together, and dried in the shade, and then to rub it with a Simorg's feather.

In Mr. Fox's collection of Persic books, is an illuminated copy of Ferdusi, containing a picture of the Simorg, who is there represented as an ugly dragon-looking sort of a bird. I should be loath to believe that she has so bad a physiognomy; and as, in the same volume, there are blue and yellow horses, there is good reason to conclude that this is not a genuine portrait.

When the Genius of the Lamp is ordered by Aladin to bring a roc's egg, and hang it up in the hall, he is violently enraged, and exclaims, Wretch, wouldst thou have me hang up my master! From the manner in which rocs are usually mentioned in the Arabian Tales, the reader feels as much surprised at this indignation as Aladin was himself. Perhaps the original may have Simorg instead of roc. To think, indeed, of robbing the Simorg's nest, either for the sake of drilling the eggs, or of poaching them, would, in a believer, whether Shiah or Sunni, be the height of human impiety.

Since this note was written, the eighth volume of the Asiatic Researches has appeared, in which Captain Wilford identifies the roc with the Simorg. "Sinbad," he says, "was exposed to many dangers from the birds called Rocs or Simorgs, the Garudas of the Pauranics, whom Persian Romancers represent as living in Madagascar, according to Marco Polo." But the Roc of the Arabian Tales has none of the characteristics of the Simorg; and it is only in the instance which I have noticed that any mistake of one for the other can be expected.

[183] *The spring was clear, the water deep.*—P. 171.

Some travellers may perhaps be glad to know, that the spring from which this description was taken, is near Bristol, about a mile from Stokes-Croft turnpike, and known by the name of the Boiling-Well. Other, and larger springs of the same kind, called the Lady Pools, are near Shobdon, in Herefordshire.

[184] *It ran a river deep and wide.*—P 173.

A similar picture occurs in Miss Baillie's Comedy, "The Second Marriage." "By Heaven, there is nothing so interesting to me as to trace the course of a prosperous man through this varied world. First, he is seen like a little stream, wearing its shallow bed through the grass, circling and winding, and gleaning up its treasures from every twinkling rill as it passes; further on, the brown sand fences its margin, the dark rushes thicken on its side; further on still, the broad flags shake their green ranks, the willows bend their wide boughs o'er its course; and yonder, at last, the fair river appears, spreading his bright waves to the light."

[185] *A rebel Afreet lay:*—P. 184.

One of these evil Genii is thus described in the 'Bahar Danush:' "On his entrance, he beheld a black demon heaped on the ground like a mountain, with two large horns upon his head, and a long proboscis, fast asleep. In his head the Divine Creator had joined the likenesses of the elephant and the wild bull. His teeth grew out as the tusks of a boar, and all over his monstrous carcass hung shaggy hairs, like those of the bear. The eye of the mortal-born was dimmed at his appearance, and the mind, at his horrible form, and frightful figure, was confounded.

"He was an Afreet, created from mouth to foot by the wrath of God.

"His hair like a bear's, his teeth like a boar's. No one ever beheld such a monster.

"Crook-backed, and crabbed-faced; he might be scented at the distance of a thousand fersungs.

"His nostrils were like the ovens of brick-burners, and his mouth resembled the vat of a dyer.

"When his breath came forth, from its vehemence the dust rose up as in a whirlwind, so as to leave a chasm in the earth; and when he drew it in, chaff, sand, and pebbles, from the distance of some yards, were attached to his nostrils."—*Bahar-Danush.*

[186] *Al-Araf in His wisdom?* etc.—P. 188.

"Araf is a place between the Paradise and the Hell of the Mohammedans; some deem it a veil of separation, some a strong wall. Others hold it to be a Purgatory, in which those believers will remain, whose good and evil works have been so equal, that they were neither virtuous enough to enter

Paradise, nor guilty enough to be condemned to the fire of Hell. From thence they see the glory of the blessed, and are near enough to congratulate them; but their ardent desire to partake the same happiness, becomes a great pain. At length, at the day of judgment, when all men before they are judged, shall be cited to render homage to their Creator, those who are here confined, shall prostrate themselves before the face of the Lord, in adoration; and by this act of religion, which shall be accounted a merit, the number of their good works will exceed their evil ones, and they will enter into glory.

"Saadi says, that Araf appears a Hell to the happy, and a Paradise to the damned."—*D'Herbelot.*

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